one nocturnal son of a gun

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one nocturnal son of a gun

by deuxoiseaux left the fandom xoxo (souhaiite)

Summary

i know i'm young, but if i had to choose [him] or the sun / i'd be one nocturnal son of a gun (a series of non-linear snapshot domestic au drabbles. gonna be heavy on fluff and porn. i'd apologize, but i'm not that sorry.)

Notes

title and summary from cupid's chokehold by gym class heroes

regarding spiders

Chapter Notes

> if you'd prefer to read in chronological order versus posting order, please refer to the timeline.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Wake up."

Hoseok nuzzles further into his pillow and pretends he can't hear a thing. He doesn't get away with it for long, though, because Yoongi's palm comes down hard on Hoseok's shoulder, a ringing slap that has Hoseok hissing a pained breath through his teeth, and he can't keep up the act anymore. Dick.

"Wake up," Yoongi repeats. When Hoseok turns his head to blink blearily up at him, he's got his dreadful sulky face on, which is even harder to resist when Yoongi's so ill. His hair is a mess, eyes bloodshot and his eye bags have carry-ons; used tissues litter his side of the bed, cordoned off with a selection of pillows and cushions from the couch.

"What the hell do you want that can't wait until the sun's up," Hoseok rasps.

"I'm hungry," Yoongi answers, settling back against his pillows, and at that, Hoseok pushes up onto hands and knees with a groan. It's been at least a day since Yoongi last was awake and felt well enough to eat, and Hoseok isn't about to let him starve.

Even if it is ass o'clock, he thinks wryly, sitting back on his heels. He bites back a yawn. "Porridge okay?" he asks, reaching over the barricade to press the back of his hand to Yoongi's forehead. His skin is still over-warm, but the fever seems to be fading. Yoongi's eyes flutter closed as Hoseok combs his fingers through his hair, sweat-damp and sticking up at odd angles. "Hey, Yoongi-yah," Hoseok murmurs, hand slipping from Yoongi's hair to cup his cheek. When that merits no response, he pinches.

Yoongi slaps at Hoseok's hand without opening his eyes. "Porridge is fine," he answers. His voice is still hoarse and weak, but Hoseok can't tell how much of that is a ploy for more sympathy. "Don't know if I'll be able to keep it down this time, and your cooking is *terrible*. Even you can't fuck up porridge." He seems consider that for a moment,

then adds, "Probably."

Dick. Hoseok pouts, and he pouts harder when Yoongi doesn't even crack an eyelid to check his reaction. "I'm not that bad."

"Flaming croquettes," Yoongi says.

"Shut up," Hoseok grumbles, and resumes brushing his fingers through Yoongi's hair. Yoongi pushes his head against Hoseok's fingers whenever he pauses for more than a few seconds. "Admit it — once the smoke cleared out, those croquettes were delicious."

"You set the kitchen on fire, man," Yoongi reminded Hoseok. "There was oil *everywhere*."

Hoseok can admit he's got a point. Still... "You made pancakes with a bit of the plastic mix bag in them," he counters, fingers slipping down to brush hair behind Yoongi's ears. "You served those to my *mother*."

Yoongi opens his eyes at last and grins at Hoseok lazily. "Oh, yeah," he snickers quietly to himself. "I forgot about that."

"Lucky she was so appalled she started sending us care packages instead of demanding I move back home." Hoseok leans over the barricade to kiss the tip of Yoongi's red nose. "That would've been a tragedy."

Yoongi's fingers curl in the front of Hoseok's shirt and he tilts his chin up. Hoseok indulges him two or three chaste kisses, before pulling back and stumbling to his feet. "Porridge for you," he says, as Yoongi watches him with narrowed eyes, "and tea for me."

"And then more kissing," Yoongi suggests, something almost hopeful creeping into his tone. *He* must *be feeling better*, Hoseok thinks happily, backing away from the bed.

"Nah," he says, blowing a kiss from the doorway. "You're going to eat and *I'm* going back to sleep." Hoseok smiles at Yoongi's indignant grumbling as he goes to the bathroom to wash up. He's about finished brushing his teeth when he sees something big, dark, and *fast* out the corner of his eye. With a yelp muffled by the toothbrush hanging out his mouth, Hoseok jumps up onto the closed toilet lid. There, scant inches away from where his feet had been, sits the biggest spider he's ever seen indoors.

Heart pounding in his throat, Hoseok considers calling to Yoongi for

help but dismisses the idea. *Sudden noises might anger this monster and make it attack*, he thinks, gripping the edge of the vanity counter for balance. *Plus Yoongi's only just starting to feel better, I don't want to risk getting him sicker.* Keeping one eye on the menace, Hoseok leans over to spit out his mouthful of toothpaste foam and rinses off his toothbrush. The spider does not move.

Moving as slow as he can, Hoseok grabs the old mug he and Yoongi use to rinse out their mouths after brushing their teeth. He steps down onto the tiled bathroom floor, takes a fortifying breath and lunges, bringing the cup down on top of the spider with a clink, trapping it inside.

Hoseok falls back on his ass and lets out the breath he hadn't noticed that he'd been holding. "Fuck," he says, staring at the cup for a few seconds, half-expecting the spider to escape somehow. Nothing happens, and Hoseok feels a bit silly.

With a reminder to come back and deal with this later, he gets to his feet, washes his hands and heads to the kitchen to make breakfast. Luckily, his mother and their friend Seokjin had both sent care packages within the past few days; all Hoseok really has to do is reheat a portion of the porridge and add in some leftover shredded chicken and ginger.

With the porridge heating, Hoseok turns the kettle on for tea and peeks through the kitchen doorway. Yoongi's sitting up on the bed, busy destroying the pillow quarantine. Hoseok smiles. After a few more minutes, he pours some of the porridge into a bowl with a spoon, makes the tea, and sets everything up on a tray. He returns to bedroom and places the tray down on Yoongi's lap.

"That was fast," Yoongi says, sniffing the porridge distrustfully. "Did you poison it?"

"Shut up and eat, you ungrateful little—"

Yoongi grins and blows on a spoonful of porridge before shoving it into his mouth. "You're so easy sometimes."

Hoseok picks up one of the cups of tea and smiles at Yoongi over the brim. "Only when you wake me up at four in the morning, *honey*." He watches Yoongi eat for a few moments, before settling back against the headboard with his tea. "How're you feeling?" he asks, as Yoongi scrapes the bottom of the bowl with his spoon.

Yoongi hums in reply, setting the tray down on the floor beside the bed. His arm slips around Hoseok's waist as he sits back up, pulling them closer together in the middle of the bed. "M'better now," he mumbles, pressing his forehead against the side of Hoseok's neck.

Hoseok cards his fingers through Yoongi's hair and sets his empty teacup on the bedside table. "You good to go back to sleep?" he asks in a low voice, and presses a kiss to the top of Yoongi's head.

Yoongi nods, smothers a yawn into Hoseok's shirt as his head dips towards Hoseok's chest. "Yeah," he sighs. "But you owe me those kisses when I wake up."

It's half-past noon by the time Hoseok rolls out of bed. He stumbles towards the bathroom with a sleepy Yoongi clinging to the back of his shirt. While Yoongi showers, Hoseok throws together some bibimbap from leftovers and gets dressed. After Yoongi's done in the shower and dressed, they stand side by side brushing their teeth at the sink. Hoseok leans over to rinse his mouth straight from the faucet when Yoongi notices the mug on the floor.

"The fuck is that doing there?" he asks.

He's already bending down to pick it up when Hoseok remembers and says, "Oh, shit, wait—"

The spider makes a beeline for Hoseok, who hops in the bathtub for safety. Yoongi backs up to stand in front of Hoseok, mug still in hand. "What the fuck," Yoongi says. "That thing is *huge*."

"Shit, really?" Hoseok demands, grabbing the back of Yoongi's shirt and peering over his shoulder at the monster. It's still coming for him. "Wow, I didn't notice, seriously." His grip tightens in Yoongi's t-shirt. "C-can you just catch it again? Please? It wants to eat me, I can tell—"

Yoongi snorts, but steps forward. Hoseok covers his face with his hands, but peers between his fingers as Yoongi places the mug down over the spider, like it's nothing. "Who the fuck just leaves a mug sitting in the middle of the floor," Yoongi grouses, as he stands and walks out of the room.

"Who the fuck picks up an *obvious spider trap, Yoongi*," Hoseok raises his voice sharply to reply. He frowns at the mug on the floor, and at Yoongi as he returns. "I caught it this morning, aren't you proud of me?"

"Sure I am," Yoongi says, crouching down to slide the mug onto a piece of paper, "you did good, Hoseok." He picks paper and mug up then, and leaves the room. Hoseok watches Yoongi go, then steps out of the bathtub to follow him out. They both slip on their shoes and leave the apartment.

"Where're you gonna put it?" Hoseok asks, as they walk down the stairs. Yoongi only shrugs in reply.

Hoseok pushes open the back door when they reach it, and they step out onto the small balcony that leads down into an alley. He holds the door open (because neither of them thought to grab their keys), and looks around for a suitable spider home, but all he can see is dirty concrete and full trash bins. Not appealing. He opens his mouth to say so, when he notices Yoongi's trotted down the stairs and is already halfway to the street corner. Hoseok swears at him, and Yoongi shoots him a grin over his shoulder as he rounds the corner.

Though he flirts with the idea of locking Yoongi out, Hoseok just leans against the doorframe to wait. A few minutes later, Yoongi comes back, mug and card held in separate hands. "My hero," Hoseok says, as Yoongi comes up the steps towards him. "Where'd you put it?" he asks again.

"The building across the street has a little garden that looked homey," Yoongi answers, slipping past Hoseok and back inside. "C'mon," he says, tilting his head towards the stairs. "I think you owe me something." Hoseok smiles and follows.

Yoongi leads the way up the stairs, and punches their door code into the lock when they get back to their apartment. Once inside, Yoongi grabs hold of Hoseok and pulls their bodies flush. His free hand slides up to Hoseok's nape to press their mouths together, once, quick, and then again, lingering.

Hoseok parts his lips almost immediately, sweeping his tongue over Yoongi's lip, and then nips at him, tongue smoothing over to soothe the sting. He smiles, and his smile only widens at the hitch in Yoongi's breath. One of his hands clenches the back of Yoongi's t-shirt and he tilts his head, catches Yoongi's earlobe between his teeth, tongue sliding over the piercings there. "Bed," he breathes, and grins when Yoongi shivers.

"Alright, alright," Yoongi says, pulling back reluctantly. He grabs hold of Hoseok's shirt and tows him toward the bedroom. When he reaches

the bed, he sprawls out on his back on the mattress, eyes half-lidded and tongue sweeping across his lower lip as Hoseok brackets his hips with his knees. Hoseok leans forward to tuck a chuckle against Yoongi's throat, hands smoothing across whatever bare skin he finds.

"That tickles," Yoongi sighs, fingers curling around Hoseok's shoulders. Hoseok keeps brushing his lips against Yoongi's neck, laughing again when Yoongi starts to squirm. "This isn't what I had in mind for a reward, you know."

"I'm getting to it," Hoseok replies, sitting down across Yoongi's hips to still him and nibbling at the base of his neck. Yoongi huffs a laugh into Hoseok's shoulder, but Hoseok still hears the catch of breath in Yoongi's throat when Hoseok's teeth nip a little harder. Yoongi's fingers tighten around Hoseok's upper arms, nails digging into his skin. "I'm still deciding what I want to do," Hoseok says, laving his tongue over the slight indents left behind from his teeth. "What's equal to a caught spider?"

Yoongi's hands slide to Hoseok's elbows. "Kissing's good," he murmurs, when Hoseok looks up to meet his gaze. He licks his lips again, and Hoseok leans up to suck Yoongi's tongue into his mouth. Yoongi melts into the sheets with a strangled little groan, hands sliding from Hoseok's elbows to slip into the back pockets of his jeans. "Yeah, like that," he breathes when they part, lips spit-slick and already a little swollen.

Hoseok sits back and tugs on the hem of Yoongi's shirt. "Take this off," he says, and pulls his own t-shirt off in one fluid motion. Yoongi struggles first to free his hands from Hoseok's back pockets, then to remove his shirt while still lying down, but somehow manages after a few moments. Hoseok smiles at Yoongi fondly, smoothing Yoongi's damp mussed hair with his fingers.

"Come back here," Yoongi grumbles, pulling Hoseok back down, angling his head to meet Hoseok's mouth. They kiss long and lazy, Yoongi's hands curved over Hoseok's hips, and Hoseok's hand slips down between them to cup Yoongi through his jeans. Yoongi pulls back with another little moan. "Or that works too," he says, spreading his thighs a bit wider and grinding up into Hoseok's hand. His arms slip up to wrap around Hoseok's shoulders, and he presses kisses against Hoseok's throat.

Making short work of the fastenings, Hoseok gets Yoongi's jeans open. "Yeah?" he asks, waits until Yoongi nods before wrapping his hand

around Yoongi's dick. Hoseok squeezes him gently at first, testing out angles and feeling him grow hard against his palm.

Yoongi muffles little sighs against Hoseok's neck, fingers tangling in Hoseok's hair and pulling whenever Hoseok pauses. "Hey," he complains, when Hoseok grips him at the base of his cock. "Don't tease __"

Hoseok slips down off the bed before Yoongi can even finish speaking, and wraps his lips around the head of Yoongi's cock in one smooth motion. Yoongi sucks in a noisy little breath and slides his legs even further apart. Hoseok moves down, slow and easy, the velvety hardness of Yoongi's dick pressing against his tongue. His fist, slicked with precome and saliva, strokes and teases as Hoseok slides his lips back up to the tip.

"*Shit*," Yoongi shifts against the bed and Hoseok looks up at him, touch trailing along the underside of his cock, fingers tight and twisting. He's pushed himself up onto his elbows to watch, and sucks a rattling, desperate breath into his lungs as their eyes meet. Smiling, Hoseok slides his tongue over the head of Yoongi's dick to catch the precome beading there, taking particular delight in the pink flush spreading across Yoongi's skin. "*Hoseok*," he whispers, breathless, like it's been punched out of him. "Fuck, please—" his fingers curl in Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok takes him in a bit deeper. He swallows, and feels a shudder rustle down Yoongi's spine.

He groans, a quiet low rumbling. Hoseok drags his fingernails down Yoongi's thigh with his free hand, and his hips buck up. Hoseok hums encouragingly, sucks hard and slips his hands under to cup Yoongi's ass and help him to thrust up. "*Fuck*, okay," Yoongi gasps, grip in Hoseok's hair so tight it almost hurts. "Hoseok, fuck— oh, fuck," he repeats it like mantra. Hoseok moans and sucks harder, just takes it as Yoongi braces his feet against the floor for leverage and fucks into Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok's so hard now it almost hurts.

It doesn't take long, and Hoseok swallows what he can when Yoongi comes, catches what he can't with his hand. He sits back on his heels, staring at the stringy strands that hang between his fingers. After making sure Yoongi's looking, Hoseok licks his skin clean with a little smirk, sucking his fingers into his mouth and pulling them back out with a slick *pop*.

Yoongi makes a weak, strangled noise in the back of his throat, chest heaving. He sits up to haul Hoseok up by the grip he still has in

Hoseok's hair, gets him close enough to kiss that smirk off his face. He chases the taste of his own release from Hoseok's mouth and, "Fuck," he exhales, sitting back just enough to get Hoseok's jeans undone.

He spits into his hand and slips his hand down around Hoseok's cock. Hoseok jerks into the touch, pressing his sweaty forehead to Yoongi's shoulder and gasping for breath. He's already so close that it only takes a few strokes before he's biting off a muffled curse and jerking and twitching and coming all over Yoongi's fist.

"Fuck," Yoongi repeats, with feeling. Hoseok sags against Yoongi's chest and lets his eyes fall closed, boneless and sated. "That was good," Yoongi continues, after a few moments. His clean fingers comb absently through Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok sighs. "I think that's what we should do whenever I catch bugs from now on."

"That's a lot of blowjobs," Hoseok mutters after a moment's thought, rubbing his jaw contemplatively. He slings his arms around Yoongi's waist and presses a smile into shoulder. "I'll try." He leans back when he registers just how hot Yoongi's skin feels again, his smile fading somewhat. "How are you feeling? That wasn't too much, was it?"

Yoongi flops back and hauls Hoseok up on top of him. "I'm hungry, filthy, and a little tired. I'm fine. Just, ah..." Yoongi hesitates, and Hoseok pushes up onto his elbows. He shifts a bit under Hoseok's scrutiny, licks his lips. "Maybe don't find anymore spiders for a couple days?" he asks finally, grinning sheepishly.

"Get back in bed," Hoseok says, shrugging out of Yoongi's hold and getting to his feet. "I'll get you a washcloth and go heat up the last of the porridge Seokjin hyung sent over."

Yoongi hums. "I'll get back in bed if you come with me," he says.

Hoseok shouldn't; he has errands to run that he'd put off to care for Yoongi, and he has to go to work in a few hours... But... Yoongi pouts, almost like he knows why Hoseok's faltering. "Alright," he sighs, giving in. "But only for twenty minutes."

Yoongi grins. "I want bibimbap."

Hoseok frowns. "How did you know I made bibimbap?"

"I could smell it as soon as we came back inside," Yoongi says. "I want bibimbap, give me bibimbap."

(Hoseok ends up calling in sick at work.)

Chapter End Notes

i've got about seven total drabbles planned for this universe so far, but if there's anything you'd like to see don't hesitate to let me know!

07/17/15 lmao... remember when i thought this fic would be short...

timeline | title song (remix)/original | mix

concerning draperies

Chapter Notes

> what i am trying to say is
> the love is ours to make, so we should make it
> everything else can wait
> the time is ours to take, so we should take it
> (bed peace by jhene aiko)

> this takes place about a year and a half before regarding spiders! they've only been living together for a month at this point (though they've been dating for like six months before moving in together... okay i'll shut up) so things are a lil awkward on yoongi's part whee

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi wakes up slow, snuggled in a cozy nest of blankets. Hoseok is still fast asleep, his breath warm and stirring the hairs at the nape of Yoongi's neck with each quiet snore. Yoongi rises up his elbow to squint through the sunlight and check the time; it's just after seven, and he doesn't have to be up for school until *at least* nine. Yoongi drops his head back onto the pillow with a stifled groan.

Hoseok mumbles something Yoongi can't make sense of and rolls forward until his chest bumps into Yoongi's back. Yoongi rubs his forehead on his pillow with a tired little laugh and leans back into him. Maybe he'll fall back asleep. Maybe they'll both sleep through the alarm and just stay in bed all day. He shifts slightly and his ass is pressed snug to Hoseok's hips.

Hoseok's half-hard, and Yoongi suddenly doesn't feel quite as eager to sleep just yet. He rolls his hips, a hard leisurely press backward that he keeps up until Hoseok's fingers wind around Yoongi's hipbones to still him.

"Stop it," Hoseok murmurs against Yoongi's ear. It feels more like a kiss than a demand.

"*Nah*," Yoongi sighs, hand sliding up Hoseok's body to catch in his hair and pull as he grinds back again.

Hoseok retaliates by nipping at Yoongi's ear, a sting he soothes with a languid tongue. His teeth catch on Yoongi's piercings and he tugs until

Yoongi shivers and rolls over in Hoseok's arms to kiss him hello.

His fingers find their way back to the hair at Hoseok's nape, but this time he pets instead of pulls, touch a gentle contrast to the way his tongue flicks and slides teasingly across Hoseok's lip. Hoseok damn near purrs, a low rumbling sound, and nuzzles in closer, sucks Yoongi's tongue into his mouth. His hands slide up and down Yoongi's back, nails dragging on Yoongi's skin with each upstroke.

Yoongi's content just to make out for a while, to waste some time before he has to meet up with Namjoon at the studio before his first class. Really, he is. He still finds himself smoothing his hands down the length of Hoseok's back, to cup Hoseok's ass in his hands and squeeze. Hoseok jerks forward with a startled laugh half-muffled against Yoongi's chin. He meets Yoongi's rolling hips while Yoongi shoves at the waistbands of their boxers and brings their cocks together in his hand.

Hoseok's already so wet but he spits into his palm so his grip is tight and even slicker. Personally, Yoongi prefers more friction, but Hoseok gets so sensitive. Hoseok's hips stutter with another surprised moan and his lips get sloppier, slipping from Yoongi's mouth to follow a trail of kisses down the side of Yoongi's neck. His free hand tangles with Yoongi's around their cocks. Yoongi shudders as a toe-curling jolt of pleasure shudders down his spine and turns his head to pepper Hoseok's hair and temples with kisses, twisting his wrist roughly.

"Fuck, *okay*," Hoseok breathes, nosing under Yoongi's jaw and nipping at his skin before rolling Yoongi onto his back and pressing him into the mattress. The early morning sun catches on his skin and makes him fucking *glow*. Yoongi parts his thighs for Hoseok to fit between, rocks his hips up into his fist. Hoseok's hand curls around Yoongi's nape to tilt his head up and catch Yoongi's mouth for another kiss, sweet and deep.

Yoongi's senses tunnel into this one moment, of the warm sun spilling across the bed, the smooth wave of Hoseok's hips undulating, the slide of their tongues like the slide of their cocks together, the musky scent and slick of sweat on their skin, and each desperate, hot draw of breath. His orgasm comes as a surprise, pulled from him as he kissed Hoseok, unable to keep his hips from jerking or to silence the cry in the back of his throat. Hoseok sucks a bruise at the base of Yoongi's throat as he follows, quaking through the aftershocks. He lolls against Yoongi as he relaxes, boneless.

Hoseok nuzzles Yoongi's neck with his nose, lazy and drifting. "Good mornin'," he murmurs sleepily, accent dragging his words soft and drawling. Yoongi slings his arms over Hoseok's waist, presses his cheek against the top of Hoseok's head with a dopey, sated grin spread across his face. He sighs, ready to fall right back to sleep until his alarm in an hour or so.

Hoseok has other plans, though. After indulging a few moments more of closeness, he rolls right off Yoongi and off the bed. He stretches his arms up over his head with a groan, then wriggles out of his boxers and drops them into the laundry hamper.

"Where are you going?" Yoongi asks, a sullen whine creeping into his voice despite his best efforts to keep his tone neutral.

"I'm gonna shower, I don't want to be a gross sticky mess," Hoseok answers, directing his sunniest smile at Yoongi. "You're welcome to join me, if you want," he offers, completely naked as he twirls and dances his way towards the bathroom. Yoongi watches him go with a gentle warmth blossoming in his chest, the corners of his mouth twitching with a smile he can't quite keep back. He listens to the faucet in the bathroom turn on, and dozes as the come on his chest and stomach begins to dry and itch.

Hoseok comes back eventually for clothes, toothbrush hanging from his mouth and towel draped over his hair. He pauses by the bed to drop a damp washcloth on Yoongi's chest, and only beams when Yoongi cracks an eye open to glower. The cloth is the perfect temperature, not too hot or too cold, and Yoongi sits up in bed to give himself a proper wipe down. Hoseok dresses, and leaves again to finish cleaning his teeth.

By the time Yoongi's satisfied he's clean enough and the cloth has cooled uncomfortably on his skin, Hoseok has begun clattering around in the kitchen. It's quarter to nine. "Hey," Hoseok calls. "You better get up soon — don't you have to meet Namjoon at ten? That's today, isn't it?"

Yoongi scoots to the edge of the bed and gets to his feet. "Yeah," he says, and yawns, reaching out for the clock to switch off the alarm so it won't go off later. "I think I'm just going to get coffee on the way to school." Yoongi looks up from the clock to see Hoseok leaning against the bedroom doorframe, smiling at him and towel-drying a lunch box. "Do you want me to get you anything?" Yoongi asks, crossing the room to the closet and dresser and picking his outfit for the day. "I could

drop it off at the restaurant before my first class, I think." He pulls on a fresh pair of boxers and drops the old ones into the hamper.

"A treat?" Hoseok suggests, smile broadening. "Something sweet, like you."

A pleased grin tugs at the corners of Yoongi's mouth and he tries to school his expression while he pulls his shirt over his head. "Oh my god, why do I like you," he laments, shaking his hair out of his eyes. When he looks up, it's to see Hoseok wiggle his ass as he sings some girl group song. Yoongi pulls on a pair of jeans and follows him out into the kitchen. "Alright," he says, watching Hoseok scoop rice from the cooker into his lunch box, hips still swinging from side to side. *How does he even do that?* Yoongi thinks, distracted. He shakes his head and clears his throat. "I'll get you a treat. Do you want anything else?"

"No, that's more than enough. Thank you," Hoseok replies, kissing Yoongi's cheek absently when he passes, and Yoongi's fingers catch in Hoseok's shirt. He lets the worn jersey fabric slip between his fingers as Hoseok ducks into the fridge for leftovers.

Yoongi leaves Hoseok to it, first going to the bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his face, then slipping into his office to grab his notes, phone, and bag. He's down on the street at fifteen past nine, and decides to visit the little hole in the wall cafe a few blocks away from their apartment building. If he's lucky, Jimin or Taehyung will be working. If he's *very* lucky, either of them will also be inclined to express his order, so he can catch his bus on time.

While he walks, his phone starts buzzing against his thigh. He pulls it out of his pocket, surprised to see so many missed text alert notifications, and opens the first message just as he gets to the cafe. As he joins the queue, he scrolls through the chat history.

It's Jimin who starts it, a mass message sent to just about everyone:

[08:21:45] **Jimin:** MY VIRGIN EYES
[08:21:48] **Jimin:** i juST SAW MOMMY AND DADDY HAVING SEX
[08:22:03] **Taehyung:** IT'S TRUE I WAS THERE IT WAS HORRIBLE
[08:22:14] **Jimin:** I'M SCARRED FOR LIFE hELP
[08:22:20] **Taehyung:** I'M NEVER GOING TO BE THE SAME AFTER THIS ???
[08:22:30] **Taehyung:** ARE YOU AWAKE WAKE UP

[08:22:30] **Taehyung:** CRISIS
[08:22:58] **Taehyung:** CRISIS
[08:23:28] **Taehyung:** CRISIS
[08:23:32] **Jungkook:** gross
[08:23:50] **Jin:** ??
[08:24:01] **Jin:** Why is this a surprise, they only just moved in together what did you expect them to do
[08:24:14] **Jungkook:** they're old, hyung
[08:24:20] **Jin:** They're still in their honey moon phase
[08:24:21] **Jin:** Excuse me
[08:24:23] **Jin:** What did you just say
[08:24:23] **Namjoon:** Gross
[08:24:25] **Jin:** If they're old what does that make me, Jeon Jungkook
[08:24:29] **Namjoon:** and they never thought of CLOSING THE DAMN CURTAINS MAYBE

Yoongi's caught up to the most recent messages (Jungkook asking if they recorded anything for future blackmail material, and Jin squawking about his age) by the time he reaches the counter. His ears feel hot and he's pretty sure he's blushing. Taehyung is standing on the other side of the counter, a shit-eating grin spread across his face. "Morning!" Taehyung chirps. "What can I get started for you today?" Yoongi rattles off his order on autopilot and stares into space, clutching his phone so tight it creaks in protest. He jolts out of it when Taehyung prompts him for payment.

"Perhaps you should invest in curtains," Taehyung proposes, as Yoongi pays with his card.

Cheeky little shit. Yoongi scowls at him. "Why were you two peeping into our bedroom in first place?" He's surprised by how steady his voice sounds, and gives himself a mental pat on the back. The only thing that could make this worse is if he stutters.

"Our living room window is directly across from your bedroom window, hyung," Taehyung says. He waves a coworker over to cover the register as he moves to get started on Yoongi's drink. "Our apartment's just a little higher than yours, so we could see everything clear as day, even if we didn't want to." He pulls a shot of espresso and quirks an eyebrow at Yoongi over the espresso maker. "And I can assure you that neither of us wanted to *ever* see anything like that, you know?" He pours four shots of espresso and steamed milk into a cup. "The image is seared into my eyelids, hyung. I'm never going to be

able to forget." He sets Yoongi's finished drink down on the counter with a flourish. "Have a good day," he manages to get out, before running away to the back room to laugh.

Yoongi shoves a travel lid onto his cup and is halfway to the bus stop when he realizes he forgot to get Hoseok's treat. He treks back to the cafe and arrives just as Taehyung's recovered, and has to pick out a small cake and put up with Taehyung's redoubled cackling. Yoongi sighs as his cheeks burn with embarrassment, but he just takes it and thinks, *The things I do for love...*

He freezes. *Wait, love? What?* Yoongi stares unseeing at the cake box that Taehyung holds out for him to take. *Of course I love him, what's not to love about Hoseok?* "Why is this a surprise to me?" he demands.

Taehyung squints at him. "Eh?"

Yoongi snatches the cake box. "Nevermind." *I need to tell him. Fuck, I love him.*

(While Yoongi's on the bus, he gets another chat notification. It's from Hoseok, this time:

[09:22:31] **Hoseok:** excuse me but who among us is getting laid regularly \@-@/ oh yeah that's right, it's me and yoongi hyung so shut up thank you have a nice day)

Chapter End Notes

this is only the beginning of the curtains saga

(i'm so sorry)

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

interlude (feelings)

Chapter Summary

yoongi asks namjoon for advice. (takes place immediately after concerning draperies)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi's late. Namjoon sighs and goes to slip his phone back into his pocket, but his grip loosens and he fumbles. His phone lands with a heart-stopping clatter on the pavement beneath his feet. "Fuck's sake," he grumbles, ducking down to check the damage. Not as bad as it could be, at least; only one more tiny dent to join the various other tiny dents that mar the screen.

His fingers slide over the case as he stands back upright, thoughtful. He's dropped this phone so many times over the past year. His phone case is broken and doesn't provide him much protection, but Yoongi meticulously taped the broken pieces into a whole during an all-nighter in the studio. Namjoon kind of likes the way it looks now too much to throw it out and buy better one.

He checks the time again. Twenty minutes. Maybe Yoongi missed his bus. Namjoon's just considering turning and heading into the studio on his own, when Yoongi rounds the corner, catches sight of him, and waves.

"Hey hyung," Namjoon calls. He pays closer attention when he slides his phone into his pocket. "Didn't know if you were gonna make it," he continues, once Yoongi's closer. He turns and falls into step with him as he heads towards the door of the music building. "What with how tied up you were this morning, and everything."

"Shut up," Yoongi replies, so fast it must have been reflexive. He winces and rubs his forehead. "Hey," he says, lowering his voice and leaning toward Namjoon as they pass a group of other students. "I want to get your advice on something, but you have to promise you won't say a word to anyone else."

Namjoon's about to mime zipping his mouth shut, but considers the mass group chat messages Jimin and Taehyung sent just that morning. "Not if it has to do with your sex life, hyung," he says. They turn the

corner and head up the stairs. "If it does, I don't want to know."

Yoongi's hand waves lazily, as if swatting the words out of the air, and he snorts. "Like I'd ask *you* for sex advice."

"No," Namjoon says. "You just fuck Hoseok on my couch. I still can't believe you did that."

Yoongi smiles pleasantly. "Would you prefer us to fuck in your bed?"

"*No*," Namjoon repeats, "I paid too much for that mattress to just end up burning it." He shudders and Yoongi laughs at him. "The couch is better, I guess. Less expensive."

They don't speak again until they reach their tiny recording studio, three floors up and down the hall on the left. Yoongi unlocks the door and flicks the lights on while Namjoon drops into his chair with a groan. "Hey, why didn't you get me a coffee?" he grumbles, eyeing the cup in Yoongi's hand.

"You didn't tell me you wanted one," Yoongi replies, smacking the back of Namjoon's head as he passes. "I'm not going to assume you'd want one just because I'm getting one." He sets his cup down on the ledge of the soundboard and drops his bag on the floor before he settles into his own chair. The chair creaks. "Anyway, even if I did get one for you, it'd have been cold by the time I got here. Then you'd complain about that."

Namjoon grins. "I don't even like coffee. What did you need my advice for, anyway? Is it about the video game score again?"

Yoongi shakes his head. "No," he says, leaning back in his seat and swivelling his chair from side to side. His chair squeaks with each movement. "I finished the main theme last night, I don't think it's going to be a problem from here." Yoongi licks his lips and opens his mouth like he plans to say more, but doesn't, turning his attention to his lap like it's fascinating.

"What is it, then?" Namjoon prompts after the silence has stretched for several seconds. "If it's really about your sex life, that's cool, man— I won't judge or anything, I was just being a dick—"

"I'm in love with Hoseok."

Namjoon stares at Yoongi. "Uh, alright," he says, half-expecting Yoongi to follow that statement up with a *but*... When he doesn't, Namjoon

just gets even more confused. Yoongi's biting his lip, staring right back at Namjoon with wide eyes, like he hadn't meant to say that out loud. The lights in the studio are low, but Namjoon swears Yoongi looks even paler than usual. *Why?* he wonders. "That's... not exactly *news*, hyung."

Yoongi's eyes narrow.

"Wait," Namjoon says. "Hold the fuck up, you seriously didn't know until now?" Yoongi stays silent. "*Seriously?* What have you even been doing the past seven months?" Yoongi's squinting so hard at Namjoon his eyes might as well just close. Namjoon leans back in his chair. "Hoseok doesn't even know, does he?" In reply, Yoongi leans forward and rests his face gently on the soundboard ledge. Laughter bubbles up Namjoon's throat, and he tries to swallow it back, but the more he stares at Yoongi's pathetic posture, the more he dissolves into uncontrollable fits of giggles.

"Shut the fuck up," Yoongi mutters, and sits up once Namjoon's hysterics have passed. Namjoon can tell Yoongi's blushing, even in the half-dark. "I need to tell him, don't I? That's what I needed your advice with, because you two've been friends a long time — you might have an idea of what he'd want." He grabs his coffee cup but doesn't drink from it, just fiddles with the plastic lid. "How do you think I should tell him? It's important, right? It's important to make it a big deal, isn't it?"

Even talking with *Namjoon* about it is making Yoongi nervous. Namjoon can't imagine what he'd be like trying to tell Hoseok. "Yeah, if you make a big deal about it, he'd probably love it. He loves that shit. But honestly, I think he'd just like hearing it from you no matter what you do. It's *Hoseok*, remember? He cares about you way more than he cares about grand gestures."

"I can't just say it off-handedly, though," Yoongi protests, then frowns, lower lip sticking out into a pout. He exaggerates his dialect, "'*Good morning, Hoseok, I love you*.' I can't just do it like that. The first time has to be special, doesn't it?"

Namjoon sighs. "Alright," he says, "but we do have to listen to my project for my composition class at some point, you promised."

Yoongi waves a hand and pulls a notebook from his bag. "Yeah, yeah," he says, "we'll get to it later. What do you think about me filling the apartment with flowers?"

"He'd think it's pretty for about ten seconds and then start complaining about the mess. Vetoed."

Yoongi scratches that off his list. "Alright, hear me out: So I hire a skywriter..."

Chapter End Notes

actual chapter coming soon, i promise

first | timeline | mix

with regards to clothes sharing

Chapter Notes

takes place exactly seven months before concerning draperies.

i know when it's real, i know how to tell
i know the difference between
what you say and how you feel
oh, i know when it's real
(pyrite (fool's gold) by frank ocean)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's getting late, the game is tied, and Hoseok should've gone home an hour ago. He meant to, at least, but he got drawn in by that mischievous sparkle in Yoongi's eye, as he scored yet another basket. Hoseok isn't that good at sports, he's much better at fighting games — for that, all he has to do is mash buttons to get results.

"You're terrible at this," Yoongi laughs.

Hoseok frowns, trying to remember which buttons do what, and manages to get possession of the ball completely by accident. He can do this. "You should give me a handicap, hyung," he suggests, grinning. His eyes flicker to the open (empty, save for grease stains and crumbs) pizza box on the coffee table. "Or maybe order another pizza, I'm hungry."

Yoongi doesn't pause the game as he sets his controller down, and Hoseok takes the opportunity to score. "Alright," Yoongi says, leaning into Hoseok's shoulder to grope his phone from his back pocket. Hoseok scores again; he's only two points behind now. By the time Yoongi's placed the order, Hoseok's pulled ahead eight points. It doesn't take long for Yoongi to tie the game back up, of course, but Hoseok doesn't mind. Yoongi plays idly, pressed against Hoseok's side with his head resting on Hoseok's shoulder. Yoongi wins the game, so Hoseok pays for the pizza when the delivery man arrives.

Yoongi says, "Put it down for a minute," and nods at the table, and drags Hoseok down by the front of his shirt once the pizza is safely out of the way. "C'mere," he says, tugging on Hoseok's shirt, and

Hoseok slides over to straddle Yoongi's lap in one smooth movement. He rests his elbows on the back of the couch and smooths his fingers

through Yoongi's hair as he leans down to nuzzle their noses together. Yoongi's eyes go half-lidded as he tilts his head back to meet Hoseok's gaze, a lazy smile playing at the corners of his mouth. Hoseok's been wondering when they'd get to this all night. "Hello," he whispers, knees digging into the cushions on either side of Yoongi's thighs.

"Hi," Yoongi murmurs, hands slipping up under Hoseok's shirt to curl around his hipbones, nails digging into Hoseok's skin. There's a pleasant flush warming Yoongi's cheeks, even though the apartment is cold. Hoseok cups Yoongi's jaw in his palm and kisses the top of his cheekbone, then his lips when Yoongi turns his head and tilts his chin up.

Hoseok licks deep into Yoongi's mouth, tongue tracing over the uneven ridges of his teeth and the slick smoothness of Yoongi's tongue. He strokes Yoongi's cheek with his thumb, smiles into the kiss when Yoongi's grip tightens around his hips. He slants his head to bite at Yoongi's lower lip, tongue dragging over the upper.

Yoongi chases after him and sucks him back in when Hoseok tries to draw back for a deeper breath, hands moving from Hoseok's hips to grab the nape of his neck. Hoseok whimpers into Yoongi's mouth, squirming in his lap as Yoongi's teeth graze his tongue. Yoongi kisses Hoseok like he's hungry for it, like he can't stand not to for even a second. His breaths flare a warm, steady pattern across Hoseok's cheek. It's too much and not enough all at once. Hoseok presses as close to Yoongi's body as he can get without breaking the kiss and rolls his hips down *hard*, fingers sliding back into Yoongi's hair. His heart beats a rapid tattoo against his ribcage, and Yoongi must be able to tell with his palm pressed over the pulse point in Hoseok's neck.

He feels too hot, but the air is cool on his bare arms. Hoseok traces the shell of Yoongi's ear, spins the hoops threaded through his lobes between his fingers. Yoongi shivers and bites down on Hoseok's lip. He presses up for Hoseok to grind against, nails digging into Hoseok's shoulders.

Hoseok can't hear anything but the creak of the couch, the slick, wet sounds their mouths make as they move and shift, his heartbeat and their ragged breathing, the stupid looping video game music, and the quiet noises in the back of Yoongi's throat, something caught between a whine and a moan.

Yoongi's breath is hot on Hoseok's lips as he pulls back, and Hoseok lets his forehead rest against Yoongi's. He keeps his eyes closed,

fingers still caught in Yoongi's hair as he breathes. They're both hard. He shifts in Yoongi's lap and *wants* so much; his lips feel swollen when he wets them with a swipe of his tongue.

"Hey, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi murmurs, lips brushing against Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok's eyelids flutter open. "Can I touch you?"

Hoseok feels Yoongi's lips stretch into a little smile against his skin when he nods. Hoseok fumbles to undo the fastenings on his jeans, and pauses. "How d'you want to do this?" he asks.

"Lie down?" Yoongi suggests. "Please, there's– I want to do something."

Hoseok lets himself fall sideways and props his head on the armrest, straightening his legs out with a little groan of satisfaction. "Good call," he laughs, and wiggles until he can kick his jeans right off. "I was starting to lose feeling in my knees." Yoongi snorts and settles between Hoseok's parted thighs, and Hoseok shoves Yoongi's sweats down. "Oh, *fuck*," he says, when he sees Yoongi apparently decided to go without underwear tonight. "Do you do that often?"

Yoongi ducks his head, but Hoseok can still see the small, pleased smile spreading across his face. "Only when I'm feeling really lazy," he replies, and reaches down to run his thumb over the head of Hoseok's dick through his boxers.

The worn fabric feels so rough against his skin. It doesn't hurt, not yet, but it's still on the borderline of too much. Hoseok shudders, back arcing up against Yoongi and he hisses a breath between his teeth. "Sensitive, hyung," he murmurs.

"*Shit*," Yoongi mutters, hands careful when he pulls Hoseok's dick from his boxers. "Sorry, I forgot," and he spits into his hand so his grip is slick and hot.

Hoseok tucks his face into Yoongi's neck to kiss him just below his ear and tries to whisper, "S'okay, I'm fine—" when Yoongi stretches his hand to fit both their dicks in his palm. Hoseok's hips jump at the contact, and he moans against Yoongi's skin. "Oh, yeah, more than fine— *Yoongi-yah*—"

Yoongi huffs a laugh and twists his wrist a bit on the upstroke, fingers sliding wetly over the heads of their cocks. Hoseok tangles his fingers with Yoongi's, and a shiver rustles down his spine. Hoseok slides his free hand down Yoongi's back, feels his muscles shift beneath his skin as his hips grind forwards. Yoongi catches Hoseok's mouth in a kiss.

Hoseok's hand travels back up to thread in Yoongi's hair, and he spreads his thighs a little more, leans his head back to deepen the kiss. Yoongi's grip tightens reflexively.

It's good, it's *good*. Hoseok makes needy little circles with his hips, whimpers muffled against Yoongi's mouth. Yoongi grinds down against him, free hand tilting Hoseok's head up to bite at Hoseok's tongue and his lips and his chin to his jaw, down his throat. Hoseok pants and thrusts up into their entwined hands. "*Hyung*," he gasps.

Yoongi drops a chaste kiss on Hoseok's lips, but ducks back down to press his mouth to the juncture where Hoseok's neck meets his shoulder. He bites and Hoseok jerks into Yoongi's fist with a little curse, the fingers of his free hand catching in Yoongi's hair and gripping tight at his nape. Yoongi chuckles, and sweeps his tongue over the spot, warm and wet, before he sucks, hard enough to mark. He twists his wrist as he strokes Hoseok's cock, and tugs at the collar of Hoseok's shirt to leave a constellation of bruises across Hoseok's collarbones.

Once that's done, he moves back to the first bruise and bites down *hard* just as Hoseok gasps and shakes and comes apart. Hoseok bucks and whines and Yoongi gentles him through it, nuzzling the side of his neck with his nose. He's murmuring something, so soft Hoseok can't hear him properly, but the tone of his voice is soothing. They're pressed so close together Hoseok can feel Yoongi's heart pounding just as hard as Hoseok's in his chest.

Their tangled hands are still moving on Yoongi's cock. Hoseok gathers his wits and tightens his grip to jerk him hard and fast, turning his head to catch Yoongi's earlobe between his teeth. "Come on," he whispers, voice gone low and rough, palm rubbing over the head of Yoongi's cock. "Come on, Yoongi-yah, come for me—" Yoongi shudders and comes with a little groan, hips jerking into Hoseok's fist.

Splatters of come hit Hoseok's chin, and he twitches in surprise. "Damn, hyung," he mutters.

Yoongi pulls his sweats up and sits back on his heels. "Aw, fuck," he mutters, as Hoseok plucks at his t-shirt. His fingers swipe at the come on Hoseok's chin, and the face he pulls is *hilarious*. "Sorry," he says.

Hoseok throws his head back and laughs, hands curling around Yoongi's hips. "Don't apologize. I've had jizz in worse places, hyung. I'm okay." He hauls his boxers back up over his ass and starts to sit up

but stops when Yoongi puts a hand on his shoulder. It takes him a second to understand what's going on, before he realizes Yoongi's examining his handiwork.

"What do you think?" Hoseok asks, tilting his neck so Yoongi can get a better look at the bruises. "Ten out of ten?"

"Give it an eight, maybe," Yoongi replies, and his whole face lights up as he laughs. "I'll do better next time."

Fuck, he's cute, Hoseok thinks. He slings his arms around Yoongi's neck and drags him down for another kiss. Yoongi's smile imprints on the back of Hoseok's eyelids like flash on a camera. Hoseok runs his hand up and down Yoongi's back and Yoongi relaxes against Hoseok's chest, a comforting weight.

Then Hoseok's stomach rumbles loudly. Yoongi sits and stares down at Hoseok for a moment, then he snickers and tugs Hoseok up. Hoseok smothers a tired chuckle against Yoongi's shoulder. "Sorry," he says.

Yoongi shakes his head. "Don't apologize," he parrots, climbing off Hoseok's lap. "Take off your shirt, I might have something in your size that you can borrow." He pulls his own shirt up over his head. "I've got to do laundry tomorrow anyway," he says, when Hoseok hands his shirt over.

Hoseok pulls his jeans back on and watches Yoongi wipe his hand clean on the shirts. He moves around the coffee table to the wardrobe set up as a divider between his bed and the rest of his apartment. He drops the shirts into his hamper and digs around in the wardrobe, returns with fresh clothes after a few moments spent sniffing suspiciously at the armpits of several t-shirts.

The new shirt Hoseok receives is plain, black, but soft and well-worn. Hoseok pulls it on, pushes his hair out of his eyes and looks up at Yoongi just in time to see a faint pink blush colour his cheeks before he pulls on his own shirt. Hoseok smiles.

Yoongi leans over to the unopened pizza box and shoves a slice of cold pizza into Hoseok's hands. "Eat," he says, and drops back down on the couch. He leans forward to grab a slice for himself. "Do you wanna watch a movie?"

"Sure," Hoseok says, and shoves the pizza into his mouth. It's good, even cold. He's never heard of the movie Yoongi picks, but they settle down beside each other with the pizza box open and balanced on their

knees, pressed together from shoulders to thighs.

He's not sure when he falls asleep, but he wakes up with his head pillowed in Yoongi's lap. He blinks blearily, waking up in slow increments. Yoongi's still awake, reading a massive textbook balanced on the armrest, his fingers combing through Hoseok's hair. It feels *really* good, and Hoseok wants to close his eyes and go right back to sleep. He can't, though. "What time is it?" he asks, stretching his legs out a bit.

"Two," Yoongi replies absently, picking up a pencil and scribbling notes in the textbook margins.

Hoseok groans. "Aw, shit." He tries to rub the sleep from his eyes. "Just missed the last bus... I'll call a cab, I guess. Sorry for staying so late, hyung—"

"You could stay," Yoongi suggests, so quiet Hoseok almost doesn't hear. "I mean. If you want," he adds, a little louder and faster, eyes flicking to Hoseok's face and away again just as quick. "I don't." He clears his throat and stares at his textbook. "I wouldn't mind."

"Yeah?" Hoseok asks. Yoongi's blushing again, and Hoseok wants to lean up and kiss him. He stays where he is, though. "Good," he sighs, "because I'm too comfortable to move." He nuzzles Yoongi's belly with his forehead and drifts right back to sleep. (Just before he drops off, he swears he feels Yoongi's hand return to his hair.)

Hoseok's cell phone alarm goes off four hours later, piping a cheerful pop song and vibrating across Yoongi's coffee table. Hoseok reaches over Yoongi's body blindly to search for it, while Yoongi tucks his face into Hoseok's chest and grumbles protests. He finds it, eventually, and shuts the alarm off before the tinny song can start up again.

"I hate you," Yoongi mutters, squinting up at Hoseok through his fringe. He's frowning, but Hoseok's gotten more intimidating looks from sleepy kittens.

"Sorry," Hoseok replies, and he leans down to kiss Yoongi's cheek. "I'm teaching a ballet class in an hour," he murmurs. "I have to shower and get my stuff, so I better head out." He sits up and is about to clamber to his feet when he notices the grip Yoongi has on the hem of the shirt. He tugs it free, and Yoongi pouts.

"I've got a wedding to photograph for this afternoon," Yoongi says, "but I can come pick you up at the restaurant after your shift, if you

want."

Hoseok waves his hand. "Oh, you don't have to do that, hyung. I'm going to be working until closing, it's going to be so late—"

Yoongi just blinks and raises his eyebrows. "I'm just coming to get my shirt back."

*

(Junghwa lugs another set of dishes back through the kitchen and sets the plastic tub down on the counter. Hoseok watches Youngsoo unpack the dishes, rinsing each in the sink before loading them into the dishwasher.

"Hoseok hyung, tables five and two asked if they could get their bills," Junghwa says. "Also, I think your boyfriend's here." The kid is grinning at him.

Little shit, Hoseok thinks, fondly exasperated. "He's not my boyfriend," Hoseok grumbles, but he still feels his spine straightening, a small smile turning up the corners of his mouth despite himself. He smooths the hem of Yoongi's shirt with his fingers. "We're not even dating, don't make it weird.")

Chapter End Notes

part one of two!

first | timeline | chapter song (couldn't find it on youtube, sorry!) | mix

interlude (fevers)

Chapter Notes

welp

i meant to have a different bit of fic up but here have this instead!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm gonna die."

Hoseok looks up from his choreography notes and raises his eyebrows. Yoongi is curled on his side with the blanket rolled tight around him, and peering out at him from a curl in the bed sheets. What little Hoseok can see of Yoongi's skin is even paler than usual, the bags beneath his eyes dark like bruises. "Someday, yeah," Hoseok allows, reaching over the pillow barricade to touch Yoongi's forehead. He frowns. Most of the nausea has passed, but the damn fever's up again. "Probably not from this, though."

Yoongi grabs Hoseok's wrist before he can pull away. His fingers are clammy. "No, listen," he says. "I'm going to die."

"I *am* listening," Hoseok says, and nuzzles his nose into the gap in the blanket to press a kiss against Yoongi's forehead. "What would you like me to do?" Yoongi's brow furrows and Hoseok kisses him again, keeps on kissing him until his forehead smooths back out.

"Help me write a will," Yoongi sighs.

"Okay," Hoseok murmurs, picking up his notebook and flipping to a new page. He props himself up on the pillow barricade and waits, poised to write. "What's first?"

"I'm leaving everything to you," Yoongi says, thumb stroking over the back of Hoseok's left hand. "Especially my recording equipment because I know Namjoon would want it, and I want to piss him off. He didn't help me on that new score I was working on for my comp class, and I'm still mad at him."

Hoseok laughs and writes that down. "Alright," he says. "Anything else?"

"I want you to be happy," Yoongi mumbles. "After I die. I don't want

you to be sad."

Hoseok's smile fades. "Yoongi-yah—"

"No," Yoongi says. "Listen. I couldn't bear it if you were sad, so promise you'll be happy."

"No you listen," Hoseok says, shoving his notebook out of the way and rolling over onto Yoongi's side of the bed. "How would you feel if I asked you something like that, huh?" He pushes the blankets off Yoongi's face. "You've got a fever of 101 — you're not going to die, you big baby," he says firmly, cupping Yoongi's jaw in his palm and stroking his cheek with his thumb. Yoongi pouts, and Hoseok presses a gentle kiss against his bottom lip. "You're gonna be fine," Hoseok murmurs. "Okay?"

Yoongi's eyes flutter shut. "Okay," he echoes.

"Now go back to sleep," Hoseok says, finger-combing Yoongi's sweaty hair back from his forehead. "I'll be here when you wake up." He keeps brushing his fingers through Yoongi's hair as Yoongi's breathing slows and evens out. Once he's sure Yoongi's asleep (and so less likely to make fun of him for it later), Hoseok quietly sings the lullaby his mother used to sing for him when he was sick.

(He wakes what feels like minutes later, with Yoongi smacking his shoulder.

"Wake up," Yoongi says. "I'm hungry.")

Chapter End Notes

> i promise i'll have an actual chapter up this weekend! lmao somebody hold me to this pls

first | timeline | mix

boyfriends

Chapter Notes

takes place the day after clothes sharing.

i'm not tryna move fast
not tryna be your next or your last
i just wanna be your friend
we could start it off with that
maybe build our own path
...they say good things come if you wait
and i can prove it
(wait by olu)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's almost midnight. Hoseok has been working the dinner rush for the past seven hours, and he's so tired he might drop. He fights back a yawn as he helps Junghwa bus tables. It's not in his job description, but no new customers have come in for the past hour, and it's late. Everyone just wants to go home.

The few diners that remain are either finishing their meals or nursing beers and knocking back shots. Hoseok will have to get their bills and kick them out soon. He lugs a heavy tub of dishes back to the kitchen, dodging the line cooks as they begin cleaning up their workstations, and deposits his burden on the counter beside the sink. Hoseok leans against the back door and watches Youngsoo unpack dishes and rinse them all down before setting them into the dishwasher.

"You look exhausted," Youngsoo observes. "They're pushing you too hard at that academy, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok shakes his head and waves a hand. "No they aren't, hyung," he says, and rests more of his weight against the door. The old wood creaks. "They're not giving me any more than I can handle. Thank you for the concern, though."

"How many classes did you have to teach today?" he asks, eyes narrowing.

"Just four," Hoseok replies, and shrugs. "I only teach classes on Wednesdays and Thursdays, it's really not that much. Thursdays are always my busiest— I have my regular hip hop and jazz classes, but I

lead a dance crew practice *and* help Sanghee with ballet in the mornings, too." He smiles, even though Youngsoo's frowning at all the dishes he has left to somehow fit into the dishwasher. "She's a great dancer, but she's no good at wrangling the little kids..."

Youngsoo swears. "And then you had to deal with the dinner rush on top of that? You're stretching yourself too thin—"

"I have to," Hoseok interrupts in a low voice, and closes his eyes. *Don't you think I'd just dance all the time if I could? I only teach two days out of seven, I can't live off that.* He wishes he could say that out loud. He can't, though; he doesn't want to seem ungrateful for the opportunities he's been given. He tips his head back against the doorframe and longs for a bed. "Now shut up, hyung," he continues instead, and forces a smile onto his face. "I'm going to power nap for the next ten seconds and everything will be okay." Youngsoo laughs at him, but falls silent. After counting to ten in his head, Hoseok squints his eyes open to see Junghwa bring another load of dishes back. "There, see," he says, and yawns so wide his ears pop. "I'm all better now."

Youngsoo sends him a sidelong grin as he rinses off more dirty plates.

"Hoseok hyung, tables five and two asked if they could get their bills," Junghwa says. "Also, I think your boyfriend's here." The kid's grinning at him.

Little shit, Hoseok thinks, fondly exasperated. "He's not my boyfriend," he grumbles, but he still feels his spine straightening, an easy, real smile turning up the corners of his mouth despite himself. He smooths down the hem of Yoongi's shirt, worn beneath his white button-down like a good luck charm. "We're not even dating, don't make it weird." He leans toward one of the silver frying pans hanging from the ceiling to check his reflection and straighten his hair, sweeping his fringe back off his forehead.

"He's come to walk you home the past three nights in a row," Youngsoo protests. "If that's not boyfriend behaviour, what is it?"

Hoseok watches his cheeks flush in his distorted reflection. He scratches the back of his neck and shifts his weight from foot to foot and hesitates, unsure of what to even call it. "Booty calls," is what he settles on, even though that's not quite true anymore. Yeah, they still have sex three times out of five when Yoongi shows up to 'walk Hoseok home', but more and more often lately they just end up hanging out. Hoseok can count on both hands how many times he's

gone home after just making out a bit and playing video games. Just last night he fell asleep and woke a few hours later with his head pillowed in Yoongi's lap, and Yoongi's gentle fingers combing through his hair while he studied. Hoseok can distinctly recall the feeling of warmth and contentment and *comfort* of waking up with Yoongi still there beside him — and he doesn't know what to do with that. He hasn't even had a chance to think about it yet.

Junghwa covers his ears with his hands and cries, "TMI!"

Hoseok laughs and catches him in a headlock as he passes, pulls the younger boy with him so he can finish clearing the tables while Hoseok collects and delivers the bills to their owners. After he's received their payment and ushered them out the door, he turns his attention to Yoongi. He's leaning against the counter and chatting with Aeyoung, the perpetually blushing niece of the head chef, who works cash on weeknights. He must have come straight from the wedding he was photographing for, because he's still wearing a tie. It's crooked. Hoseok smiles.

"I told you this morning, you didn't have to come get me," Hoseok says, walking over to him as Aeyoung bows her head and goes into the kitchen for something.

Yoongi looks up at him and offers a lazy wave. "And I told *you* that I want my shirt back," he replies, a slow grin spreading across his face. "Hello to you too, by the way. I had a great day, thanks for asking."

"Hi, hyung," Hoseok says. He glances around — none of the customers are paying them any attention — and leans over to press a kiss to the corner of Yoongi's mouth. "Thank you for coming," he adds, straightening Yoongi's tie. "I'm happy to see you."

"What time do you get off?" Yoongi asks. His fingers slide up beneath Hoseok's button-down, and he plays with the hem of the borrowed t-shirt.

Hoseok grabs Yoongi's wrist, stilling his movement as his knuckles graze the button on his jeans. "Within the hour, if I know you at all," he laughs. Yoongi's grin sharpens, eyes glittering as his gaze lowers and flicks back up Hoseok's body. Hoseok bites his lip and sways a little nearer, fingers stroking across the soft skin of Yoongi's wrist. It would be so easy to lean down and kiss him, to just drag him to the bathroom and lock the door—

A choked, squeaking noise comes from the other side of the counter,

and Hoseok jerks back. He drops Yoongi's wrist as if he'd been stung, and feels his cheeks prickle with heat. Aeyoung's blushing a bright pink. Yoongi watches them both with thinly-veiled amusement.

"Hoseok oppa," Aeyoung stutters. "I talked to my aunt and she said you didn't have to stay late, so you can leave with your boyfriend now—"

"Hey! I-I'm not his boyfriend!" Yoongi yelps, and immediately looks like he wishes the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

Hoseok bites back a laugh and clears his throat. "He's really not my boyfriend, Aeyoung-ah," he says, when he's sure he can keep a straight face. He doesn't quite manage it; his lips twitch.

Aeyoung stares at the cash register. "Whatever he is, you can leave with him," she says, as if she hadn't been interrupted. Her voice quivers with second-hand embarrassment. "I'll look after the customers. Go on, oppa. It's okay. You worked hard today."

Hoseok stares at her, as she makes feeble shooing motions at him with her hands; her face has become so red Hoseok half-fears she might go nova. He looks over at Yoongi and raises his eyebrows. Yoongi turns his head toward the door to hide his embarrassed laugh.

"Okay," Hoseok says. "If you're sure it'll be alright, I don't mind staying —"

"Just go!" Miyoung, the head chef, shouts from the back room. "Take the break, have a good night with your little boyfriend, and we'll see you tomorrow for lunch!"

Hoseok shakes his head. "Alright, I'm going," he says, and laughs. "Starting to make me think you don't want me here," he says, and walks to the kitchen to get his coat and bag. As the door swings shut behind him, he shouts loud enough so everyone can hear, "And he's *not* my boyfriend!"

(Yoongi watches Hoseok disappear through the swinging kitchen door. "Not yet, maybe," he hears Aeyoung mutter, and he looks over at her in surprise as she walks past him to deposit checks to the two remaining tables with customers.

"Sorry, gentlemen," she tells them firmly, all traces of her shy

demeanour vanished. "Last call. We're closed."

Aeyoung returns after collecting their payment and raises her eyebrows at Yoongi as she puts the cash into the register. "It should go without saying," she begins, "but Hoseok oppa is really special to us. He's an important member in our little family here." She closes the register drawer with a snap. "He likes you, for whatever reason," she continues, and levels Yoongi with a glare. "So if you hurt him, we'll hurt you."

Yoongi raises his hands and tries to look as non-threatening as possible. "Noted," he says, just as Hoseok comes back from the kitchen with his coat on, carrying a backpack and a plastic bag in one hand. Aeyoung's eyes flicker over to Hoseok, and she blushes again. *Ah,* Yoongi thinks.

Hoseok slings one of the backpack straps over his shoulders and smiles at Yoongi. "Ready to go?" he asks.

"Yeah," Yoongi says. he slips his hands into his pockets and nods at Aeyoung, meeting her eyes. her cheeks are still a charming shade of pink, but her gaze is steely. "I'll see you around," he tells her. "I hope you have a nice night."

"See you tomorrow, Aeyoung-ah," Hoseok says, reaching out and ruffling her short hair as he passes to hold the restaurant door open for Yoongi to step through.)

Hoseok slumps down onto the bus stop bench beside Yoongi with a groan. Though it's only a fifteen minute walk from the restaurant, it felt more like hours. Yoongi lets Hoseok lean against him. "Long day?" he asks.

"I've been on my feet for eighteen hours with about five hours of sleep," Hoseok mumbles, propping his chin on Yoongi's shoulder and closing his eyes. "It's been a little long, yeah."

Yoongi pats Hoseok's thigh. "Guess tonight's not the night to ask if I can fuck you, then," he says.

Hoseok laughs and nuzzles Yoongi's neck with his nose. "If you don't mind the high probability of me falling asleep halfway through, I'm totally fine with it."

"No," Yoongi says, after turning and blinking at Hoseok for a long moment with the most delicate '*what the actual fuck, Jung Hoseok*' expression on his face. It's magnificent. "No," he repeats, and Hoseok muffles a giggle into his shoulder. "I'm good. I can wait."

"Sure, hyung," Hoseok grins, and lifts his head to pull the take-out container of leftovers from the restaurant and a set of chopsticks that he stole and will return in the morning. "Good to know. You hungry?"

They dig into the food while Yoongi regales Hoseok with a colourful account of the wedding he'd photographed for that afternoon. "By the reception, the father of the bride was so shitfaced, he was hitting on all the bridesmaids— he even hit on *me*—" The bus stop's in a residential area, so Hoseok tries to muffle his laughter as best as he can. "I knew I couldn't punch him until after I got paid, so I just politely told him that I was working and that he really should get his hand off my thigh—"

Hoseok wheezes a laugh tiredly into Yoongi's shoulder. "And then what happened?"

"He didn't leave me alone," Yoongi waves the chopsticks around, "so I did punch him." He holds up his hand for inspection; in the orange glow of the streetlight overhead, Hoseok can just make out a faint smattering of bruising colouring Yoongi's knuckles.

"You're shitting me," Hoseok says.

"I'm not!" Yoongi laughs. "I really punched that motherfucker right in the face. I'm a total badass."

Hoseok elbows Yoongi in the ribs. "Sure you are," he says, smoothing his thumb across Yoongi's knuckles in gentle sweeps.

Yoongi twists on the bench a bit so he can look into Hoseok's eyes. "What?" he says. "What, you don't think I could punch some old man in the face?"

"Oh, I don't doubt that, hyung," Hoseok answers, blinking at him with his most innocent face. "It's just that you'd probably shit yourself afterwards, is all."

"I wouldn't," Yoongi begins to protest, but his gaze drops down to their hands and he trails off before he gathers any real steam. "Yeah, I'm just trying to fuck with you," he admits. Hoseok chuckles, and Yoongi grins sheepishly at him. "I smacked my hand on a stair rail while I was

trying to get this great shot of the bride and groom leaving the ceremony." His fingers twitch against Hoseok's, but he makes no move to withdraw his hand. "The father of the bride was drunk, though, and he *did* hit on me — but his wife sent him off to his hotel room to sleep off the booze before I could take drastic measures."

He leans back against the bench with a sigh. "It was a nice wedding, though," he says, and pulls his hand from Hoseok's and tucks the chopsticks into Hoseok's curled fingers. "How were your classes? Just hip hop today, right?"

Hoseok picks through the leftovers. Yoongi didn't leave much. He rarely does. "Yeah, just hip hop. It's the same as last week," he says, after chewing. "The kids are learning fast, even though we've just started working on a new routine. I'm excited to see their progress, you know?" He pops another strip of bulgogi into his mouth. He hums as he remembers, and swallows, "I did manage to recruit a new member for the crew, though! He's in one of my advanced level classes, he's a great dancer. We've all been dragging our asses lately, so I'm excited to see what kind of flavour he'll bring to the group." He snorts. "Jiminnie's already got half a crush on him, I swear to god. You should've seen his face, he was totally starstruck. Poor kid didn't know what hit him."

"Oh, that's cute," Yoongi laughs. "Jimin's cute. Keep me posted, if anything happens." He pats Hoseok's knee and tilts his head. "Bus's coming," he says.

Hoseok packs the now-empty container and chopsticks back into the bag and pulls his t-card from his pocket. That done, he holds his hands up and pouts as cutely as he can. "Help me up, hyung?" he asks.

Yoongi rolls his eyes but yanks Hoseok to his feet. He doesn't move back out of the way, so Hoseok bumps into him as he stands. Yoongi slips one of his hands into Hoseok's back pocket. "So what *are* you in the mood for, if I can't fuck you?" he asks.

"I don't know yet," Hoseok says, and yawns for umpteenth time. The bus pulls up beside them. "I wasn't kidding about maybe falling asleep on you."

"Wouldn't be the first time," Yoongi shrugs, giving Hoseok's ass a squeeze before sliding his hand from Hoseok's pocket and boarding the bus. "I can make you coffee," he offers, as Hoseok follows him on board, and leads Hoseok to a free seat.

Hoseok groans. "*Hyung*. I actually want to sleep tonight." They sit together near the back doors of the bus. Hoseok's grateful it's a short ride to Yoongi's apartment. Yoongi's hand slides up Hoseok's thigh and just rests there, along the inseam of his jeans. "You're the worst," he grumbles.

Yoongi just smiles.

Hoseok barely gets a chance to set down his bags in Yoongi's apartment before Yoongi pounces. He shoves Hoseok up against the wall and drags his's mouth down for a kiss. Hoseok doesn't mind, though. His lips are a bit chapped from being outside, but warm and soft against Hoseok's skin. Hoseok slips his cold hands up underneath Yoongi's shirt, and Yoongi jumps, teeth closing sharply on Hoseok's lip in surprise. Their foreheads knock together with enough force to send Hoseok's smacking into the wall.

Pain flares at contact, and Hoseok huffs a strangled noise, something between a laugh and a whimper. "Missed me, huh?" he asks, tonguing at his upper lip. "Am I bleeding? Fuck — I know you like me, hyung, but give me a little warning next time, seriously."

Yoongi shoves at Hoseok's shoulder, but cracks a smile. "Shut up and stop sticking your cold hands on me, then," he says, and pushes Hoseok's coat off his shoulders. Hoseok lets the sleeves slide down his arms to pool at his feet, and watches Yoongi set his camera bag down on the floor and take off his own coat. He loosens his tie and unbuttons the top few buttons on his shirt before he moves back into Hoseok's space and kisses him again. It's gentler this time, one of his hands smoothing back to pet Hoseok's sore bump apologetically. His other hand cups Hoseok's jaw as he directs the kiss.

Yoongi's mouth tastes like the leftovers, kind of spicy and a little sweet in a way that reminds Hoseok of home. Yoongi's hand drifts down Hoseok's neck, thumb slipping beneath the collar of his shirt to rub at the bruise he left there last night. Hoseok shivers and tangles his fingers in Yoongi's tie to haul him forward until their bodies are pressed together, and moans into Yoongi's mouth when he feels Yoongi getting hard against his thigh.

"I've been thinking about this all day," Yoongi murmurs into Hoseok's mouth. "Thinking about you walking around with these marks on your skin, marks *I* made, hidden under your clothes..." He sounds so satisfied as he drifts off to unbutton Hoseok's work shirt, and tugs the layers of cloth aside so he can see. Hoseok tilts his head back, angling

to let Yoongi get a good show, and smiles when he hears Yoongi's breath hitch.

Hoseok pivots, reverses their positions to pin Yoongi to the wall with his hips and hands and lips and Yoongi kisses back just as hard, hand threading into Hoseok's hair and tugging. Pleasure thunders through Hoseok like a live thing, electric and leaving him tingling and breathless. Well. That's new. "*Hyung* — do that again, fuck," he gasps.

Yoongi's fingers catch in the hair at the nape of Hoseok's neck and he yanks hard enough for Hoseok to bare his throat, and Hoseok damn near whimpers. Yoongi trails rough, biting kisses down the side of Hoseok's neck, and noses at the bruises he left last night and hovers on the opposite side like he's contemplating leaving fresh ones.

Hoseok groans. He peers through his lashes and catches glimpses of Yoongi's skin, the rapid rise and fall of his chest beneath his dress shirt, the tie hanging loose and crooked. Hoseok lets his hands slip from Yoongi's shoulders, palms dragging down Yoongi's sides, fingers catching on the indents of Yoongi's ribs. He pulls at the fastenings on Yoongi's jeans, and palms his dick through his underwear.

Yoongi jerks again, teeth dragging on Hoseok's skin. "Do it," he whispers, bucking his hips so his dick presses against Hoseok's hand. He releases his hold on Hoseok's hair just enough for Hoseok to lower his head and catch Yoongi's lips again in a kiss. Hoseok slips his hand into Yoongi's boxers. He's slick already and he rubs at the head of Yoongi's cock with his thumb, smearing precome across his fingers before wrapping them around his length and stroking him until he's fully hard. Yoongi moans approvingly, and one of his hands slips from Hoseok's hair to rub slow circles against the bruise at the base of Hoseok's throat.

He gets Yoongi off quick and filthy, grip tight and twisting. Yoongi rests his temple against Hoseok's shoulder and stares down at Hoseok's hand moving on his cock, his chest heaving, fingers clenching and unclenching rhythmically in Hoseok's hair. He comes messily all over Hoseok's hand with a little shout of surprise, and Hoseok holds him up as he trembles through the aftershocks. When he recovers, Yoongi pushes Hoseok until his back hits the opposite wall of his apartment entrance, and lifts Hoseok's hand up to his mouth to suck his own come off Hoseok's fingers.

Yoongi grins and nips at Hoseok's fingertips when Hoseok swears, then sinks to his knees, pulling Hoseok's jeans down his hips. "Can I suck

you off?" he asks, shaking his sweaty fringe out of his eyes as he looks up and meets Hoseok's gaze.

"Absolutely," Hoseok breathes, smoothing Yoongi's damp hair back from his forehead with trembling fingers.

Yoongi pushes Hoseok's shirts up to kiss a trail of kisses down his abs, and noses at the waistband of Hoseok's boxers before carefully pulling them down. Hoseok pulls both shirts up over his head and leans back against the wall. Yoongi smiles and wraps a hand around the base of Hoseok's dick, rubs his mouth against the head to smear precome over his lips before licking it off.

"Fuck," Hoseok exhales, and Yoongi's eyes flicker up to catch Hoseok's gaze and hold it as he runs his tongue along the underside of Hoseok's dick before taking him into his mouth. He sucks him down and looks back up at Hoseok through his lashes, bobs a few times like he's getting used to the feeling. Hoseok watches him through half-lidded eyes, head lolling back against the wall.

Yoongi is so pretty on his knees, a pink flush spreading across his cheeks and his throat, down what Hoseok can see of his chest from his unbuttoned shirt. "Jesus, hyung," Hoseok murmurs, and slides his hands into Yoongi's hair, fingers slipping through the soft strands. He doesn't try to push or pull, just rests there as Yoongi takes him in until the head of Hoseok's dick hits the back of his throat, lips meeting his fist at the base of Hoseok's dick.

Hoseok swears and grunts, breath hissing through his teeth. It feels *so good*, Yoongi's so good. "Hyung," he murmurs, "oh, hyung, that's good." His fingers comb through Yoongi's hair, hand moving down to cup Yoongi's hollowed cheek, to feel his dick sliding inside Yoongi's mouth. Yoongi reaches up to rub his thumb over one of Hoseok's nipples, and Hoseok's hips buck forward. His knees start to tremble, and he locks them in place as best he can, bearing all his weight against the wall.

He hears the slick hot sounds of Yoongi's mouth over his own breathing and heartbeat pounding in his ears, the quiet gag as Yoongi fights his gag reflex. Tears glimmer in the corners of Yoongi's eyes as he takes Hoseok further, catching in his lashes. He swallows around the head of Hoseok's dick a few times, then pulls back to breathe. His chest is heaving, and Hoseok is so fond of him it hits him like a punch to the gut.

A thin, glittering trail of saliva connects Hoseok's dick to Yoongi's lower lip. His fist, slick with his own spit and Hoseok's precome, twists up Hoseok's dick, and he kisses down the side, tongue tracing patterns against his skin that Hoseok can't make any sense of. (Maybe, just maybe, he might be tracing his own name on Hoseok's dick. Hoseok makes a mental note to ask about that later.)

Hoseok strokes Yoongi's jaw with his thumb. "You're incredible," he murmurs.

Yoongi shoots Hoseok a smile as he pulls up to take Hoseok back into his mouth, sucks him down hard, and hums contentedly as his eyes flutter closed. His hand rubs gently over Hoseok's balls and then further back, spit-slick fingers rubbing at Hoseok's hole. Hoseok trembles against the wall.

"Yoongi-yah," he breathes, and is dimly annoyed that he sounds almost *reverent*. "Yoongi-yah, I'm gonna come—" Yoongi bobs his head, tongue sweeping over his sensitive spots. Hoseok stiffens and comes with a moan, body folding forward over Yoongi's head, hands clenching tight on Yoongi's shoulders.

Yoongi swallows, keeps Hoseok in his mouth until the shudders stop. He draws away and nuzzles Hoseok's belly with his nose, presses kisses to his skin before he sits back on his heels and looks up at Hoseok, licking his red, swollen lips.

Hoseok's knees give out and he slides down the wall to land hard on his ass, legs splayed on either side of Yoongi's thighs. "Well fuck," Hoseok exhales, and closes his eyes as Yoongi laughs, leans over to kiss Hoseok's sweaty forehead. Hoseok slides his arms around Yoongi's shoulders and kisses him, more gentle nuzzles and reassurance than anything else.

"Hey," Yoongi murmurs, shrugging Hoseok's arms off his shoulders. "You can't stay here. C'mon, get up." Hoseok lifts heavy eyelids and pouts. Yoongi tilts his head to the side. "You should have a shower and go."

Hoseok sighs. He should've known this was coming. He swallows and stares down at the floor between his knees. "Nah, that's okay. Thanks, hyung," he says, dredging up a smile as he grabs his coat and wraps it around his shoulders. "I should just head home. It's getting late, and I don't want to miss my bus again like last night, so—"

Yoongi frowns. "Are you kidding?" he says. "You're kidding me, right?

Hoseok-ah, if you take the bus in the state you're in, you'll fall asleep and then Namjoon will be calling me up in the morning demanding to know why I let his precious couch surfer get lost... No. You're staying here. Have a shower and go get in bed. I think I have a new toothbrush you can use in my cupboards somewhere..." Yoongi slings his arms under Hoseok's armpits and hauls him up until Hoseok can stand. "C'mon," he says, and helps Hoseok toward the bathroom.

Hoseok showers and cleans off as quickly as his sluggish limbs will allow. Afterward, Yoongi helps dry him off and scrubs a towel over his hair. Hoseok sighs and leans against Yoongi, enjoying the closeness. He could get used to this, maybe.

"Wait, what the fuck is that?" Yoongi asks, while Hoseok pulls a pair of borrowed boxers up over his hips. He ducks down and pokes at the bruises that dot Hoseok's shins and upper thighs. "What the fuck happened? This wasn't me, was it?"

Smiling, Hoseok says, "No, hyung. That wasn't you." He sways a bit, and Yoongi steadies him with strong hands wrapping around his hips. "I told you I helped out with the preschool ballet class this morning, right? We were working on kicks today and their aim wasn't so good."

Yoongi laughs at him, but he sounds so fond — like he might be thinking Hoseok is a total loser, but he's *his* loser. Hoseok feels warm. He ruffles Hoseok's hair and gets out the hairdryer, and while Hoseok brushes his teeth, Yoongi dries his hair. Yoongi showers next, and Hoseok settles down on the side of Yoongi's bed. He falls asleep as soon as his head hits the pillow and briefly resurfaces as Yoongi gets into the bed beside him, but is right back out moments later.

Hoseok wakes in the morning to the distant buzzing of his phone alarm in his jeans pocket on the other side of the room. He pulls the blanket up to cover his ears and tucks his face back into the crook of Yoongi's neck. The alarm shuts itself off after a minute, but Hoseok knows it'll start up again soon.

When it does, Yoongi nudges Hoseok towards the edge of the bed. "Go shut that stupid fucking song off," he says, voice rough and scratchy from sleep. Hoseok opens his eyes and pouts at him, but Yoongi remains impassive. "Don't try to pull that cute shit on me," he grumbles. "Go on."

With a high-pitched whining noise of protest, Hoseok rolls off the bed and stumbles over to his discarded clothes to collect his phone and

turn off the alarm. "It's nine," he announces, and drops his phone back on top of his jeans before returning to the bed and crawling back into Yoongi's arms. "Just in case you had somewhere to be this morning."

"I have a tutorial this afternoon," Yoongi says, tugging the blankets up over Hoseok's shoulder, "but that's not until three."

"Good," Hoseok yawns, and slings an arm around Yoongi's waist. "I don't want to go anywhere for a while. Unless," he continues after a moment, tilting his head up and squinting at Yoongi. "Unless you want me to go."

"Not just yet," Yoongi murmurs. He smooths one of his hands over Hoseok's hair to rub at his nape with his thumb. Hoseok sighs, nuzzling against Yoongi's chest and letting his eyes close. He could fall right back asleep like this.

"Hey," Yoongi says, shifting forward to press his half-hard dick against Hoseok's stomach. "Can I fuck you *now?*"

Or not. Hoseok tightens his hold around Yoongi's waist and half-drags him with him when he rolls over onto his back. "How about I fuck you instead?" he suggests.

Yoongi pushes up onto his elbows and tilts his head to the side, frowning as he considers. "Fine," he agrees, after a brief pause. "But I'm fucking you tonight then, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok grins. "Deal," he says, and lets Yoongi go so he can grab lube from his bedside drawer. Hoseok wiggles out of his borrowed clothes, and helps to liberate Yoongi of his when he returns with the bottle. He pulls Yoongi close to catch his mouth. Yoongi's tongue is soft and warm, and he sighs. His breath tastes stale and Hoseok imagines his isn't much better, but he doesn't even care. Hoseok hears a click, then slicked fingers wrap around his dick.

It doesn't seem to take long at all for Yoongi to get him hard. Yoongi presses Hoseok back against the mattress and straddles his waist. "Stay put," he murmurs, and reaches back to finger himself open, first with two fingers and then adding a third. Hoseok runs his hands up and down Yoongi's thighs. Yoongi grabs the base of Hoseok's dick to hold him steady and sinks down on him.

"Oh, fuck," Hoseok groans, as Yoongi's ass squeezes around him. Yoongi lifts and lowers himself a few times, sinks further down each time until his ass is flush to Hoseok's hips. His breath steadies, and he

braces his hands on Hoseok's chest, muscles in his arms flexing as he lifts up and fucking starts bouncing in Hoseok's lap. Hoseok swears again, and Yoongi smirks, even as he moans helplessly at the stretch. His head falls back, and Hoseok feels a bit dizzy at the sight he makes. His hand slides across Yoongi's skin, dewed with sweat, and his fingertips graze one of Yoongi's nipples. Yoongi clenches down hard around Hoseok and he groans again, low in the back of his throat.

"Fuck," he breathes. His rhythm does not falter. "No, not yet."

"You gonna come already?" Hoseok asks, voice low and gently teasing, and he grins when Yoongi glares at him. He watches the flush rise in Yoongi's cheeks, as Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue and bites down hard on his lower lip with a little whine. Hoseok trails his fingers across Yoongi's chest to play with his other nipple, rolling the nub between his fingertips.

Yoongi clenches down on him again, but he rolls his hips through it, fingernails digging into Hoseok's skin. He rocks down even harder on Hoseok's dick, and Hoseok gasps, hips bucking up to meet Yoongi's ass. He's so *deep*. Yoongi's eyes close and he bites down hard on his lip. His dick is hard and blushed dark and dripping. Hoseok's hand slips down to Yoongi's belly, feeling his muscles flex and contract, and his thumbnail scratches through the thin line of hair trailing down from beneath Yoongi's navel.

"Hoseok-ah," Yoongi complains, breathless. "I'm getting tired, it's *hard* —"

Hoseok almost slips on the damp sheets as he sits up, and he laughs. "Well I should hope so, otherwise this really wouldn't fuckin' work, hyung, seriously—"

Yoongi's hand fists in Hoseok's hair. His other hand props himself up on Hoseok's knee. He's still keeping up a steady pace despite his complaints, but he keeps getting thrown off his rhythm. Hoseok leans into him and sucks Yoongi's tongue into his mouth. Yoongi moans, and pulls on Hoseok's hair. His mouth drifts and he presses kisses down Hoseok's neck, sucks the sweat and salt from his skin. "Hoseok-ah," he repeats, and Hoseok turns his head to kiss Yoongi's temple, his ear. Yoongi's arms are shaking, nails scratching at Hoseok's scalp, digging into his thigh. "Fuck, *please*— I don't know if I can—"

"It's okay, Yoongi-yah," Hoseok murmurs. He feels a tremor running through Yoongi's thighs and turns them over, pulls back to add more

lube. Yoongi makes a cute little whimpering noise when Hoseok pushes Yoongi's knees up to his chest and slides back in. He takes Yoongi's dick in his hand and leans in to kiss Yoongi gentle and slow.

Yoongi slides an arm around Hoseok's neck to keep him close as Hoseok thrusts in hard and starts jerking Yoongi off to the same rhythm. He muffles a moan against Hoseok's chin and rolls his hips down to meet Hoseok. He gasps, breathes into Hoseok's mouth and threads the fingers of their free hands together.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he repeats it like a mantra, squeezing Hoseok's hand. "Yeah, just like that—" his back arcs and he cries out, tesnsing against Hoseok's body. "Oh fuck, Hoseok—" Hoseok's light-headed, he's close, he's so close, almost there, almost— Yoongi comes with a moan in the back of his throat, moans louder when Hoseok pulls out and jerks himself off until he comes on Yoongi's stomach. Hoseok collapses down beside him on the bed.

"Shit," Hoseok mutters, as Yoongi shuffles over and rests his head on Hoseok's shoulder. Their breathing slows and the sweat cools on Hoseok's skin. Hoseok reaches down and runs his fingers over Yoongi's bruised knuckles, and turns his head. He can only just make out the little smile on Yoongi's face from this angle. He looks sated and lazy, sweat sheen making his skin look luminous in the watery mid-November sunlight filtering through the window. Yoongi swipes the come off his stomach with a corner of the bedsheet and sighs.

Fuck it, Hoseok thinks. *I want more of this.* He knows Yoongi's going to say no, and he's okay with that. He *is*. He's okay with whatever it is they have, and he doesn't want it to stop anytime soon. It's just that he wouldn't mind being something more, though, is the thing. There's no way of knowing if there's a chance for that something more unless he asks.

"Do you *want* to be my boyfriend?" he asks, and immediately wishes he'd kept his mouth shut when that relaxed smile on Yoongi's face vanishes. he sucks in a breath, holds it.

Yoongi moves his head from Hoseok's shoulder, and Hoseok lets him go. He stares up at the ceiling, and doesn't say anything for a long time. Hoseok watches expressions flit across his face as he considers, barest flickers of annoyance and confusion and fear and—

He turns his head to meet Hoseok's eyes and offers him a slow grin. He shrugs and says, "I could do worse."

Hoseok bursts out laughing and leans over to kiss him. Yoongi wraps a hand around his nape when Hoseok tries to pull back. "You're such a *dick*," Hoseok murmurs against Yoongi's lips, and then shoves him right off the bed.

Yoongi lands on the floor with a loud thump and a louder curse. "*Ow*," he complains, and he rests his chin on the mattress with a pout. "What the fuck, why do I even like you."

"Go make breakfast, hyung," Hoseok says, pulling the blankets up from the foot of the bed. "I have to go back to the restaurant for the lunch shift soon." He slides over to Yoongi's side of the mattress and settles down on the floor beside him. Yoongi's stomach growls.

"*Fine*," Yoongi says, putting his hand on Hoseok's shoulder to lever himself to his feet. "I don't know if I've got much food—"

"Coffee's good, too," Hoseok interrupts. Yoongi rolls his eyes, and Hoseok tilts his head back on the bed and watches him go.

Yoongi returns with Hoseok's leftovers from the restaurant and sits down next to Hoseok on the floor, presses in close to Hoseok's side. They pick out cold strips of meat and vegetables from the container with their fingers. "I'm glad you're here," he says, slow like he's not sure he should be admitting it out loud.

Hoseok licks sauce from his fingertips and leans in to kiss him. "Me too," he replies, and smiles.

Chapter End Notes

> welp sorry this took so long! rl got in the way, plus. like. y'know. laziness.

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

five second rule

Chapter Notes

can i come over now
i'd like to stay a little while
i memorized your body exposed
i could fuck you all night long
from a memory alone
(memrise by frank ocean)

(315): i fell off the bed in the middle of it, and he yelled "5 second rule" and kept fucking me. i think im in love (x)

NOTE: this takes place about two weeks before chapters 4 and 6.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The apartment door closes behind Namjoon, and the end credits roll across the television screen. Yoongi rolls his shoulders and stretches his arms up over his head with a yawn. "You ready for another episode?" he asks Hoseok, leaning forward to grab the DVD remote off the coffee table.

"No," Hoseok answers, and when Yoongi looks back at him, he shifts closer to press a kiss to Yoongi's shoulder blade. His arm slips around Yoongi's waist and Yoongi sighs, feeling Hoseok's lips and the damp heat of his breath through the thin cotton of his t-shirt. Hoseok presses on Yoongi's side. Yoongi lets himself fall back against the couch cushion, and Hoseok moves up over him to trail sloppy kisses up the side of his neck.

"What the fuck, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi says, fingertips digging into Hoseok's shoulders.

"I thought he'd *never* leave," Hoseok mutters, mouthing at Yoongi's collarbone. It tickles, and Yoongi snickers and squirms. "He said he was going out, like, an hour ago, seriously..." Hoseok's hands slip up underneath Yoongi's shirt, his fingers warm against Yoongi's belly as he works at the fastenings of Yoongi's jeans.

"You know he likes this drama," Yoongi laughs. "I like it too — but I like when you get impatient more." He nudges Hoseok's face with his shoulder until Hoseok catches the hint and lifts his head up for a kiss, deep and wet. Yoongi spreads his thighs so Hoseok's hips can fit

between his legs, and his hands skate down Hoseok's spine to grab at his ass. Hoseok gasps and Yoongi smiles, tongue smoothing over Hoseok's.

The kiss deepens, seems to go on and on for hours, slow and luxurious. Yoongi can feel Hoseok getting hard, and as he rocks his hips down, Yoongi presses up against him. It feels good, Yoongi thinks, sucking on Hoseok's lip. Hoseok's made him come just from this before, and could again if he was so inclined. Yoongi doesn't know what he wants. Good as this feels, he wouldn't mind getting fucked, either.

Hoseok's mouth slides down Yoongi's neck, leaving a hot, wet trail as his hand rubs over Yoongi's dick. Yoongi's hips jerk and he squeezes Hoseok's ass again, lifts his head to catch Hoseok's lips for another kiss. "Come on, then," Yoongi gasps, pressing up against Hoseok's hand for some friction. "Hey, Hoseok-ah, come on—"

Hoseok pushes up onto his elbows so he can meet Yoongi's eyes. his lips are swollen and red and still spit-slick, a sheen that Yoongi wants to lick off. Hoseok raises his eyebrows, and Yoongi lets out a helpless noise against his will. "*Please*," Yoongi says. *Fuck me.*

Fingers wrap around Yoongi's dick, and Yoongi's head thumps on the couch armrest. "Ow *fuck*," Yoongi moans, clenching his eyes shut as Hoseok shakes with laughter above him. Yoongi shoves at Hoseok's shoulder. "Take off your fucking pants," Yoongi grumbles, "and fuck me already."

Hoseok cups Yoongi's jaw in his palm and kisses him, soft and lingering. "Who's impatient now?"

Yoongi's eyes slide open. Hoseok's smiling down at him, head tilted to the side. Yoongi exhales hard through his nose and tangles his fingers in the front of Hoseok's shirt to keep him within kissing distance. "Do you remember where Namjoon said he was going, and whether he'd be back?" he asks, because he certainly doesn't. He can recall Namjoon saying something about the convenience store, but beyond that...

"No," Hoseok mumbles, and Yoongi watches realization dawn on his face. "Aw fuck," he says, staring down at Yoongi. "He could come back any second—"

"No shit," Yoongi grins, wiggling his hips. "I don't want Namjoon to see my ass, so come on, Hoseok-ah. Finish what you started."

"He's missing out; you have a really cute ass, hyung," Hoseok murmurs. He ducks in to kiss Yoongi once more before sitting up and getting off the couch.

"Hey, where are you going?" Yoongi complains, as Hoseok goes into Namjoon's room. "You're not fucking me in Namjoon's bed, okay, it smells like weed and ball sweat in there—" Yoongi hears Hoseok's loud snort of laughter, and he grins, pulling his shirt over his head. Hoseok returns and deposits a bottle of lubricant and a condom into Yoongi's lap. Yoongi leans back against the cushion as Hoseok circles the couch. His hand rests low on his belly, thumb tucked into the elastic on his underwear.

Hoseok notices Yoongi's heavy gaze as his fingers drop to the waistband on his jeans. "Stop staring at me," he says. "I'm not going to do a strip show for you." Yoongi's grin broadens, and Hoseok laughs, eyes glittering. "Unless you want me to," he amends wickedly. "D'you want me to? I can't play music this late, but, y'know..." His hips start to sway, and he hums a slow, sultry tune as he plucks at the fastenings on his jeans.

Yoongi throws one of the couch pillows at Hoseok's head, and Hoseok barely manages to duck out of the way. "Just take your shirt off and get down here before I kick your ass, fuck," Yoongi laughs.

Hoseok tugs his shirt off and wiggles out of his jeans and underwear before helping Yoongi out of the rest of his clothes. He slips back on top of Yoongi, drawing him close with an arm around his waist. Hoseok runs the flat of his tongue up Yoongi's throat, and Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath, fingers digging into Hoseok's hips. "Yeah," Hoseok breathes, fumbling with the cap on the lube bottle. "Yeah, okay."

It only feels like moments later when Hoseok slides inside with a slow grind, palms warm on the backs of Yoongi's thighs. Yoongi whines and pushes back against him, feeling the dull pressure and slight pain of his body taking Hoseok in. His fingers clench and unclench on the couch cushion, and he spreads his knees a little further apart.

Hoseok starts out slow and shallow, little dips of his hips, hands braced on the couch on either side of Yoongi's head. "You alright?" he asks, voice low and a little rough. Yoongi nods. His fingertips dig into Hoseok's sides before he smooths his palms over Hoseok's back: one one slips down to squeeze Hoseok's ass as Hoseok builds up his pace, fucking into Yoongi deep and hard; his other hand cups the nape of

his neck as he draws Hoseok down for a kiss. He gasps into Hoseok's mouth when his dick brushes against his prostate, and his toes curl against the backs of Hoseok's thighs.

Yoongi pulls back for air, and Hoseok tucks his face into Yoongi's neck. Yoongi turns his head and mouths at Hoseok's ear — he doesn't have much to say other than '*yes*' and '*harder*' and '*more*'. He strokes the back of Hoseok's neck and hooks his ankles around his waist, palming his own dick and trailing distracted kisses wherever he can reach.

Hoseok slides his arms around Yoongi's waist and hauls Yoongi up with him as he sits up. Yoongi settles himself on Hoseok's thighs, hands braced behind him on the couch armrest. The change in angle makes Hoseok's dick brush his prostate more often, and Yoongi bites his lip to muffle a moan. Hoseok smiles sweetly at him, hips undulating. "Good?" he asks, breathless.

"Yeah, good," Yoongi grunts. He pushes off the armrest with the intent of slinging his arm around Hoseok's neck. His body wobbles precariously, though, and he slips sideways right off the couch. He hits the tile floor *hard*, breath pushed from his lungs in a dizzying whoosh. Yoongi lies there, tailbone throbbing. Hoseok's still sitting up on his knees, staring down at Yoongi like he doesn't understand why Yoongi's on the ground all of a sudden. Yoongi feels his face prickle with heat, his stomach sinking.

Hoseok shouts, "*Five second rule!*" He drops down onto the tile, slides back inside and fucks Yoongi right there on the floor.

Yoongi bursts out laughing, and wraps his arms around Hoseok's neck. "Are you fucking kidding me—?"

"Wait, wait," Seokjin says, interrupting Yoongi's dramatic retelling of his latest sexual shenanigans. "You're fucking with me, there's no way Hoseokie said that—!"

Yoongi sits up a little. "The massive bruise on my ass begs to differ, hyung. Do you want me to show you?" He begins to turn on the couch, thumbs curling under the waistband of his jeans and tugging down. "Because I can totally show you."

"No, for fuck's sake," Seokjin yelps, and smacks Yoongi's ass. "I just had this couch cleaned, fuck."

Yoongi laughs, and kicks Seokjin's thigh as he rolls onto his back

again. "I'll text him, then," he says, and gropes for his phone on the side table behind him. "Hold on."

Seokjin watches Yoongi type out a message, and reads it when Yoongi holds up his screen for inspection. "We'll see what he says, then," Seokjin replies, shoving Yoongi's feet off his lap and standing, groaning when his back cracks. "Do you want more popcorn?"

"Hell yeah," Yoongi mumbles in reply, distracted by something on his phone.

Seokjin rolls his eyes, and goes to the kitchen to put a popcorn bag in the microwave. When he returns to the living room bearing another bowl of popcorn, he sees Yoongi sprawled across his couch like he owns it. Seokjin makes a shooing motion at Yoongi; Yoongi lifts his legs just enough for Seokjin to sit before settling his feet back in Seokjin's lap.

Wordlessly, Yoongi holds out his phone once more, and grabs a handful of popcorn as Seokjin scrolls through the chat history:

[07:31:08] **Yoongi:** i told Seokjin hyung what you did and he doesn't believe me
[07:32:09] **Hoseok:** HI SEOKJIN HYUNG!!!! <3
[07:32:21] **Hoseok:** what do you mean, hyung? is it the five second rule thing from last night???? i'm sorry, i panicked
[07:32:57] **Yoongi:** it's ok Hoseok don't worry, it was hilarious
[07:33:15] **Yoongi:** can you come over later by the way
[07:33:16] **Yoongi:** ten, maybe?
[07:33:18] **Yoongi:** i have food
[07:33:46] **Hoseok:** i'll be there!!!! @-@

Seokjin cackles and gives Yoongi his phone back. "God, I love that kid," Seokjin mutters, shaking his head in disbelief. He picks up his dvd remote and unpauses the movie.

Yoongi kicks Seokjin in the ribs as he sets his phone back down on the side table. "I don't think I've ever laughed that much having sex before," he continues musingly, right in the middle of Seokjin's favourite scene. Seokjin sighs, skips back a chapter, and pauses the movie again to listen.

"Like," Yoongi says, "like, it was embarrassing to fall off the couch? but he just got right down on Namjoon's awful, cold tile floor with me like nothing happened. He probably has bruises on his knees that match the one on my ass."

Seokjin shrugs, because he's not that surprised. Not really. That's just the kind of guy Hoseok is.

"He kept telling me dirty jokes while he was fucking me, like he could tell I was still feeling self-conscious," Yoongi mutters, toes kneading Seokjin's thigh. "I appreciated that, I guess. I can't think of anyone who'd do something like that over making fun of me."

He falls silent again, and Seokjin unpauses the movie. He pats Yoongi's knee when his favourite part comes up, and Yoongi watches; he steals more handfuls of popcorn and crunches noisily throughout, but he makes an effort. It's enough.

Near the end of the movie, Yoongi shifts on the couch. This time, Seokjin just pauses the movie and turns his head to wait for Yoongi to speak again.

"He stops calling me hyung when he's about to come," Yoongi says. It should be a complaint, but Yoongi sounds far too fond for the words to carry much weight. "I should be mad about that, but I don't... think I mind it? I don't think he's even aware he does it, he'd probably be embarrassed if he knew." Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue. "It's kinda cute. I don't know what to do about that, hyung—"

Seokjin snorts. *God You're lucky you're so cute, because you're about as self-aware as a brick when it comes to this stuff,* he thinks, and pats Yoongi's shin reassuringly. *I told you he'd be good for you, though.* "You'll figure it out, Yoongi-yah," he says. "I know you will. Now *please* shut the fuck up and watch these movies with me like you promised."

After the movie's finished, Seokjin turns to face Yoongi. "So... Are you dating Hoseokie yet?" he asks. Yoongi looks almost offended, and Seokjin wants to laugh. He bites the inside of his cheek to stave off the giggles, and waits for an answer with his eyebrows raised.

"Of course I'm not," Yoongi grumbles, looking away from Seokjin and ducking his chin into the neck of his sweatshirt. "I don't even like him, don't get the wrong idea."

This time Seokjin does let himself laugh. "Sure," he says. "Keep lying to yourself, because that's *so* helpful." Yoongi frowns, but Seokjin keeps

going. "Aren't you two fucking exclusively now, or something?" he asks. "Wasn't that something *you* proposed that he agreed to?" Yoongi winces, eyes trained on the empty popcorn bowl on the coffee table.

"Look," Seokjin says, reaching out and tracing Yoongi's anklebone with a fingertip. Yoongi's foot twitches, ticklish. "Hoseokie *likes* you, you know. He probably wants to be your boyfriend, you just have to ask him. Scary, I know."

Yoongi swims a hand lazily through the air. "Shut up and put your next dumb movie on, hyung," he says. "Like you said — I'll figure it out."

Chapter End Notes

> I'M SO SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG, i'll try to have two big updates up later this week!
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

interruptions

Chapter Notes

> stand beside it, we can't hide the way it makes us glow
> it's no good unless it grows, feel this burning, love of mine
> i'd take care of you if you'd ask me to
> (take care of you by beach house)
>
> takes place about a week or two after chapter two/curtains (the 'ilu's have not yet been exchanged BUT THEY'RE CLOSE) ('an idea, a wonderful awful idea' is from how the grinch stole christmas I COULDN'T RESIST OKAY I SAW A CHANCE AND I TOOK IT)
>
> warnings for facials. hem.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok works his shorts down his hips without pausing the video; his laptop teeters on its perch on his thighs, but steadies. He wraps his fingers around his half-hard dick and manages about two disinterested tugs before he gives up on porn as a distraction and flops back against the pillows. His laptop slides off his lap onto the bed. Hoseok leaves it there, staring up at the ceiling and listening to the girl in the video's enthusiastic (but fake) moans.

Due to a burst pipe flooding the studio, all Hoseok's dance classes for the week have been cancelled. He scowls. He's just not *used* to being home in the middle of a weekday with nothing else to do. The fridge is full; he did laundry two days ago; he spent the weekend scrubbing the entire apartment from top to bottom; he filed his taxes yesterday; he doesn't have any errands to run; all his essays have been completed and handed in.

Hoseok's certainly not used to Yoongi being home at the same time, rather than at school, or photographing a wedding, or working in his studio on campus. Yoongi, however, has a paper to write for his music theory class, and has cooped himself up in his tiny office all morning with his dumb little "do not disturb" sign hanging from the door handle.

"*Hyung*," Hoseok yelps, knowing full well that Yoongi won't even hear him. It makes him feel better, anyway. He hauls his shorts back up

over his thighs, and rolls over to grab his phone off the bedside table.

[13:46:03] **Hoseok:** is anyone free right now
[13:46:30] **Hoseok:** save me from boredom
[13:47:14] **Jungkook:** I'm in class, sorry hyung
[13:47:40] **Jimin:** I'm on my lunch break, come to the cafe and hang out with me
[13:47:51] **Jimin:** Taetae's still working, he'll make you something
[13:48:22] **Hoseok:** thanks, i'll be there in twenty

The girl in the video giggles, and Hoseok's eyes flick over in time to watch her rub her tits as the guy comes over her tongue and chest. His dick twitches appreciatively, and he leans over to close his laptop. He pushes up off the bed and leaves the room — as he passes Yoongi's office, though, he pauses. Yoongi probably hasn't eaten all day; Hoseok hasn't seen him leave since he disappeared in there hours earlier.

Hoseok knocks before trying the door handle; it's unlocked, so he pushes the door open and sticks his head inside. There's a song playing as quiet background noise that Hoseok recognizes as one of the projects Yoongi's been working on in his spare time lately. It sounds more complete than the last time Hoseok heard it, and he likes it better now — but something's still missing, and he can't quite put his finger on what.

"Hey, hyung—" Hoseok begins.

Yoongi's sitting at his desk, blank text document open on one half of his laptop screen, and a Skype video chat window in the other half. They're not talking, and it takes Hoseok a moment to realize the music is coming from Namjoon's side of the conversation. Yoongi's turning his chair idly from side to side, playing solitaire on his phone while he listens.

This is when Hoseok gets an idea. A wonderful, *awful* idea.

He crosses the short distance between them and wraps his arms around Yoongi's neck. "Hyung," he wheedles, nuzzling Yoongi's cheek with his nose. "I'm bored and you should take a break."

Yoongi leans into Hoseok's touch, but still mutters, "Fuck off, Hoseok.

I'm working."

Hoseok laughs. "No, you're skyping. Hi, Namjoonie."

"Uh, hey..." Namjoon replies, a little strangled-sounding — probably because Hoseok's pulling Yoongi's headphones from where they lay draped around his neck and about to suck on Yoongi's earlobe.

Yoongi clears his throat and sets his phone down on the desk beside his laptop. "I guess we'll work on this again in an hour or whatever, bye," he says in a rush, as Hoseok physically drags his chair away from the desk until he can settle on the floor between Yoongi's spread knees. "What're you going to do, suck me off right here?" Yoongi asks Hoseok, laughing. "With Namjoon watching?

"Why not," Hoseok replies sweetly, smiling up at Yoongi as he rolls the waistband of Yoongi's sweatpants and underwear down. "He might learn something."

"Oh," Yoongi breathes, leaning back in his chair when Hoseok leans down to kiss the tip of his dick. His thumb brushes the corner of Hoseok's mouth, strokes over his lower lip when Hoseok smiles again. "Shit. Okay."

"Ah fuck, I don't want to see that," Hoseok hears Namjoon mutter distantly, followed by the quiet ping as he disconnects the call.

Huffing an amused noise, Hoseok leans up to catch Yoongi's mouth. Yoongi's hand cups Hoseok's jaw, tongue slipping past Hoseok's lips to flick teasing patterns across the roof of Hoseok's mouth. "So for future reference — blowjobs *are* the quickest way to get rid of Namjoon," Hoseok murmurs.

"Noted," Yoongi laughs, eyes twinkling. Hoseok nuzzles in for another kiss, hand sliding down between them to wrap fingers around Yoongi's dick and draw him to hardness. Yoongi's hips buck up into Hoseok's hold, whine muffled by Hoseok's mouth.

Hoseok smiles and drops back down between Yoongi's knees to lick a teasing stripe along one side of Yoongi's dick, base to tip. His lips slip down over Yoongi's dick without hesitation, and his eyes flutter closed almost out of reflex. He sinks down until his nose presses against Yoongi's skin to just rest for a moment, and hums as all his pent-up frustrations slide away beneath him in the solid familiarity of this.

Yoongi shifts on his seat, breath shuddering out of him with a low

groan. His hands clamp down on Hoseok's shoulders like he wants to thrust up into Hoseok's throat, and Hoseok almost wants him to. He's never done that before (not successfully, at least), and the thought of it scares him almost as much as it turns him on.

He sucks hard as he pulls back and off Yoongi's dick with a loud *pop*, and reaches down to palm himself through his shorts. He watches Yoongi's gaze drop down, sees his eyes darken. Hoseok licks his lips and lets his breath hiss through his teeth as his fingers inch up towards his waistband.

"Not yet." Yoongi's voice is strained. A pink flush spreads across his cheeks, his lower lip caught between his teeth, his nails biting deep into the armrests of his chair.

"No?" Hoseok asks, fingers stilling. Yoongi shakes his head, hands moving from the armrests to tangle in Hoseok's hair and pull Hoseok forward. "Fine," Hoseok sighs, not really minding Yoongi being a little selfish. He leans in to suck at the head of Yoongi's dick, catching the precome beading at his tip with his tongue.

"Oh, fuck, Hoseok—" Yoongi mutters.

Hoseok takes Yoongi's dick back into his mouth, sucking hard and bobbing his head. He listens to the noises Yoongi makes, quiet and bitten off, and works his tongue over Yoongi's sensitive spots. Yoongi's moans get a little louder, and Hoseok feels satisfaction curl up his spine. He lets saliva flood his mouth as he goes back down, pulls back and sucks hard because it sounds wet and *filthy*, and they both like it better when it's a little dirty.

Yoongi tightens his fingers in Hoseok's hair and Hoseok takes more of his dick. Hoseok feels the head bump against the back of his throat; tears bead at the corners of his eyes, and he blinks hard to clear his fuzzy vision. He sucks hard, tongue flicking and rubbing as he draws back to breathe. He peers up at Yoongi through his fringe, and can't help the moan he lets out when he sees Yoongi staring so fixedly at his stretched lips.

"Yeah," Yoongi murmurs, brushing Hoseok's hair back from his forehead. "Fuck— please—"

Hoseok goes back to bobbing his head, sucking hard and twisting his fingers around whatever isn't in his mouth, his small, involuntary moans muffled around Yoongi's dick. He pulls off when Yoongi's about to come and pulls Yoongi's hands free from his hair. "Jerk yourself off

on me," he says, voice rough and low. "Please, hyung."

"Fuck me," Yoongi mutters but does as he's told. His grip is tight and sure on himself until he comes with a shuddering groan in Hoseok's mouth (mostly misses, hitting Hoseok's cheek and his chin more often than his outstretched tongue). Hoseok laughs despite himself, feeling strings of come drip off his chin onto his t-shirt. It feels disgusting, but it's kind of hot.

Yoongi's head lolls on the back of his chair, chest heaving as he tries to catch his breath. "I should take breaks more often," he murmurs.

Hoseok grins up at him, licking drops of come from the corner of his mouth. "Yeah, hyung, you should."

"Wait," Yoongi says. "Hold on, stay still for a second. Can I take a picture?" Hoseok shrugs and nods, and Yoongi leans over Hoseok's head to grab his phone off the desk. Hoseok poses as Yoongi holds his phone up, holding up double peace signs and puckering his lips. He lets Yoongi take a normal one, too. "*God*," Yoongi mutters with feeling, turning his phone around so Hoseok can see. (*Well, okay*, Hoseok thinks, taking in his dark, wet eyes and swollen, used lips. *Maybe it's more than* kind of *hot*...) Yoongi sighs. "I wish I could make this your new contact photo."

Hoseok snorts, turning to grab tissues from the box on Yoongi's desk to clean off his face. "You can if you want, hyung. Good luck explaining it if anyone sees it, though." He shifts his weight and hisses as the fabric of his boxers drags over the head of his hard dick with the movement. "Ah, hyung—"

Yoongi sets his phone aside and tugs on Hoseok's shirt until he rises and settles between Yoongi's spread knees on the chair. "Now it's your turn," Yoongi murmurs, reaching down into Hoseok's shorts to wrap his fingers around Hoseok's dick. His lips trail up the side of Hoseok's neck, and he sucks a bruise into Hoseok's skin, just below his ear.

Shivering, Hoseok lets his weight fall back against Yoongi's chest. He grasps Yoongi's thighs, digging in with his nails. Yoongi strokes him had and fast, and Hoseok groans, watching Yoongi's fingers glide and twist up and down his dick. "Please," he whispers. He's so close. "Please, Yoongi-yah—"

"I want you to come for me," Yoongi whispers, teeth catching on Hoseok's earlobe. His pace increases, pumping Hoseok hard, until Hoseok comes with a moan. His hips twitch up against Yoongi's hand

so much his ass nearly slips off the seat, but Yoongi catches him with an arm around his waist. Hoseok twists around to kiss Yoongi, hard and wanting, and Yoongi gentles him through the aftershocks.

"Thank you," Yoongi mumbles around Hoseok's lower lip between his teeth. Hoseok rests his forehead against Yoongi's and smiles. "I needed that."

"You're welcome," Hoseok sighs, hands smoothing down Yoongi's sides, feeling the indents of his ribs through his thin t-shirt. "I'm going to the cafe," he says, getting to his feet and stretching his arms up over his head with a groan. "Do you want me to bring you back anything?"

"Fuck no, I'm good," Yoongi mutters, leaning forward and peppering Hoseok's belly with kisses. "Thanks— wait. Wait, what? No, why are you leaving?" His palms curl around Hoseok's hips, fingertips digging into his skin. "Don't go, stay here and nap with me, Hoseok-ah. Hey—"

Hoseok bends down to kiss Yoongi, hands cupping the sides of Yoongi's face. "I'll be back in a couple hours," he promises. "Finish your work and we'll play later, hyung."

Yoongi pouts for a moment, before his eyes flicker to his laptop. "It's a deal," he says, lips quirking into a soft smile, eyes glittering with promise.

Chapter End Notes

> sorry i disappeared for another month /again/. i've got two 6k chapters that are nearly finished that i'll do my best to get finished and posted as soon as i can! (someone pls come yell at me until i finish things... u have my permission...)

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

two years

Chapter Notes

and you know me well, i don't like to talk
but when i make a move, you know it's loud as fuck
and if you wanna scream, get loud as fuck, baby
(odd look, kavinsky/the weeknd)

warnings for buttplugs, mild comeplay, mild overstimulation, body worship, spanking, alcohol

sORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG. anyway here have this chapter that is nearly 10,000 words and it's almost entirely porn god help me

takes place two weeks after the first and fifth chapters (and also a week/two days after shallow beds)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi's still trying to catch his breath when Hoseok rolls off him onto the floor beside the couch. A flush colours Hoseok's cheeks, his eyes bright even behind heavy lids, lips pink and kiss-swollen, his hair standing up at odd angles from the grip Yoongi had in it just moments earlier. It's a good look on him.

"You know, hyung," Hoseok begins to say, his voice still scratchy and deep with sleep. Yoongi reaches out and curls his fingers back into Hoseok's hair to interrupt him with a kiss. Hoseok's breathing is uneven, a warm burst across Yoongi's cheekbone. "For what you called a 'quickie'," Hoseok continues in a murmur against Yoongi's mouth, "that sure took a long fucking time."

Hoseok sits back on his heels, tucks his hands under his chin and does his favourite impression of Yoongi's Daegu accent — the one that's so overdone and ridiculous that it sounds nothing like Yoongi at all (which Yoongi thinks is rather the point): "'Come on, Hoseok-ah. I promise I'll be fast.'" He snorts, hands dropping back down to his lap. "You're so full of shit."

Affection blooms in Yoongi's chest, and he bites down hard on his lip to quell a grin. "You weren't complaining at the time," he replies slyly.

"Like I'm really going to complain when you've got my dick in your mouth," Hoseok retorts. He drops a kiss on Yoongi's shoulder, then

bites. It stings, might even leave a mark. Yoongi yanks on Hoseok's hair just to hear his breath hitch. "But now I'm gonna miss my Chinese class and it's your fault, you asshole." Hoseok grimaces. "Take responsibility."

Yoongi hums and runs his fingers through the come splattered on his chest, spreading the mess across his skin. "It was worth it, though," he says, and takes great care to thoroughly suck each of his fingers clean. "Don't you think?" Hoseok makes a frustrated noise in the back of his throat. His hand slides around the side of Yoongi's neck as he leans in to kiss the smirk off Yoongi's face. Yoongi sighs, hand slipping from Hoseok's hair to cup the side of his jaw, and strokes his thumb over his cheekbone. As Hoseok draws away, Yoongi rubs come-dirtied fingertips against Hoseok's lips. Hoseok chases the taste with his tongue, nipping at Yoongi's fingers, and Yoongi smiles at him; a reciprocal smile tugs at the corner of Hoseok's mouth. "That's what I thought," Yoongi murmurs, satisfied.

Hoseok wobbles as he gets to his feet, and lets out an adorable little yelp when Yoongi's hand connects with his ass with a loud, satisfying *smack*. Yoongi's palm stings a little. *Nice*. "Fuck, *stop it*," Hoseok whines, hopping out of strike range when Yoongi tries for another spank. "Ah, really — you're so fucking annoying," he grumbles. "I wanna break up."

Yoongi turns his head on the couch cushion as Hoseok stumbles toward the bathroom. One of his hands rubs at the bright pink splotch flared up on his cheek, and Yoongi wishes he had his camera. "Sure," Yoongi says agreeably, and grins when Hoseok half-turns in the doorway to pull a face at him. Yoongi makes an awkward heart over his head with his arms. "I love you, too."

"That's just the sex talking," Hoseok mutters, and dodges into the bathroom the avoid the pillow Yoongi launches at him.

Yoongi listens to Hoseok's laughter echo against the bathroom tile, and sits up with a satisfied groan to tug his boxers free from between the couch cushions. He drapes the blanket from the bed over his head and shoulders like a cloak on his way to get breakfast from the kitchen. After scrubbing the drying come off his skin at the kitchen sink, he puts bread into the toaster and sets coffee to brew for Hoseok. That done, he returns to the bedroom and settles back down on the couch to eat his cereal.

Despite his complaints about the time, Hoseok spends at least twenty

minutes in the shower. Being the fantastic boyfriend that he is, Yoongi wisely chooses to comment on this. "You sure took your time in there, sweet ass," he says, glancing up from his Twitter timeline with a grin. Hoseok frowns at Yoongi over his shoulder. (He can't keep up the annoyed act for long, of course, and yanks a shirt over his head to cover the beginnings of an affectionate smile.)

"Can you do laundry today? It's really starting to stink in here, and I've run out of matching socks." Hoseok's voice is muffled as he digs in the closet for more (clean) clothes. "Oh, and can you pick up dinner on your way home? I don't care what you get. Practice is probably going to run late again, and I won't have the energy to get anything on my way home afterwards..."

"I guess," Yoongi drawls, scratching his chest idly, and leans back against the couch cushions to watch Hoseok get dressed. "Hey, did you manage to send that paper to your prof? The one you were complaining about last... night...?" His voice trails off to nothing when he catches a glimpse of something glinting between Hoseok's cheeks as he steps into his boxers. All traces of Yoongi's languor fades. "Whoa," he says, shoving the blanket off his shoulders and scooting over to the armrest for a closer look. "What the fuck is — hey, come over here."

Hoseok hesitates for a fraction of a second before shuffling over to Yoongi, tugging his underwear up over his hips. "What's your problem?" he asks.

Yoongi reaches out for Hoseok as he approaches, fingers sliding around Hoseok's hip until he pivots on the spot. "I thought I saw something, let me just..." Yoongi murmurs, fingers curling beneath the waistband and dragging the elastic down over the swell of Hoseok's ass. "Could you bend over a bit for me?" Hoseok makes a noise of protest, but does as he's asked, his movements slow and stiff. Yoongi pushes the hem of Hoseok's shirt up before he spreads Hoseok's cheeks with his thumbs, and then he can't do anything but stare. He feels his jaw drop open in surprise.

He's quiet for so long that Hoseok begins to fidget. Yoongi can see his hands clench and unclench in his peripheral vision, like Hoseok's trying to resist smacking Yoongi's hands away. Finally, Yoongi says blankly,

"Is that— is that a buttplug,"

and he looks up from the steel handle to see Hoseok blushing to the

tips of his ears. Once more Yoongi wishes he had his camera at hand. Hoseok's whole body feels tense beneath Yoongi's hands, near vibrating with anticipation. "That depends," Hoseok begins, his voice gone low and quiet. "Is this going to be a problem?"

"Hoseok-ah, this is—" Yoongi clears his throat, eyes drawn back down to the plug like a magnet. Hoseok twitches when Yoongi touches the metal. It's warm from Hoseok's skin, pleasant and smooth. "This is the exact opposite of a problem," he murmurs, and traces the base of the plug in slow circles with a gentle fingertip. "I can assure you that this is very much *not* a problem."

"*Oh*," Hoseok sighs, and just like that all the tension drains from his frame on a shivery laugh. He glances back over his shoulder. Yoongi's eyes flicker up just in time to catch the edge of his pleased smile. His cheeks are still pink, and it's just about the cutest thing Yoongi's seen all month, probably. "It's a pretty plug, huh?" he murmurs, arching his back so Yoongi can see more of it. The steel shines bright and polished even in the watery November sunlight filtering through the gauzy drapes covering the window. Yoongi swears under his breath, and Hoseok huffs another amused little laugh.

"I didn't hide this from you on purpose," Hoseok adds, after a moment. "I didn't even think about telling you, I'm sorry." He sighs and scrubs a hand through his hair. "A few of my exes didn't understand why I liked it, so it kind of became something just for me, I guess."

Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue. "Do you do this often?" he asks.

Hoseok shrugs. "Only sometimes," he answers, hand sliding back over the armrest of the couch. Yoongi hooks his fingers between Hoseok's, and he can hear the smile in Hoseok's voice when he continues. "When I feel like it. I don't know, I wanted to do something special for today."

"How long do you keep it in for," is Yoongi's next question. He leans forward to press a kiss to the base of Hoseok's spine, just above his ass.

"I—" Hoseok's breath hisses between his teeth as he exhales, considering. "It varies, I guess? Sometimes I just keep it in until I get off, and other times..." He looks back at Yoongi over his shoulder again. Yoongi smiles at him, and Hoseok ducks his head, swinging their entwined hands. "You know a couple weeks ago, before you caught the flu, when we went to that club with Namjoonie and

Seokjin hyung? You got drunk and danced all up on me, do you remember?"

Yoongi wrinkles his nose. He wishes he didn't remember, that night had been *embarrassing*. "Yeah, why?"

"I had a plug in," Hoseok replies, and makes a delighted noise when Yoongi swears again.

"Did you keep it in when you fucked me?" Yoongi demands. "When we got home?"

"Of course I did!" Hoseok says, like that should've been obvious, and flashes Yoongi a peace sign with his free hand. Yoongi tries not to laugh and fails miserably. "That was a good night..." He shifts his weight, sways a bit where he stands, and grips the back of the couch to keep his balance. "Other than that time, I mean. I don't know, I keep it in up to, maybe... Seven or eight hours total? It's not like I've ever timed it, or anything."

Yoongi wets his lips with a quick swipe of his tongue. Sudden images of Hoseok wearing this plug underneath his clothes as he completes mundane day-to-day tasks flash through his mind, and, "Oh, fuck me," he mutters, gripping Hoseok's hand tight. He looks up to meet Hoseok's eyes as he asks, "Do you think you could leave it in until tonight," and

Hoseok shudders because Yoongi's still rubbing idle circles around his rim, hasn't let up at all since he started. Hoseok's still shiny with lube, skin flushed pink and sensitive from stretching himself out in the shower. "I can try," Hoseok rasps, breaking eye contact and clearing his throat. "I'm not teaching today, but I *do* have tutoring... *And* an extra practice with Jiminnie and Jungkook until late... I don't know if —"

"Just see how long you can do it," Yoongi murmurs. "It's okay if you can't, I won't be mad." He leans in to suck a hickey on Hoseok's ass, and Hoseok lets out a strangled moan. As his knees buckle, Yoongi catches him around the waist and hauls him back over the arm of the couch. He peppers Hoseok's neck with kisses and nuzzles his nose against the little rough patch that Hoseok always misses when he shaves. Hoseok sighs and leans into the touch. "You kinky little fuck," Yoongi says fondly, grinning.

"You're so annoying," Hoseok groans, and presses a kiss to the back of Yoongi's hand. "I want to—"

"If you say you want to break up with me again, I'll *really* make sure you're late," Yoongi warns, and bites at Hoseok's earlobe, hand sliding up to pinch one of Hoseok's nipples through his shirt. "Maybe you won't make it to any of your classes today."

Hoseok shivers and tilts his head up to smile at Yoongi. "Promises, promises."

*

[14:02:33] **Yoongi:** i'm in charge of the music tonight
[14:03:57] **Hoseok:** why
[14:04:06] **Yoongi:** i'm working on something
[14:04:26] **Hoseok:** what, like right now??
[14:05:02] **Yoongi:** yeah
[14:05:17] **Hoseok:** aren't you supposed to be in class?
[14:05:40] **Yoongi:** i'm skipping math, it's nothing important
[14:05:59] **Hoseok:** wow what a badass
[14:06:10] **Yoongi:** you love it
[14:11:03] **Hoseok:** nothing weird, please?
[14:17:49] **Yoongi:** it'll be good
[14:18:31] **Hoseok:** that's what you said last time, hyung...

*

Something jostles Yoongi's chair. Yoongi ignores it, nuzzling further into the soft pillow he'd made of his scarf, and letting out a quiet sigh. Maybe whatever it is will just go away. No such luck. Something bangs into his chair again, harder. Sitting up and tugging an earbud free from his ear, Yoongi turns to squint at the perpetrator.

Namjoon stands just behind Yoongi's carrel on the fourth floor of the library, foot still raised to kick the chair once more. He has his arms crossed tight over his chest, eyebrow cocked, and jaw set in a firm, unimpressed scowl. His cheeks and the tip of his nose are still pink from the cold outside.

"What the fuck," Yoongi groans. His mouth is dry, and he gropes for the bottle of water sitting on the top shelf on his desk. There isn't much left. "What do you want, I was sleeping."

"What time is it?" Namjoon asks, voice low and deceptively calm.

Yoongi shrugs. "How would I fuckin' know," he grumbles, tossing the empty bottle back onto his desk and rubbing the grit from his eyes. "I was *sleeping*."

Namjoon's frown deepens. "You promised you'd help me with my project, hyung. I waited for you in the studio for over an hour, and it took me almost forty minutes to finally track you down."

That gives Yoongi pause. "Oh, shit," he says, remembering. "Fuck, that was today, wasn't it?" He blinks up at Namjoon through his fringe. "Wait," he says. "Wait, fuck. What time *is* it?" He whirls in his seat to check the time on his phone; an entire three hours have passed since his last class ended, and it's quarter to nine. "Oh, *fuck*," Yoongi says, shoving his chair back and scrambling to tip all his shit back into his bag."I have to go pick up Hoseok, bye!"

"Wait, what?" Namjoon asks, as Yoongi shoulders past him. "What the hell? hyung—!"

But Yoongi's already sprinting for the stairs. He barrels down the four flights, hand gripping the rail for stability, and books it for the subway station as soon as his sneakers hit pavement. When he's on the train, he replies to Namjoon's many, many texts:

[20:53:33] **Yoongi:** sorry i'll help you tomorrow i promise
[20:53:45] **Yoongi:** i have to pick up Hoseok and get dinner, i'm already late
[20:53:50] **Yoongi:** YOU KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS DON'T YOU
[20:54:26] **Namjoon:** Fuck, that's today?
[20:54:37] **Namjoon:** Okay, you're forgiven. I think this song's almost done, anyway. Meet me tomorrow at 10?
[20:54:41] **Namjoon:** And congratulations, hyung.
[20:55:02] **Yoongi:** thanks

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Hoseok's gonna be mad, Yoongi thinks, as he pulls the door open. It's just as cold inside the little entrance as it was outside, and Yoongi cinches his coat tighter around his body for warmth as he climbs the steps. Though the studio has been soundproofed, strains of music still filter down the stairwell towards him, and the heavy thump of the bass vibrates in the railing.

When Yoongi reaches the studio floor, he peers through the little peep window set into the door to catch the tail end of the crew's performance. Now that Yoongi's outside the door, he recognizes the song, though he doesn't remember the name — Hoseok's been playing it almost non-stop for the past few weeks as he agonized over new choreography.

Yoongi doesn't know much about dancing. He does know it's still early for this routine, and while they aren't quite in sync with each other's movements yet, even Yoongi can tell it's going to be incredible once they've got it down. His gaze fixes on Hoseok, dancing in the centre with Jimin and Jungkook flanking him on either side, and pride swells up in his chest. Hoseok works so hard, and it shows.

He unpacks his camera from his bag and takes a few pictures through the window. After watching the last half-minute of the dance, Yoongi can tell something's off. Hoseok isn't dancing as fluidly as he should, and—

The penny drops. Oh. *Oh fuck*, Yoongi thinks, forehead falling forward to rest on the wall with a dull *thunk*, his fingers curled tight around his camera. *He's seriously trying to dance with the plug in.*

The song loops. Yoongi bites his lip and tilts his head so he can see through the window. Hoseok, Jungkook and Jimin are starting again. Droplets of sweat glitter in the bright overhead lights, falling to the floor beneath their sneakers. Hoseok's mouth moves; Yoongi can barely make out his voice over the music and through the door as he counts them in. The start of the dance is clean and sharp. Hoseok shouts out encouragements and reminders as they run through the routine one more time.

Hoseok's movements are still stiff; the plug must be really affecting him. He watches Hoseok's face, but he seems to just be concentrating on getting the steps right more than anything else. He wonders if Hoseok had to get himself off during the day, and spends a few moments happily daydreaming about Hoseok locking himself in the tiny studio bathroom... Hoseok biting down on his fist to muffle his little grunts and moans as he jerks himself off, clenching down hard on the plug as he comes into a wad of toilet paper to spare the mess—

Yoongi looks up just as Hoseok catches sight of his reflection in the big mirror covering the far side of the studio wall. Yoongi waves hello. Hoseok beams at him in response, and because he knows Yoongi's watching, he makes them run through the routine once more. This

time, Hoseok doesn't hold back; he bites his lip and starts throwing in body rolls that certainly weren't in the routine Yoongi watched earlier. Yoongi's breath catches in his throat, and Hoseok smiles like he knows exactly what effect he's having.

When the song's finished, Hoseok shuts the stereo off and turns as Yoongi pushes the door open and crosses the threshold. Yoongi shrugs out of his coat and pulls his beanie off, trying in vain to smooth out his hat-hair as he studies Hoseok. The bright overhead pot lights cast deep shadows and Hoseok's black sweatpants are baggy, but Yoongi still swears he can see the outline of Hoseok's dick through the thick fabric. He hears someone, Jimin maybe, stifle a giggle.

"Oh," Yoongi says, when he looks above Hoseok's waist to see Hoseok watching him with his eyebrows quirked in amusement. "Uh, hey," he says belatedly to the room at large, and waves.

"Why did you steal my sweatshirt?" Hoseok asks.

Yoongi blinks and looks down at himself. The hoodie is oversized, and Hoseok received it after participating in a dance workshop a few years earlier. It's soft and comfortable from frequent wear, and smells like Hoseok and clean laundry. Yoongi often steals it from Hoseok's side of their closet when he's cold, but he doesn't wear it outside their apartment often. "I like it," he replies. "Do you mind?"

"Nah, I like you in my clothes," Hoseok says, and smiles. "What the fuck are you doing here? Not that I'm unhappy to see you, but I thought the plan was that you get dinner and meet me at home in case practice ran late...?"

"Really?" Yoongi asks, hand dropping from his hair. That *does* sound kind of familiar... "Change of plans," he suggests sheepishly, and laughs. "I *was* a little distracted when you left this morning, if you recall..."

Hoseok shakes his head, but he's grinning as he sets the remote down next to the sound system. "Yes, hyung," he agrees, voice honey sweet and slow. "I do recall." The look Hoseok gives him somehow manages to be both innocent and filthy at the same time.

The studio feels a lot warmer all of a sudden and Yoongi plucks at the hem of the hoodie. He lifts his camera up and takes a few pictures. Hoseok puffs out his cheeks and makes hearts with his hands whenever Yoongi points the lens in his direction, and Jimin and Jungkook pose obligingly when Yoongi prompts them, pulling faces

and holding up peace signs.

As Hoseok ducks down to rifle through his backpack, Yoongi turns to the kids. Both of them are drenched with sweat. "What the fuck," Yoongi says. He reaches out to ruffle Jungkook's hair, and Jungkook jerks his head out of the way, huffing a breathless laugh. "How long have you three been practicing?" he asks, and pulls a face as he dries his sweat-damp palm on the somewhat drier hem of Jungkook's shirt.

"Four hours, maybe?" Jungkook replies with a wry grin tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Past time for a break, anyway." He pushes his sweaty fringe up off his forehead. "It's good to see you, Yoongi hyung. I'm glad you're feeling better."

"Thank you," Yoongi says, packing his camera back into his bag. "How've you been? I feel like haven't seen you in almost a month, I'm sorry I haven't been around lately."

Jungkook only shrugs in reply, and ducks out of the way of Jimin's flailing arm as he rushes past.

Yoongi holds out his arms for Jimin when he approaches for a hug. Jimin's chest smacks against Yoongi's, nearly knocking Yoongi off his feet. His arms circle tight around Yoongi's waist, catching him before he can take more than a single step backward. "Oof," Yoongi exhales, and returns the hug more gingerly. "Hello to you, too."

Jungkook's focused on chewing a fingernail when Yoongi glances at him over Jimin's shoulder. He clears his throat and raises his eyebrows expectantly. Jungkook's lips twitch. "I'm fine," he answers after a pause, index finger dropping from between his teeth. "Nothing new to report, hyung." his eyes lock on Jimin's back, and his expression darkens.

"How are you feeling, hyung?" Jimin asks before Yoongi can call Jungkook on whatever that look was supposed to mean. He pulls back from the hug to peer into Yoongi's face. Yoongi's grateful for the breathing room; Jimin's cute, but he reeks of sweat poorly masked by dizzying levels of body spray. "Were you really sick for so long? You look better, slightly less like death!" He sticks both thumbs up at Yoongi and grins.

"Oh, do I? That's great to hear, thank you," Yoongi says, and laughs. He reaches out and grips the back of Jimin's neck, squeezing gently. "What's new with you?"

He listens as Jimin tells him about classes ("Hard and *boring*. I hate math,") and work ("I've started helping out with the bakery part-time! It's fun, but I hate needing to go to bed so early. I have to get up at, like, three just to help make bread, can you believe that? *Bread*, hyung,") until movement in the corner of his eye draws his attention away. He turns his head to watch Hoseok get to his feet, and licks his lips when Hoseok smiles at him. Hoseok takes slow, sauntering steps as he crosses the short distance between them. Jimin's voice has faded to white noise as Yoongi watches Hoseok come nearer. He hardly notices when Jungkook hauls Jimin away by the elbow ("*Hey*," he hears Jimin protest, distant and fuzzy. "I was still talking—"

"Talk *less*," Jungkook interrupts.) because Hoseok wraps him up in a big, sweaty, smelly hug. "Hello," Yoongi murmurs into the side of Hoseok's neck. "Did you seriously dance with it in for *four hours?* Are you okay?"

Hoseok shakes his head. "I haven't been dancing for a full four hours," he replies in undertone. "Relax, I'm fine." he pulls back from the hug and does a ridiculous little dance (complete with obnoxiously cute sound effects), to demonstrate just how fine he is — fists up beside his temples, elbows flapping as he switches his hips and bounces from side to side. "See?"

Yoongi shakes his head. "There must be something seriously wrong with me that I still want to have sex with you after this." In the mirror, he watches Jungkook and Jimin stumble toward the studio door, shaking with muffled laughter.

Hoseok grins. "You say the sweetest things sometimes, hyung."

As Jungkook and Jimin slip out into the hallway, Yoongi reaches out for Hoseok again. "Come back here," he says, hands sliding over Hoseok's hips to grab palmfuls of Hoseok's ass and reel him back in close. Hoseok's forehead drops down to Yoongi's shoulder, and he presses back against Yoongi's hands with a little whimper, fingers clenching in the back of Yoongi's stolen hoodie. "Did you keep it in since you left this morning?" Yoongi asks, lips moving against Hoseok's temple.

Hoseok makes an affirmative noise in response, breath hissing through his teeth as Yoongi's fingertips brush against the plug handle through his sweats. "I wanted to take it out when I went to tutoring after lunch, but I didn't. Can we get out of here?" he asks, and shudders when Yoongi's hand circles around to palm his half-hard dick. "Did

you remember to order food, at least?"

"Yes," Yoongi says, rubbing his cheek against Hoseok's. "It'll be ready for pick up in about twenty minutes, so we have just enough time to get there—"

Sighing, Hoseok turns his head to press a kiss to the base of Yoongi's throat. "I guess I'll keep you after all," he murmurs, fond. "Thank you."

The door opens with a little squeak to readmit Jimin and Jungkook, and Hoseok draws away. Yoongi's hesitant to let him go. "I'm gonna head out now," Hoseok announces. "It's getting late—"

"It's only half past nine!" Jimin complains. "Hyung, I'm still struggling with the transition into the chorus, you can't leave yet—"

Jungkook stomps down hard on Jimin's foot. "I know it better than you do," he mutters to Jimin in a carrying undertone. "I promised I'd help you, so just shut up." Jimin whines and elbows him in the ribs. Rubbing his side, Jungkook turns a sweet smile on Hoseok. "Can we stay and work through this on our own then, hyung?"

With a shrug in reply, Hoseok walks back to his backpack and fishes the studio keys from one of the inside compartments. He tosses the keychain to Jimin, who catches it. "Don't stay past midnight and remember to lock up when you're done. Drop the keys off in my mailbox tomorrow morning before you go to work," he says, pulling on his coat and slinging the backpack straps over his shoulders. "You know the drill, Jiminnie. Good work today, both of you. I'll see you on Wednesday night, okay?"

"Have a good night, hyung," Jungkook says, and his sweet smile takes on a more lecherous edge.

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Yoongi rests his chin in his palm. The restaurant is busy tonight; he's glad Hoseok was able to get Aeyoung to cover his shifts for the next few days. His eyes drift over to an empty table in the corner and he toys with the idea of staying in to eat. While the idea of teasing Hoseok out in public is appealing, Yoongi's actually not that much of an asshole, and he knows Hoseok's not at all interested in getting humiliated, as a rule. It would take too much effort to try and embarrass Hoseok, anyway, he thinks. Still, for the moment, he lets himself dream.

Beside him, Hoseok leans back against the counter and swears under his breath when the plug must shift. Yoongi grins and nudges Hoseok's thigh with his knee. Hoseok looks up from his Twitter feed, eyebrows raised in a silent question. "It's almost too bad we're not staying here to eat," he murmurs. "Do you think you could get one that vibrates for next time?"

"What," Hoseok replies out the corner of his mouth, "and let you have control over the remote or something?"

Yoongi's grin widens as he watches a becoming blush colour Hoseok's cheeks all the way to the tips of his ears the longer Yoongi stays silent. "Maybe for my birthday," he suggests lazily, after a moment's pause. Hoseok shakes his head with a disbelieving little snort of laughter and turns his attention back to his phone. *That's not a no*, Yoongi thinks, amused.

Every now and then Hoseok holds his phone up for Yoongi to see; lots of cute animal pictures, but sometimes their friends, too. Yoongi reaches out to wrap his fingers around Hoseok's wrist, tilting his hand so he can see the screen better and lets his touch linger a little. Their eyes meet, and Hoseok's lips curve into an inviting smile. He leans towards Yoongi, closing the calculated distance between them, his eyes glittering with promise. Yoongi drags his tongue over his lower lip, rather enjoying the way Hoseok's gaze drops to follow the movement.

"— Oppa, your food's ready," Aeyoung interrupts from other side of the counter, setting a heavy paper bag down between Hoseok's and Yoongi's elbows. Yoongi jerks back in surprise, but Hoseok doesn't even twitch. He must've seen her coming.

"Hey, Aeyoung-ah," Hoseok says, smiling back at her over his shoulder. "How's school? Are you almost done with your exams?"

Aeyoung's shoulders sag. "Haven't even started yet," she sighs, offering Hoseok a small smile. "They're all in the next two weeks, which is why you'll be back here to cover the floor *and* the register for me." Aeyoung doesn't blush as much when she talks to Hoseok anymore; she's almost grown out of her crush. It's cute, Yoongi thinks, feeling a gentle pang of nostalgia. He remembers the way she's gotten so angry at him when he and Hoseok first started seeing each other. *Well*, he amends, as her gaze slides to Yoongi and her eyes narrow. *At least some things never change.*

"How will you be paying," she asks crisply.

Yoongi eyes her from half-behind Hoseok. "Card," he answers, pulling his wallet from his bag.

"Are you two still not getting along?" Hoseok murmurs.

Yoongi shushes him. "We get along fine, shut up." He passes his card over to Aeyoung, and elbows Hoseok out of the way so he can finish the payment.

As the recipt prints, Aeyoung winks at Yoongi and moves her fist in a salt shaker motion in front of her mouth, tongue poking into her cheek. "Enjoy your meal," she says in an over-innocent tone, and Yoongi smirks at her.

Hoseok laughs and scoops the takeout bag into his arms. "I plan on it," he says. Aeyoung blushes and smiles at them both.

*

Hoseok shifts on the floor after his shower, and Yoongi watches in rapt fascination, listening to the quiet *tink, tink* of the plug hitting the laminate flooring with each new position. "You *can* take it out now, if you want," Yoongi suggests, reaching out for more samgyeopsal. "I don't want you to be uncomfortable," but Hoseok shakes his head.

"'M fine, hyung, stop worrying—" Hoseok waves a careless hand. "Hey, don't eat all the meat, save some for me—"

Yoongi rolls his eyes.

Hoseok settles on his side on the floor and wiggles closer to the food. He takes no more than three bites before moving to his stomach and repeating the process. With a loud sigh, he rolls onto his back and tilts his head to shoot Yoongi a rueful grin. "This is harder than I was expecting it to be," he says, and pushes his body across the floor to rest his head on Yoongi's thigh. "You'll just have to feed me, I guess."

"No," Yoongi says.

Hoseok bats his lashes, and opens his mouth expectantly.

Huffing a sigh, Yoongi picks up a clump of noodles and dangles them over Hoseok's open mouth. A few noodles fall to land with a splat on Hoseok's cheek, but most of it reaches Hoseok's waiting tongue.

Hoseok chews, obnoxious and loud as ever. "Kiss me, hyung," he coos after he swallows, lips puckered.

"You're disgusting," Yoongi mutters, smacking Hoseok's shoulder, but he still bends to suck the noodles off Hoseok's cheek. "Try not to choke," he adds, and leans over to grab a spoonful of rice for himself.

After most of the containers are empty with the few leftovers packed away in the fridge, Yoongi leans back against the side of the couch, fingers playing with Hoseok's hair. He tilts his head back on the couch cushion, listening to the playlist he put together for the evening. "Thank you for taking care of me," he says. "When I was sick."

Hoseok lifts his head off Yoongi's thigh to take a pull from his beer bottle. "You'd do the same for me," he replies. He's smiling, when Yoongi looks down at him.

Yoongi hums, and finishes off his own beer. "Did you really help me write a fucking will?" he asks, setting the empty bottle down on the floor beside him. His memories of the week before are foggy, and he would've passed it off as nothing but a fever dream if he hadn't found the actual will Hoseok had scribbled out for him on ripped notebook paper.

"Yes, of course I did," Hoseok says. He sounds almost *offended*. "Did you expect me to not play along with your delirious schemes? I thought you knew me better than—" He seems to wilt against Yoongi's thigh. "Aw, fuck. Does that mean you remember my horrible singing too, then?"

"I love your horrible singing," Yoongi smirks, brushing Hoseok's hair up off his forehead. Hoseok pouts, and Yoongi laughs. "No, I'm serious. It was sweet. I like your voice."

Hoseok takes Yoongi's hand and presses his lips to his palm. "C'mere," he murmurs, reaching up to grab the front of Yoongi's shirt and draw him close for a kiss. His lips are still slick and cool from the beer, and he licks into Yoongi's mouth, tongue warm and soft. Both his hands wind around the nape of Yoongi's neck, nails digging into his skin.

Yoongi's hand slides from Hoseok's hair to curve around his chin and tilt his head up. It's an awkward, hunched-over position, and Yoongi knows he can't keep this going for long without risking an unsexy cramp, but for now he enjoys the quiet little moans Hoseok makes whenever Yoongi's teeth nip at his lips and tongue.

Hoseok's breath is hot when he pulls away to suck kisses down Yoongi's throat. His mouth drags a wet trail back up to Yoongi's ear to whisper, "I want you to fuck me now," and his teeth close on Yoongi's earlobe.

A shiver of anticipation rolls down Yoongi's spine. "Soon," he promises with a sigh into the crook of Hoseok's neck, sitting up when Hoseok pushes on his shoulder and rolls onto his knees. He leans into Hoseok to catch his lips for another kiss, hand smoothing down Hoseok's chest to grab the hem of his t-shirt and pull it up over his head. They help each other out of their clothes as they make their way to the bed, and Yoongi settles in Hoseok's lap.

Placing his hands on either side of Hoseok's head, Yoongi leans down and licks into Hoseok's mouth. He rolls his hips back so his ass rubs against Hoseok's hardening dick through his underwear. Hoseok's groan is muffled by Yoongi's tongue in his mouth, but Yoongi can feel it rumble in his chest. His hands smooth up Yoongi's thighs, rucking up his shorts to dig fingernails into bare skin. Yoongi bites down on Hoseok's lip and Hoseok hisses at the sting, hips jerking up up against Yoongi's ass as Yoongi pushes back.

Yoongi swipes his tongue over the little indents his teeth left on Hoseok's lip, and leans back just enough to catch Hoseok staring up at him through half-lidded eyes. His breathing is shallow, flush spreading from his cheeks down his neck and chest. Yoongi grinds down on Hoseok's dick a little harder, trailing kisses across Hoseok's heated skin to nip at his earlobe. Hoseok's fingers tighten around Yoongi's hipbones, a gasp caught in the back of his throat. He turns his head, giving Yoongi more room to play, and his hands slip up to curl over Yoongi's shoulders.

"You look so good," Yoongi breathes, tracing the shell of Hoseok's ear with his tongue. He drops a kiss just below his earlobe. "You taste good, smell good, sound good..." he drags his tongue down the column of Hoseok's neck. "And you're gonna feel so good," he murmurs, and bites down on Hoseok's shoulder, hard enough to leave a distinct mark, but without breaking the skin.

Hoseok moans and drags his nails down Yoongi's spine, fingers slipping beneath the waistband of Yoongi's shorts to grasp handfuls of Yoongi's ass. He squeezes and kneads as Yoongi presses into his palms. Yoongi sucks a bruise at the base of Hoseok's neck, and Hoseok digs his nails into Yoongi's skin. It hurts. Yoongi exhales harshly, blowing hot air over the damp patch on Hoseok's skin, and Hoseok shudders.

"*Hey*," Hoseok murmurs, dragging his teeth over Yoongi's collarbone as his hips grind up against Yoongi. His body twists, lifting up off the bed as if to roll them over.

Yoongi's hands shoot from the sheets to force Hoseok's shoulders back onto the mattress, and he bites back up Hoseok's throat to catch his lower lip between his teeth. "Not yet," he murmurs, tugging sharply. Hoseok whines into Yoongi's mouth, grip tightening on Yoongi's ass. Yoongi slips a thigh between Hoseok's for him to grind up against, nails digging into Hoseok's shoulders.

"Please, hyung," Hoseok gasps out. Yoongi's hands slide across Hoseok's shoulders to curl fingers into the hair at the nape of Hoseok's neck. He brushes feather-light kisses over Hoseok's closed eyelids, and Hoseok's eyelashes flutter. "It's not enough, come on—"

Yoongi pushes himself up off Hoseok and wiggles out of his own shorts. He settles beside Hoseok and strokes down Hoseok's chest, nails scraping over Hoseok's belly. His fingertips skitter a bit when Hoseok huffs a laugh, squirming and ticklish. Yoongi's lips curve into a fond smile, and he takes care to tug Hoseok's boxers off and tosses them back over his shoulder. Hoseok lets out a soft sigh, thighs splayed. In the dim lamplight, Yoongi can make out the glint of the plug, even shadowed between Hoseok's thighs. All the blood in Yoongi's body feels like it rushes down to his dick, getting him so hard so fast he feels dizzy. His nails dig into Hoseok's thighs.

"Turn over on your stomach," he says.

Hoseok blinks up at him, surprised. "Why?"

"I want to get a picture," Yoongi replies, leaning over Hoseok's body to grab his camera off the bedside table. He gets the lube from the drawer and drops it beside him on the bed. "Please," he wheedles, when he sees that Hoseok hasn't moved an inch. "I promise I won't accidentally upload it to Twitter this time."

Snorting, Hoseok rolls over. "If you do, I'll punch you in the dick," he mutters, grinding his hips against the mattress and muffling a groan in the sheets when Yoongi scratches down his spine, stopping short at the swell of his ass.

Yoongi laughs, trailing gentle fingers over Hoseok's skin. He grabs Hoseok's ass and squeezes tight until he can see the outline of his fingers when he lets go. He snaps a few photos, taking in the pink scratch marks down Hoseok's back, the splotchy red hickey he'd left

earlier that morning, his white-knuckled grip, and the silver handle shining between Hoseok's cheeks. "At least it'll be a better picture this time. This one'd get lots of favourites." He sets his camera back on the bedside table and leans down to kiss Hoseok's shoulder and down each bump of his spine while Hoseok melts into the mattress.

"I'm done," Yoongi says, and settles between Hoseok's thighs after he turns back over. Hoseok's cock is hard and curved up against his stomach, flushed red and wet, smearing precome against his skin whenever he shifts. Yoongi licks his lips. He keeps eye contact as he reaches back, fingers encircling Hoseok's ankle to draw his leg up until his thigh rests against his chest. Hoseok shudders and lets out a strangled moan as the plug shifts with the movement, a shiver rippling down his whole body. Yoongi presses soft, wet kisses up the inside of Hoseok's leg, ankle to knee, up his thigh.

Hoseok tangles his fingers in Yoongi's hair and laughs breathlessly. "If you don't fuck me soon, I'm just gonna have to take care of it myself, hyung," he says. His breath hitches when Yoongi sucks a bruise on his inner thigh and then another, just to the side of Hoseok's cock. "And you can sleep in the bathtub tonight, for all I care."

Yoongi huffs a laugh into the crease of Hoseok's thigh, gaze flicking up to Hoseok's flushed face. He's just beginning to sweat, hair sticking to his forehead in thin strands. Yoongi smooths his tongue over Hoseok's skin, tasting salt and sweat and soap, before sitting back up and repeating the process with Hoseok's other leg. Afterward, he kisses up Hoseok's abdomen, spending a long time tracing the outline of Hoseok's hipbones with his tongue. He continues on, hands gently massaging in his wake. He pauses to play with Hoseok's nipples for a little while, and Hoseok squirms, his fingers tightening in Yoongi's hair.

"Hyung, *really*—" Hoseok mutters.

Yoongi smiles against Hoseok's skin, moving still upwards to kiss his collarbones and shoulders and down one arm to the crook of his elbow. He sits back to gently pull Hoseok's fingers from his hair, continuing his trail of kisses down Hoseok's forearm to the palm of his hand, down his fingers. Hoseok sighs as Yoongi sucks at his fingertips, tongue smoothing over the whorls of his fingerprints. He swallows Hoseok's fingers inside his mouth, tongue compressing, until his lips kiss Hoseok's knuckles. He slides his tongue down between Hoseok's index and middle fingers, tracing at the thin web of skin in the crevice between the digits.

Hoseok's breathing goes a bit shallower, lips parted as he stares up at Yoongi. Yoongi lets his eyelids flutter shut as he sucks at Hoseok's fingers, tasting the salt and the faintest traces of soy sauce and garlic from dinner left on his skin. Hoseok swears. Yoongi gives Hoseok's fingers one final suck before he moves to give Hoseok's other hand and arm the same treatment, in reverse.

Hoseok fidgets when Yoongi bites the heel of his palm. "Are you fucking kidding me," he complains, breath hitching as Yoongi's teeth graze the underside of his bicep. Yoongi spends another few moments there, laving his tongue over the spot and taking a moment to appreciate the way Hoseok shudders. "Hyung," Hoseok tries again, weakly, as Yoongi drags his tongue from Hoseok's shoulder to his ear. "It's almost been an hour, *please*—"

"I'm almost done," Yoongi murmurs, sitting up to trace the handle of the plug with a gentle fingertip. Hoseok's hips jerk, and he curses under his breath. Yoongi smirks up at him and curls his fingers through the metal loop to gently work the plug free in increments. It's heavy, feels good and *solid*.

Hoseok clenches down hard and Yoongi strokes Hoseok's thigh until he relaxes, murmuring low reassurances. Hoseok's legs twitch around Yoongi's sides, trying to clamp shut as the widest girth of the plug slips free. Veins stand out in stark relief in his throat, and he whimpers Yoongi's name over and over again. "Fuck, finally... Please, hyung—" His voice cracks, eyelashes fluttering as he fails to keep his eyes fully open or closed.

Yoongi sets the plug aside and grabs the lube to slick up his fingers, leaning up to kiss Hoseok. "I got you," he murmurs into Hoseok's mouth. First two and then three fingers slide right into Hoseok's body with hardly any resistance, and Hoseok hisses through his teeth, nails raking down the length of Yoongi's back. His hips work down on Yoongi's fingers while Yoongi mouths at Hoseok's neck, until bruises bloom across his skin. "Do you want to come from this?" Yoongi asks in a low voice, fingertips rubbing circles over his prostate. Hoseok could come this way, has before, just from being fingered.

"Yeah," Hoseok sighs. his whole body is trembling. "No," he shakes his head, his lips brushing against Yoongi's skin. "I don't know." His thighs tighten around Yoongi's waist as he rides Yoongi's fingers. "I need you to fuck me, Yoongi-yah, I've been waiting for it all day, *please*—" His voice tapers off into a gasp when Yoongi twists his fingers just right.

"I will," Yoongi promises, nuzzling Hoseok's cheek with his nose. He ghosts the tips of his fingers over the head of Hoseok's cock. "I want you to come now so I can take my time with you, okay?" Hoseok shivers and nods, tucking his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck.

Yoongi wraps his hand around Hoseok's dick and jerks him in time with his fingers still inside, alternating kisses and bites all over Hoseok's throat. Hoseok's breaths come in desperate bursts and grunts as his hips thrust in circles, fucking down onto Yoongi's fingers and up into his hand. Yoongi twists his hand on Hoseok's dick on each upstroke, fingers curving up against his prostate. Hoseok's body curls against Yoongi as he clenches down hard around Yoongi's fingers and comes with a low, drawn-out groan. Yoongi works him through the aftershocks, and Hoseok whines at the loss when Yoongi pulls his fingers free.

Yoongi leans up to kiss Hoseok when Hoseok's arms circle around his shoulders to draw him in close. "You okay?" Yoongi asks after Hoseok's caught his breath, and slides his tongue across Hoseok's lower lip.

"I'm *fine*," Hoseok grumbles, snaking a hand down between their bodies to wrap fingers around Yoongi's dick. He drags his teeth along Yoongi's jaw and nips at Yoongi's earlobe.

Yoongi jerks into Hoseok's hold with a little groan, wiping his fingers clean on the sheets before tangling them in Hoseok's hair. Hoseok's still hard, and Yoongi grinds his hips down against him, turning his head to kiss his way towards Hoseok's lips. Yoongi shudders when Hoseok's fingertips rub over his chest, and tugs on Hoseok's lower lip, worrying the flesh between his teeth.

"Hyung," Hoseok laughs against Yoongi's mouth. His hand slips down Yoongi's side to grab Yoongi's ass, his other hand twisting over Yoongi's cock until he's hard. Yoongi grins down at him, lip caught between his teeth. Hoseok's grip tightens on Yoongi's dick, thumb pressing into the slit, and Yoongi's hips jerk into his hold with a low groan. "Come on, you annoying little shit," Hoseok says, and smiles. "Just fuck me already."

Yoongi reaches across the sweat-damp sheets for the bottle of lube. His slick fingers slip back inside Hoseok's body, wet and filthy, and Hoseok clenches down on the digits. His nails dig into Yoongi's thigh. Yoongi glances up from the glide of his fingers to see Hoseok watching him through dazed, half-lidded eyes. His hair's a mess, sweat

glistening on his skin. He looks *good*.

"Are you ready?" Yoongi asks again, pulling his fingers free to get more lube. Hoseok's hips hitch as Yoongi presses back inside, his dick leaving a trail of precome on his thigh. Yoongi twists until his fingertips press against Hoseok's prostate.

Hoseok's back arches off the bed, and he moans, half-frustration, half-satisfaction. "Yes," he says, voice gone rough and low. It sends a shiver rustling down Yoongi's spine. Hoseok smirks, reaching up to grab the nape of Yoongi's neck and haul him down for another kiss.

Yoongi rests his forehead against Hoseok's when he pulls back to breathe. "How do you want to do this?" he asks, rubbing his slicked up hands over his own cock.

"Off, off," Hoseok stutters on a groan, shoving at Yoongi's shoulder. He rolls over and pushes himself up onto his knees. "Like this," he says, glancing back at Yoongi over his shoulder, and smiles as he wiggles his hips enticingly.

Yoongi smooths his hands down Hoseok's waist, his hips and over his ass. Hoseok grabs one of the pillows and rests his head on it and shudders when Yoongi rubs his thumb over his hole. Yoongi uses both hands to hold his cheeks apart as he slowly pushes inside, leans down to press kisses along Hoseok's spine. Hoseok spreads his knees wider to brace himself. He pulls his hips forward and works himself back on Yoongi's cock, moaning at the stretch. He starts slow and careful, and Yoongi kisses Hoseok's shoulders and back, groaning when Hoseok rolls his hips. Hoseok sets his own pace, building momentum, little grunts and moans muffled in the pillow. Yoongi curves his hands around Hoseok's hips and thrusts in as Hoseok pushes back.

Yoongi tangles his fingers in Hoseok's hair at his nape and tugs as he fucks in. Hoseok's head lifts up from the pillow, and he moans so loud there's no way their neighbours — hell, the entire *floor* — can't have heard. Yoongi bites his lip and smacks Hoseok's ass, just like he did this morning, a sharp *slap*. His palm tingles. Hoseok jolts and angles his hips to raise his ass even more, clenching down hard on Yoongi's dick. *Fuck*. "You like that?" Yoongi rasps.

"Oh, fuck," Hoseok whimpers. Yoongi spanks him again, and again, Hoseok's hips jerking forwards with the force of it, and Hoseok's moans of Yoongi's name grow louder and louder in response. "Fuck, oh, *fuck— Yoongi-yah—*"

Hoseok tries to muffle his sobbing moans into the pillow, one hand scrabbling for purchase on the slippery sheets while he tries to jerk himself off with the other. His whole body feels tense beneath Yoongi's hands. He gasps for breath and sounds like he's already so close, *too* close, too worked up from everything to last much longer.

No, fuck that. Yoongi wants to kiss Hoseok. He wants to see his face and the tears in his eyes, because he can hear Hoseok sniffling. He doesn't want this to be over, not quite yet.

He pulls out and smooths a hand down Hoseok's thigh. Hoseok looks back at Yoongi over his shoulder, letting out a quiet whimper as he reaches back for him, fingers catching Yoongi's other hand at his hip and gripping tight. "Hey," Yoongi murmurs. "Turn over for a second, Hoseok-ah." He leans forward to press kisses to the nape of Hoseok's neck, to his shoulders, until Hoseok rolls over onto his back.

"What's wrong?" Hoseok asks. His voice wobbles, and he scrubs a hand over his eyes. Yoongi can still see the tear tracks on his cheeks, and his lashes clumped into little tear-soaked triangles. He laces his fingers between Yoongi's. "Why'd you stop?"

"Nothing," Yoongi whispers, leaning down. "It's nothing. I just wanted to see you."

Hoseok's laugh is tremulous. "Fuck," he breathes into Yoongi's mouth, leg curling around Yoongi's hips to draw him closer. "Come here, then," he murmurs, tangling his fingers in Yoongi's hair and tonguing at Yoongi's upper lip. Their lips are soft and wet, gliding slick and smooth. Yoongi licks into Hoseok's mouth, tongue tracing over his teeth, his tongue, the roof of his mouth. Hoseok tilts his head back, fingers tightening in Yoongi's hair as he directs the kiss more, sucking on Yoongi's tongue and letting his teeth graze Yoongi's lip as he draws back for breath.

"I love you," Hoseok sighs. His nails scratch gently over Yoongi's scalp as he combs his fingers through his hair.

Yoongi feels his lips quirk into a grin. "That's just the sex talking," he murmurs. Hoseok's body is hot and slick with sweat, skin slippery beneath Yoongi's fingers and salty against his tongue as he tilts his head to lick a stripe up Hoseok's throat. He can feel the vibrations of Hoseok's laughter against his lips, and he can't quite hold back the smile he tucks into the side of Hoseok's neck.

"You're such a dick," Hoseok manages to get out between giggles. His

palms smooth down Yoongi's back as Yoongi makes his way up to kiss his mouth. Yoongi rests his forehead against Hoseok's, enjoying the way Hoseok's eyes have turned into little crescents with how wide he's smiling.

"You love me, though," Yoongi says, smiling as Hoseok nods in agreement, before bushing his fingers over the head of Hoseok's cock.

Hoseok's hands clamp down on Yoongi's ass to hold him still as he rolls his hips up against Yoongi's for more friction. "If you start teasing me again, I'm actually going to die," he says. He turns his head, hand falling from Yoongi's side. "I mean it, hyung."

Yoongi hums in reply, somewhat distracted by rubbing the palm of his hand over both their dicks. Hoseok's hand returns after a moment, lube slick fingers trailing teasingly over Yoongi's hole. Yoongi tenses, then presses back against Hoseok's probing finger with a groan.

"Come on, Yoongi-yah," Hoseok whispers against Yoongi's ear, and his teeth close on Yoongi's earlobe. A second finger joins the first and he *twists*. Yoongi moans, his grip tightening on their cocks. Hoseok shudders, pressing up into Yoongi's hold, and he laughs again, breathless. "Finish what you started."

"Where'd that pillow go?" Yoongi asks, and is wholly unsurprised when Hoseok takes the opportunity to hit him in the face with it. When he looks down at him with his most unimpressed frown, Hoseok just grins, bright and unrepentant. "Thank you," Yoongi says dryly. "Lift your hips, you brat." Hoseok's grin widens as he complies. Yoongi shoves the pillow under his hips before grabbing the lube Hoseok discarded and slicking himself up again. "Why're you so impatient," he grumbles, sliding back inside Hoseok's body nice and slow.

Hoseok hisses, clenching down on Yoongi's cock as he pulls back. There's no way he can't be sore by now, and he's not even complaining. "I *need* you, you ass," he gasps. "Why are you so stubborn?" His legs wrap around Yoongi's waist and he draws Yoongi close to press his lips against Yoongi's throat.

"I just want it to last," Yoongi murmurs, dropping a kiss on Hoseok's forehead.

Shuddering, Hoseok tilts his head up to catch Yoongi's lips. "Alright," he laughs. Hoseok nips at Yoongi's lips, smoothing the sting with his tongue. He starts laughing again, and when Yoongi asks what his problem is, Hoseok can only shake his head. Yoongi can't help the few

helpless chuckles that bubble up his throat. He tucks his face into Hoseok's neck as he fucks in with a slow, rolling grind. Nothing's funny, not really. They're just *happy*, he realizes, digging his fingers into the bedding.

Yoongi's thighs are starting to burn from the workout. He picks up the pace more as Hoseok strokes himself off between them. Yoongi alternates between thrusting forward into Hoseok's body and pushing back onto Hoseok's fingers. Yoongi moves hard and fast, gasping as Hoseok plants his feet on the mattress and cants his hips up to meet him. The bedframe creaks, banging against the wall with the force of it. They're both close, now, their breathing harsh as they pant into each other's mouths more than kiss.

Yoongi's orgasm sneaks up on him, the force of it catching him by surprise, waves of pleasure that reach all the way down to his toes curling in the sticky bedsheets. He gasps for air, face pressed into Hoseok's hair, heartbeat pounding in his ears. Hoseok's hand still works between their bodies. "Stop, stop," Yoongi mutters, stilling Hoseok's hand. He pulls out and slides onto his stomach and pushes his ass up. "Fuck me, Hoseok-ah, come on."

Hoseok groans and gets up with some difficulty to curl hot, trembling hands over Yoongi's hipbones. He slips inside and Yoongi arches like a cat against Hoseok's hips, groaning into the mattress. Hoseok doesn't last long, maybe six or seven thrusts before he comes, hips undulating as he rides it out, body bowing over Yoongi's back. Yoongi moans, his fingers wrapped around his dick, milking out only a few little drops, but it feels so good it *hurts*. Yoongi collapses in a heap against the mattress, wincing when Hoseok pulls out and drops down bonelessly beside him.

After he gets his breath back, Hoseok hauls Yoongi close for a cuddle. Yoongi goes, his sore, satisfied body loose and pliable. Hoseok kisses Yoongi's forehead, down the side of his face until he reaches Yoongi's mouth. "Happy anniversary," he murmurs. Yoongi hums in reply. "I love you," Hoseok continues, nosing Yoongi's cheek. "Even though you didn't do the laundry like I asked you to, you lazy ass piece of shit."

Yoongi laughs tiredly, rubbing the side of his face against Hoseok's shoulder. "Sorry," he replies, reaching out for Hoseok's hand so he can twine their fingers together. "I meant to, but I was just so *distracted*—"

Hoseok snorts. "That excuse won't work after today, just so we're clear." He yawns, his eyelids falling shut.

"No, you can't sleep yet," Yoongi says, shoving at Hoseok's arm. Hoseok whines. Yoongi sits with some difficulty and starts rolling Hoseok's body over to the edge of the bed. "Come on, get the fuck up —"

"*Noo*," Hoseok moans, as Yoongi stands and hauls Hoseok to his feet. "What do you want me to do now?" Yoongi slings Hoseok's arm over his shoulders and together they stagger towards the bathroom, and the shower. Hoseok drags his feet. "Why is this happening?" he whines.

Yoongi shakes his head. "I don't want to deal with your complaining in the morning, Hoseok-ah," he says, flicking the bathroom light on and leading Hoseok over to the bathtub. "I won't be long." Yoongi leans down and turns the water on, holding his hand beneath the faucet to gauge the perfect temperature.

Hoseok's eyes narrow. "You're just gonna try to finger me 'til I come again."

"Well." Yoongi hadn't actually planned anything beyond cleaning up, but that's not a bad idea. "I might," he says, and shrugs. "It's our second anniversary, the least I can do is get you off more than *twice*. It's good luck, or something."

"What do you call this morning, then?" Hoseok asks, finally starting to look less cranky and more amused.

Yoongi feels his lips curve into a slow grin. "Warm up."

Chapter End Notes

please let me know if i missed any capitals and i will fix it when it's not 3am... i think i got them all...

i've been working on this chapter since october, this is unacceptable (BUT I'M SO RELIEVED IT'S OVER)

plug mentioned in the fic is the njoy pure plug (the biggest size, which isn't really that big, but y'know...), if u were curious

/runs away for another month bye (i'm kidding, i'll try to have the next couple chapters up next week, pls feel free to come yell at me if i'm not back)

first | timeline | chapter song/choreo | mix

drunk

Chapter Notes

> you're my sweet thing
> if you were worried 'bout where i've been or who i saw
> what club i went to with my homies
> baby, don't worry, you know that you got me
> (marleyla by ebrahim)

> warnings for alcohol consumption (and what could be interpreted as dub-con — nothing happens, but it's still worth mentioning as a potential trigger), drunk hoseok, yoongi being a dick

> takes place a couple days after chapter eight (/a couple weeks after chapter two) — the i love yous but also *not* the i love yous, ya dig?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thump.

Yoongi pauses the music and lowers his headphones, turning from his work to squint at his closed office door as if that will somehow make him hear better.

Silence.

Narrowing his eyes further, Yoongi returns to his laptop screen, fitting his headphones over his ears. It's three in the morning and Yoongi's been working on the same video game main theme project since he arrived home after class that afternoon. He's close to a finished product; just a few more tweaks, and maybe... He plays the song from the beginning, hands pressing the headphone cups against the sides of his head, eyes falling shut as he listens. Yoongi hits pause again at the midway point, fingers flying across the piano keyboard before his eyes even open all the way, adding a countermelody that echoes later in the piece. With the final note, he stops and turns to glare at the door; he could have sworn he'd just heard a familiar breathless squeak of laughter.

Silence.

He turns to play back what he's just written, when,

Crash bang ***thud****.*

Yoongi jumps in surprise with a loud curse. He carefully sets his headphones down, before casting a helpless look around the cramped space for something — anything — he could use as a weapon. He scoops up the first things he sees: a quarter-full cup of spicy noodles (long gone cold) and the miniature skateboard deck Namjoon got him for his birthday a couple years ago. Neither are very threatening but save for throwing his laptop, a handful of pens or his computer chair at the intruder, Yoongi doesn't have many other options available.

It's better than *nothing*, he reasons, tucking the skateboard deck under his arm as he approaches the door. Closer now, he can hear stifled giggles punctuating the thumps. Yoongi turns the doorknob and throws his office door open just as he hears another loud crash.

There, half slid down the front door, is Hoseok. His entire face is scrunched up, eyes shut tight, with a grimace lifting the corners of his mouth. One hand is clenched around a sneaker, the other rubbing at the back of his head. His left shoe is still stuck half on his foot, the laces tied in hopeless knots. The knees of his jeans are ripped, his loose tank top slipping off one shoulder, and his hair pushed back off his forehead with a snapback.

Oh right, he went out tonight, Yoongi thinks, leaning against the doorjamb. His lips twitch. "Welcome home," he says.

Hoseok's eyes pop open, and his frown melts into a bright, dimpled smile as his gaze lands on Yoongi. "Oh, hyung!" he chirps, then drops the shoe to clap his hand over his mouth. "Hyung," he says in a ridiculous whisper-yell between his fingers, "I'm *drunk*."

"Yes," Yoongi agrees, making a valiant effort to keep a straight face. "Yes, Hoseok-ah, I can see that."

"Why do you have a skateboard?" Hoseok asks. He squirms, trying to push himself up into a seated position. He only succeeds in sinking further down, head and shoulders pressed against the door. "Hyung, can you help me up? I'm stuck. *Hyung*," he drags the sentence out in a whine, feet scrabbling ineffectually across the slippery tile floor. He pouts up at Yoongi and slips another inch. "*Help*."

After leaving the skateboard deck and the cup of noodles on his computer desk, Yoongi returns to crouch down in front of Hoseok and sets to work on untangling Hoseok's shoelace. He looks up when Hoseok's fingers curl over his shoulder. "What?"

"Shh, hyung," Hoseok murmurs, hand sliding over to Yoongi's throat, fingertips trailing over Yoongi's skin. He smiles, then, happy. "Hi."

Yoongi ducks his head so Hoseok won't see him smile in reply. "Hey," he returns, voice hushed as he untangles the last of the knots and pulls Hoseok's shoe free. Hoseok yanks on the collar of Yoongi's t-shirt and Yoongi obligingly leans in for a hello kiss. The overwhelming pine scent of gin hits Yoongi like a bus, and he falls back on his heels. "You smell like a distillery," he says flatly. "Was there even any alcohol *left* in that club after you were finished, or?"

"*No,*" Hoseok replies, so wide-eyed and earnest that, for a fraction of a second, Yoongi almost believes him. Hoseok holds the expression for a few more seconds before collapsing into breathless laughter. "Oh *hyung*, your *face*," he wheezes between giggles. Yoongi's lips curve into a smile, and this time he lets Hoseok see his amusement. Slowly, slowly Hoseok settles once more, smiling fondly in a worn out sort of way. Yoongi reaches out and plucks the snapback off Hoseok and sets the hat on his own head, instead. Hoseok tugs on Yoongi's shirt again. "Hey," he murmurs, biting his lower lip. "Come back here."

Yoongi lets himself be drawn forward into another kiss. His hands slide up Hoseok's chest to curl around the nape of his neck, nails dragging over his skin. Hoseok shivers and bites at Yoongi's lip. "Come on," Yoongi murmurs, nipping at Hoseok's lips one last time before sitting back. "You need to brush your teeth." He grabs Hoseok's arms and hauls him upright. With some difficulty, and using the door as a prop, they both manage to stumble to their feet. "Come on," he repeats, taking most of Hoseok's weight as they make slow, zig-zagging progress towards the bathroom. "Hey, you caught a cab, right," he asks, flicking the bathroom light switch and leading Hoseok over to the sink. "You didn't try to walk home on your own, did you? You'd have died."

"No, I wouldn't've," Hoseok starts giggling. "I did share a cab with the kids, though. I *really* didn't drink that much, hyung." He pats Yoongi's cheek with a fond little smile on his face and takes his toothbrush when Yoongi waves it at him. As he brushes his teeth, he tells Yoongi about his big night out in a rambling, roundabout, foamy manner. Yoongi leans against the wall beside the sink, both hands curved around Hoseok's waist to keep him steady.

"We went to this club and it was *so fun*, hyung," Hoseok says, "so fun. You should've come! Me and Jiminnie kind of fooled around and tried out some new choreo for the crew, you know? God, and Taehyung's so

funny and Jiminnie's so cute — did you know that Jimin telling me to do something will actually make me do it? Like, *what?* No one man should have all that power. Oh, hey," Hoseok leans over the sink and spits out a mouthful of toothpaste foam. "You know what'd be great right now? Some tteokbokki, let's go get some! I saw a vendor a couple blocks away on my way home, hyung, let's go—!" Hoseok twists in Yoongi's hold, his entire body pitching to the side like all he wants out of life right now is to do a header out the bathroom door.

"*No*, Hoseok," Yoongi grumbles, planting his feet and wrapping his arms around Hoseok's ribs to keep him upright. "It's *late*, that vendor's probably closed down their stall by now. We should just go to bed. I'll make you noodles or something if you're hungry."

Hoseok makes a disturbing wet gagging noise that sets off alarm bells for Yoongi. He releases Hoseok without even thinking, and Hoseok stumbles back until his shoulders crash into the wall. He stops, just stops moving entirely, save for the shallow rise and fall of his chest as he breathes, for almost an entire minute straight. His head hangs bowed, eyes unfocused, mouth open and wet.

Yoongi watches him from the opposite wall, staying out of the potential splash zone. "Are..." Yoongi begins, scratching the nape of his neck. Hoseok is so *still*, it's unnerving. He hesitates, then continues, "Are you gonna be sick?"

Hoseok's head snaps up and he pops his toothbrush back in his mouth. "No! Yes. Maybe?" He shuffles toward the sink. "No, I'm good," Hoseok says, nodding to himself, and rinses off his toothbrush and his face. He leans over to leave sloppy kisses on Yoongi's cheeks. Yoongi thinks Hoseok might've been aiming for his mouth, but he's not sure. Hoseok's hand brushes over Yoongi's hair, and Yoongi leans into the touch.

"Bedtime now?" Yoongi asks, curling his fingers in Hoseok's belt loops and tugging him closer.

"Yeah, okay," Hoseok yawns. He goes along willingly as Yoongi herds him out of the bathroom and into their bedroom. Hoseok collapses face first on the mattress, grabbing Yoongi's pillow from the head of the bed to clutch it to his chest.

"Hey," Yoongi says, yanking on the hem of Hoseok's shirt. "C'mon, stay awake for a little longer. You should get out of those clothes, at least —"

"You only like me for my body," Hoseok giggles, rolling over onto his back. "I *knew* it."

Yoongi undoes the button and fly on Hoseok's jeans. "Lift your hips up," he mutters and rolls his eyes as Hoseok makes kissy faces and embarrassing cooing noises at him. He hauls the denim off with some difficulty and smirks when Hoseok lets out an over-enthusiastic cheer, arms thrown up over his head in triumph. "Shut up," Yoongi says, smacking Hoseok's thigh. "I'll be right back."

He fetches two glasses of water and a couple aspirin for the morning and returns to find Hoseok spread-eagled on the bed, eyes closed. "Hey," Yoongi says, setting the glasses and pills down on the bedside table to curl his hand around Hoseok's forearm. "Come on, Hoseok-ah." Hoseok groans, but lets himself be pulled upward. "Trust me," Yoongi says, "sober you will be grateful of this in the morning." He pushes one of the glasses into Hoseok's hands, keeping an eye on him to make sure he drains it. "There," Yoongi sighs, taking the empty cup and setting it aside. "Feel free to pass out now, I've done all I can for you." Hoseok smiles at him, and Yoongi kneels down on the floor to pull Hoseok's socks off.

"Hyung," Hoseok says. He sounds so grave all of a sudden.

Yoongi balls up Hoseok's socks and tosses both into the laundry hamper on the other side of the room. He turns to look up at Hoseok when the silence stretches. "What?" he asks.

Hoseok reaches down to finger the uneven ends of Yoongi's hair, pressed flat against his forehead beneath the snapback, and he tugs. "Nothing," he says, and smiles at Yoongi so sweetly that Yoongi can't help but smile back at him. "You need a haircut. I love you."

Yoongi freezes, staring up at Hoseok with his mouth hanging open, his heart pounding in his ears. Hoseok's fingernails graze Yoongi's forehead and Yoongi jerks back, falling on his ass. "Yeah, I—" Yoongi begins, and clears his throat. "Me too," he manages, his voice so rough he barely recognizes it. "Me too," he repeats, and he sounds more like himself. He clambers onto his knees between Hoseok's spread thighs and sits up to cup Hoseok's jaw in his palm. It's unlikely Hoseok will even remember this in the morning. Hoseok blinks in the light spilling into the room from the hall, and he looks so gentle and soft as he smiles up at Yoongi. Yoongi leans in to kiss him, and Hoseok laughs, arms snaking around Yoongi's neck to keep him close.

Hoseok runs his tongue from Yoongi's collarbone, up his throat to his ear. "Hey, hyung," he whispers, sucking on Yoongi's earlobe. Yoongi shivers. "Do you wanna fuck? Hyung," Hoseok's voice dips low and raspy, and he nuzzles the side of Yoongi's face with his nose. "Do you want to? You should keep my hat on." Yoongi bites the inside of his cheek and digs his nails into Hoseok's skin as his dick twitches interestedly in his pants. "*Baby*," Hoseok sighs against Yoongi's ear.

Yoongi feels his cheeks warm. "Don't call me that," he grumbles. Hoseok gets in another few kisses, deep and lingering, before Yoongi can wriggle free. "Hold that thought," he says, holding up a finger. Hoseok focuses on it, looks like he's a second away from sucking the tip of it into his mouth. "I'll be right back," Yoongi says, a bit strangled.

Yet, by the time Yoongi's made sure the door's locked, turned off all the lights, saved his work on his laptop, and brushed his teeth... Fifteen minutes after he interrupted Yoongi from his work, Hoseok's fast asleep with his face mashed into Yoongi's pillow. Yoongi sighs and undresses. He shoves Hoseok away from his side of the bed but snuggles up against his side. Hoseok curls around Yoongi from behind and Yoongi drifts off with Hoseok's lips pressed against the nape of his neck.

*

(Guns. There are guns going off inside his head. Metallic pings as bullets hit the floor, loud rapid fire *bam bam bam bam bam*. He shifts on the bed, pulling one of the pillows up over his ear. It deadens the sound somewhat but does little to lessen the sick pounding feeling in the base of his skull. "Why," Hoseok groans.

"You fell asleep on me when we were gonna fuck," Yoongi replies, turning up the volume on the television and switching to what sounds like a machine gun. "I'm still upset."

"I'm sorry, hyung," Hoseok whimpers. "I didn't mean it."

Blessedly, the game mutes. "There's water and painkillers beside you," Yoongi says, after a moment. "That'll help. Go back to sleep. I'll blow you later if you want.")

Chapter End Notes

happy valentine's day, i love you.

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

morning sex (well, morning-ish)

Chapter Notes

lay with me, i'll lay with you
we'll do the things that lovers do
put the stars in our eyes
and with heart shaped bruises
and late night kisses, divine
(toothpaste kisses, the maccabees)

still not the i love yous, but, y'know, kinda the i love yous. (i swear i'll actually write the real ones soon)

takes place a day or two after the last chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok wakes to a soft, warm touch trailing across his back. It's comforting, and he lingers on the precipice of dreams and wakefulness, not eager to fall back asleep or fully awake or do anything at all but enjoy the soothing sweeps of Yoongi's fingertips on his skin. The fan hums as it rotates from its perch atop the dresser, doing little but blow the air around. After a while, Hoseok comes to realize that Yoongi is not weaving idle patterns, but writing entire sentences along his spine when he recognizes the words '*I can't imagine my life without you in it*,' and '*I'm glad that I met you.*'

With a fond sigh, Hoseok means to ask, "What time is it?" His words come out slow and slurred though, half-unintelligible like his tongue's grown too large for his mouth.

Yoongi's finger halts mid-syllable, and the warmth of his hand leaves Hoseok's back. "Early," he answers, after a pause.

The bedroom is dark when Hoseok blinks his eyes open, but he can see a thin outline of light around the sheet pinned over the window. He doesn't remember being disturbed after he fell asleep just before midnight. "What time did you come to bed last night?" he yawns.

"Just now," Yoongi admits, and he touches Hoseok's back again, finishing the '*I love you*' that he had started before.

Hoseok has to bury his face into his pillow to hide a smile. "Do you have anywhere else to be right now?" he asks, and when Yoongi

replies with a muttered *no*, Hoseok turns over to snare his arms around Yoongi's waist and haul him in close. "Good," he murmurs, and as he presses a sleepy kiss to his forehead, he feels Yoongi's mouth curl into a small smile against his shoulder.

It's too hot to stay so close together for long. Yoongi shifts in Hoseok's hold, rolling onto his back. His fingers curl around the nape of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok kisses Yoongi's shoulder. His body feels so tense under Hoseok's arms, pent-up energy thrumming under his skin. It's familiar; Yoongi doesn't always come to bed too hyped up to sleep, but it happens often enough that Hoseok knows the best ways to help him relax and release that tension.

"Hyung," Hoseok murmurs as his hand smooths down Yoongi's chest. Yoongi hums, nails digging into the back of Hoseok's neck. "What do you want me to do?"

"I haven't decided yet," Yoongi replies, turning his head to kiss Hoseok's throat. His lips are soft and warm, dragging wet over Hoseok's skin. Hoseok trails his fingertips over Yoongi's ribs, and Yoongi squirms toward him with a low laugh, lifting his head to catch Hoseok's mouth. They kiss slow and lazy, Yoongi's fingers carding through Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok smiles. The kiss builds until it's wet and hot, impatient to the point of being almost sloppy, fingers curving under waistbands and lifting shirt hems out of the way in their haste to get their hands on each other.

Hoseok curves his hand around Yoongi's cock just as Yoongi's nails scrape over Hoseok's hipbone. They slowly work each other over until they're both hard; Hoseok tucks his face into Yoongi's shoulder, listening to Yoongi's soft whining breaths.

"Hoseok-ah," Yoongi murmurs into Hoseok's hair, "I want you to fuck me." He kisses Hoseok's temple and pulls away from Hoseok to grab the bottle of lube and a condom from the bedside table. Hoseok sits up to pull the waistband of Yoongi's boxers down and wiggles out of his own clothes.

Afterward, he gently pushes on Yoongi's shoulder until he lies on his front, one leg raised. He doesn't waste time, slipping slicked fingers into Yoongi's body. Yoongi moans right out loud at the stretch, and buries his face in a pillow to try and keep the noise down. Hoseok moves slow and careful, fingers twisting and parting and curling. He presses kisses to the nape of Yoongi's neck as he works.

The fan blows air that's scarcely cooler than the rest of the room, offering little relief. Hoseok wipes sweat from his forehead off onto his forearm. "You're so good, hyung," he murmurs into Yoongi's ear. "I'll make you feel so good." Hoseok presses his mouth against Yoongi's shoulder and tastes the salt on his skin. He wants to say, '*I love you, too*,' but holds off for now. He doesn't want to be the first one to say it out loud.

Yoongi keeps letting out these needy little whining moans, angling his hips so Hoseok's fingers slide deeper inside, and grinding his cock against the blankets for some friction. "That's enough," he murmurs, but still whines at the loss when Hoseok draws back to roll the condom on.

Hoseok runs his hands up over Yoongi's legs. His thumbs curl into the creases where Yoongi's ass meets his thighs, holding him open as Hoseok nudges the head of his cock against him. Yoongi twists the sheets in his fists, knuckles white, and presses back onto Hoseok until his cock slips inside him. He tries to muffle his moan in the pillow, but it doesn't work; it sounds almost like a sob of relief.

Hoseok pushes in slow and deliberate. It's too hot for this, but Hoseok can't help it. He wraps his arm around Yoongi's waist to keep his body close until he bottoms out, hips flush to Yoongi's ass. Yoongi's muscles clench and shift. Hoseok whispers Yoongi's name, almost reverent. He sucks a bruise on Yoongi's shoulder and waits, letting his eyes fall shut. Their combined breathing is loud, a harsh contrast to the quiet morning stillness. With each breath, Hoseok can feel Yoongi relaxing around him, more and more until,

"C'mon," Yoongi mutters. He reaches back and pinches Hoseok's ass. "Fucking *move* already, Hoseok-ah." He twists the skin pinched between his thumb and forefinger, and Hoseok's hips jerk forward at the pain.

"Fuck, alright," Hoseok laughs, breathless. "Asshole." He starts out careful and gentle, all long, deep thrusts that have him pulling almost all the way out before he rolls his hips back inside.

Yoongi turns his head to rest on the pillow, eyelids fluttering shut. "That's good," he sighs.

'*I love you*,' Hoseok imagines writing on Yoongi's sweat-damp skin wherever he touches: the palm of his hand lying flat on Yoongi's belly, fingertips brushing the head of his cock; his cheek resting on Yoongi's

back between his shoulder blades; with each slow forward roll of his hips so Yoongi feels each and every inch.

"Faster," Yoongi whispers. He rises up on his hands and knees and pushes back into Hoseok's next thrust, forcing him to both speed up and go deeper. Yoongi moans, wordless but pleading.

Hoseok grunts, his fingers digging into Yoongi's hipbones as he complies, setting a faster pace. "I can do that," he breathes, and slams forward. Yoongi pushes back to meet him each time, his hands twisting and curling in the sheets. The bed frame squeaks and rattles against the wall, clear over the hum of the fan running and the slick wet sound of lube and their skin slapping together with each thrust.

Yoongi loses his balance, falling forward onto his elbows. Hoseok groans at the new angle but scoops Yoongi back up with an arm curled around his waist. He braces the both of them against the wall and keeps fucking him, shorter thrusts that stay deeper. Yoongi curls his hand around his own cock and fucks his fist, head falling back onto Hoseok's shoulder.

"I can't imagine my life without you, either," Hoseok gasps against Yoongi's ear, just before Yoongi comes with a shocked little yelp. He clenches down hard and Hoseok follows him over the edge soon after, hips undulating into Yoongi until they both slip back down onto the mattress, panting and sweaty.

Hoseok deals with the condom, tying it off and dropping it into the little garbage can beside the bed. He flops back on the mattress, fanning himself with both hands. It doesn't to help cool him down at all.

"What the fuck did you say to me," Yoongi grumbles.

Hoseok turns his head to see Yoongi lying on his front with his face buried in the sheets. With the sun truly risen now, Hoseok can just make out the pink flush dusting Yoongi's cheeks in the dim light. He grins, sliding across the short distance between them and whispers, "I said, I can't imagine my life without you either, hyung."

He blows a raspberry then, and Yoongi jerks his head away with a scowl, hands rising up to cup his ear protectively and shove at Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok rolls with it, laughing as he comes to a halt sprawled out on his back again. "I'm glad that I met you, too, hyung," he murmurs after a while, reaching out to tangle his fingers with Yoongi's.

Yoongi's still scowling, but it softens somewhat. He squeezes Hoseok's hand. "Shut up, Hoseok-ah," he says, and yawns.

Chapter End Notes

the next chapter *should* be their first date/how they meet BUT WE'LL SEE HOW THAT GOES LOL....

(also if i may draw your attention to this tag please, it gives me so much joy... ok bye)

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

yoongi and the terrible awful horrible no good very bad day

Chapter Notes

i'll come closer to you
if you come closer
i know we'll go further
with you i'm in warm water, swimming down
(warm water, banks)

takes place a few months after their first anniversary

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(The keypad beeps and the lock rattles as the deadbolt turns over. The door opens with a creak. "Hey," Yoongi calls, and shuts the door behind him.

"Hey," Hoseok replies, somewhat distracted; this drama is finally starting to get good. There comes a loud thump as Yoongi drops his bag on the floor, followed by a series of stumbling shuffles as he kicks off his shoes (presumably right in front of the door because he's an asshole that loves to do that, no matter how many times Hoseok asks him to move his shit. There is a shoe rack for a goddamn reason, hyung, *why is this such a difficult concept for you to grasp?*) Hoseok reaches out to grab the remote and turns the volume up on the television.

There is silence, for a while, and Hoseok enjoys a few uninterrupted minutes of the show. The toilet flushes and the tap runs, followed by Yoongi's indistinct grumbling as he stumbles past the open bedroom door. The fridge opens with a rattling clink and then shuts. There is a brief pause before it is opened once more and closes for the final time with a decisive snap. Yoongi comes into the room after that, and Hoseok glances up from commercials to catch the briefest glimpse of a stormy expression on Yoongi's face before he all but drops down on top of Hoseok.

The air hisses out of Hoseok's lungs. "*Ow*, what the fuck," Hoseok gasps. Yoongi shifts, but he makes no attempt to get off. "Nice to see you too, hyung." Hoseok winds his arms around Yoongi. "Rough day?" he ventures after he's got his breath back, even though he already can tell the answer. True enough, Yoongi only groans and nuzzles his face

into the crook of Hoseok's neck, his breath warm and damp against his skin. Hoseok sighs, his gaze drifting back to the television screen as he strokes Yoongi's back. "I conned Seokjin hyung into making us dinner," he murmurs. "Why don't you take a nap? I'll wake you up when it's time to eat."

They shuffle awkwardly on the sofa until they both end up on their sides, facing each other. Hoseok brushes his lips over Yoongi's forehead and combs his fingers through Yoongi's hair. Yoongi grumbles exhausted protests out of principle more than anything, but soon falls asleep with his hands curled in the front of Hoseok's shirt and their legs slotted together. Hoseok lowers the volume on the television again, and settles back to watch the conclusion of the episode, stroking up and down Yoongi's spine absently.)

*

Yoongi wakes to soft murmuring voices and delicious smells wafting from the kitchen. His stomach rumbles, and he rolls onto his side with a quiet groan. He glances at the clock on the bedside table across the room, but has no reference to compare the current time to. He doesn't know how long he's slept; it feels like too much and not enough at the same time. His eyes hurt, and his tongue feels fuzzy and dry in his mouth. Dimly, he remembers the exam he bombed that afternoon, and he covers his face with another moan of displeasure.

"...You should go wake him up," Yoongi hears Seokjin's voice, distant and distorted by oil sizzling in the pan. "He won't be able to sleep later..."

Hoseok doesn't respond right away, his silence punctuated with the steady thump of a knife against the chopping board. Finally, he says, cryptically, "Midterms."

Another pause, longer this time. Seokjin prompts, "And?"

A heavy sigh, even over the loud crackle as something's added to the pan. "*And* he's been running himself ragged studying all the time. I've barely seen him in weeks — he's either in class, or studying, or with Namjoon in their little studio." Yoongi closes his eyes, his fingers curling in the blanket Hoseok covered him with when he got up. He hears a loud thunk, like heels hitting the kitchen cabinets. Hokseok must be sitting on the counter. "You remember what it's like, hyung. I don't think he's gotten more than ten hours of sleep collectively in over a week, you know?" Hoseok sighs again, and Yoongi bites his lip.

"Since he's here now, I'm letting him rest. Once he gets a proper meal in him, I'm gonna toss him into the tub with one of his bathbombs so he'll relax. After that, I'll tie him to the bed if I have to, so he can get a decent rest for once. He needs it."

"Kinky," Seokjin says after another long pause, and Hoseok's laugh fills the kitchen.

He must fall back asleep at some point, because the next thing he's aware of is Hoseok shaking him awake. Yoongi blinks his eyes open to see Hoseok smiling down at him. He groans and buries his face back into the pillow.

"Wake up, hyung," Hoseok murmurs. He leans down to trail kisses along Yoongi's jaw. "Come on, dinner's ready."

Yoongi feels Hoseok start to get up, and he grabs Hoseok's hand before he can get too far away. He draws Hoseok back until he sits down on the edge of the couch, rolls over and pulls Hoseok in for a proper hello. Yoongi licks into Hoseok's mouth and rakes his nails down Hoseok's spine through his thin t-shirt, amused when Hoseok shivers and moves in closer with a little whine, tilting his head to the side to deepen the kiss. Yoongi sighs into Hoseok's mouth. He's *missed* this.

Hoseok curls his hands around Yoongi's wrists, and he gently pulls Yoongi's fingers free from his hair. He nibbles Yoongi's lip before he sits back up. "Seokjin hyung's still here," Hoseok whispers. His cheeks are flushed the most adorable shade of pink Yoongi's ever seen. Yoongi just wants to drag him back down and kiss him for the rest of the night. Instead, he lets Hoseok haul him up by the hold he has on his wrists, but to console himself, he sucks a faint mark into the crook of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok squirms away, ticklish. "Later," he promises, bumping his forehead against Yoongi's, his lips curved into a fond smile.

"I'm coming in there now," Seokjin calls loudly, "and I want hands where I can see them." Hoseok snorts, pulling away to clear off the coffee table as Seokjin comes into the room bearing a pot of jjigae.

Seokjin and Hoseok keep themselves entertained through dinner, not seeming to mind when Yoongi retreats into himself. He eats mechanically, reviewing his notes from earlier in his head. He still has four more chapters to go over for his next paper tomorrow and he fidgets, uneasy. He really ought to head back to the library now.

Something Seokjin says make Hoseok laugh, jolting Yoongi back into

the present. Well. Maybe he doesn't have to leave *quite* yet. He ducks his head to hide a smile, and moves his leg forward until his toes brush against Hoseok's calf. Hoseok twitches in surprise, and Yoongi slides his foot up to Hoseok's knee.

Hoseok's fingers wrap tight around Yoongi's ankle as he starts to inch along his inner thigh and even higher. Hoseok's's still listening to Seokjin's story about some customer he had to deal with at the clothing store where he works as if nothing is amiss. His bowl sits empty on the table. Seokjin is still eating, waving his chopsticks in the air to emphasize his story. Hoseok's grip slackens, and Yoongi takes the chance to run his toes along the inseam of Hoseok's jeans. Hoseok's cheeks turn that same cute shade of pink, and he shoots Yoongi a dirty look.

Yoongi catches Hoseok's gaze and licks his lips, slow and deliberate. Hoseok's blush spreads and deepens, and the corner of Yoongi's mouth lifts in the faintest smirk. Sharp nails dig into the soft, vulnerable strip of skin between the top of Yoongi's sock and the hem on his jeans, pinching and twisting. Yoongi yelps and kicks his foot free from Hoseok's grasp, smacking Hoseok low in the belly, and knocking his knee against the underside of the table hard enough to bruise. Hoseok folds forward, clutching his middle and wheezing.

Seokjin's gaze flicks between the two of them, narrowed eyes suspicious as he takes in the pink tips of Hoseok's ears and his slouched posture over the table, and Yoongi's heated cheeks. "Are you fucking kidding me?" He laughs in disbelief, setting his empty bowl down onto the coffee table with a clatter.

The smile Yoongi offers Seokjin is sheepish. "Sorry, hyung," he says. "It's, uh," his hand drops down to cover the deep imprints of Hoseok's nails in his skin. It still stings. "It's been a while."

"I'm sorry too, hyung," Hoseok mumbles, still lying face down across the coffee table. "Even though this one wasn't my fault."

"You're both gross," Seokjin sighs. He reaches out to ruffle Hoseok's hair before he clambers to his feet. "It's pretty late anyway, I should head home before I miss the last bus," he says, and smiles. "Come and see me tomorrow, Hoseok-ah, I'll be at the store in Myeongdong."

Hoseok lifts his head from the table to nod at Seokjin. He's still blushing, Yoongi notes with a spike of pleasure. "I'll bring you an apology present," Hoseok says, and pushes his hair out of his eyes.

"What do you want?"

"Lunch. Somewhere expensive of course," Seokjin says. Hoseok sighs as if that's exactly what he expected, and Seokjin's smile widens. "I'll see myself out. Thanks for the invite and have a good night, you pervs."

Yoongi gets up and begins clearing the table while Hoseok trails after Seokjin at the door. Yoongi packs up the leftovers to put into the fridge, and watches out the corner of his eye as Hoseok wraps Seokjin up in a hug. "Bye, hyung," Yoongi calls, when Seokjin opens the door. Seokjin waves in reply, and closes the door behind him.

Hoseok walks into the kitchen to press Yoongi up against the counter. Yoongi's breath catches in his throat, and Hoseok leans in close. "So what the fuck was all that about?" he asks.

Yoongi grins and slips his hands into Hoseok's back pockets. "It *has* been a while," he answers, and wets his lips. They're standing close enough that his tongue catches on Hoseok's mouth. As Hoseok shivers, Yoongi drags his parted lips over Hoseok's and flicks the tip of his tongue over the bow of Hoseok's upper lip. Hoseok hums fondly in the back of his throat and curls a hand around the nape of Yoongi's neck.

"Bath time," Hoseok murmurs into Yoongi's mouth after they part to breathe. He takes a step back, lips quirking into a smile as Yoongi makes a wordless noise of protest. His hand slips down Yoongi's arm to twine their fingers together and pull.

"Sure, but only if you get in with me," Yoongi says, tightening his grip on Hoseok's fingers as Hoseok leads the way to the bathroom.

Hoseok half-turns to frown at Yoongi, hand reaching out blindly to flick the bathroom light on. "I don't think we'll fit in the tub," he says. "Where do you keep your shit?"

"Under the sink," Yoongi replies, pulling his shirt up over his head and making his way over to the bathtub to turn the water on and plug the drain. "I don't care which one you pick," he says, pushing his jeans down his thighs.By the time Hoseok's made his choice, Yoongi's stripped down and testing the water temperature. He hears Hoseok's clothes hit the floor in short order, and Hoseok's steps as he crosses the space between them. Hoseok's hands are warm as the trail over Yoongi's skin, over his hipbones and up over his back. Hoseok bends his head to press a kiss to Yoongi's shoulder blade. The bathbomb colours the water a soft green and the scent of lemongrass perfumes

the air.

They continue where they left off in the kitchen while the tub fills, Yoongi's palms curved over the swell of Hoseok's ass and Hoseok's fingers folded around the nape of Yoongi's neck as he directs the kiss. Hoseok nips at Yoongi's lips, and Yoongi makes an involuntary little noise. In retaliation, Yoongi digs his nails into Hoseok's skin and revels in the shudder that rolls down Hoseok's spine. The mark on Hoseok's neck is darker now, and Yoongi leaves still more, mouth trailing over his collarbone and chest.

The water threatens to overflow when Yoongi settles between Hoseok's spread thighs in the bath. It's the perfect temperature, comfortable in a way that isn't too hot or too cold. Yoongi leans back against Hoseok's chest and lets out a contented sigh. Hoseok's arms slip around Yoongi's waist, and he presses a kiss to the side of Yoongi's neck. Steam curls up towards the ceiling, and for a while Yoongi drifts, lulled by the water and Hoseok's steady breaths. His eyes fall shut. This is exactly what he needed.

Yoongi's skin is slick and smooth from the oils in the bath bomb, easing the movement of Hoseok's fingers as he massages Yoongi's shoulders. The water's cooled, but it's still warm. Hoseok strokes over Yoongi's chest and down his arms and both of his hands. Yoongi moans right out loud, fingers tightening around Hoseok's. He lifts Hoseok's hands one at a time to press kisses to the Hoseok's palms, and rolls over to perch in Hoseok's lap, their already half-hard cocks lined up against each other.

Water spills over the side of the tub, but Yoongi doesn't care, curving wet fingers around the nape of Hoseok's neck as he leaves kiss after kiss after kiss until they're both laughing and gasping for breath. Yoongi's free hand drops down between them, fingers wrapping around their cocks. Hoseok massages down Yoongi's spine, and his hands slip further down, kneading Yoongi's ass. This time Yoongi's moan is muffled in Hoseok's mouth.

"Please," Yoongi pulls back to whisper, eyes blinking open to watch the subtle changes to Hoseok's face as his cock hardens. He catches his lower lip between his teeth, and lets his thumb swipe over the head of Hoseok's cock with each stroke. Hoseok's hips jerk, sloshing more water onto the floor. "Want you."

Hoseok starts to smile before he even opens his eyes. "Yeah?" he asks a little breathlessly, and leans forward to kiss Yoongi's cheek sweetly.

"Let's get out then, I'm cold."

They dry off and brush their teeth, but Hoseok keeps getting distracted and peppering kisses all over Yoongi's exposed skin. Yoongi shoves him off, and laughs outright when Hoseok elbows him right back to spit a mouthful of toothpaste foam into the sink. Afterward, Hoseok takes Yoongi by the hand and together they stumble out of the bathroom, more concerned with kissing than with paying attention to where they're going. Yoongi bangs his elbow on the bedroom doorway that's certain to leave a nasty bruise tomorrow, but with the way Hoseok keeps sucking on his tongue he can't quite bring himself to care.

Yoongi twines his free hand in Hoseok's hair and pulls just to hear Hoseok's choked off moan. Hoseok falls back onto the couch and hauls Yoongi down on top of him. Yoongi brushes his lips along Hoseok's jaw, hand wrapping around Hoseok's cock, stroking him back to full hardness. Hoseok groans, and slips his hand down to Yoongi.

It's all awkward angles and elbows, and Hoseok keeps pulling away from Yoongi's kisses to stifle laughter into Yoongi's shoulder. Eventually Yoongi gets fed up enough with Hoseok's faltering rhythm that he smacks Hoseok's hand out of the way and takes care of them both himself. Hoseok sucks kisses down the side of Yoongi's throat, his fingertips trailing up over Yoongi's spine. Yoongi drops his forehead down onto Hoseok's shoulder and gasps for breath. Hoseok comes first with a whining moan and nails digging into Yoongi's back. He trembles all over, and slips a hand down to join Yoongi's around his cock. Hoseok sucks a bruise hard and sharp onto Yoongi's shoulder, and it's too much. Yoongi cries out, coming in spurts onto their tangled hands.

His heartbeat slows, and Hoseok pulls him in for another gentle kiss, palm cupping Yoongi's cheek, thumb stroking lazy arcs over Yoongi's cheekbone. Yoongi nuzzles into Hoseok's side, blinking slow and yawning. The drying come on Yoongi's skin is starting to get itchy. His clean hand smooths up over Hoseok's chest, and he smiles tiredly when he feels Hoseok's lips brush against his chin and jaw. He could probably fall asleep right here. The blanket from earlier is probably still wadded up on the floor beneath the coffee table where he left it.

Too soon, Hoseok pulls away. he stumbles off, and Yoongi listens as the tub drains, and as the tap turns on. After a moment, Hoseok returns, wet cloth in hand. He's already cleaned himself, his damp skin glistening in the bedside lamp light. He passes the cloth to Yoongi,

who gratefully cleans off his stomach and his hand, and Hoseok drops down onto the bed with a loud groan. The mattress creaks, and sheets rustle as Hoseok draws the blankets up over his shoulder. He reaches out to turn off the bedside light.

Yoongi dumps the cloth onto the coffee table to deal with in the morning before sliding under the covers, cuddling close to Hoseok. He presses his forehead to Hoseok's back. "Thank you," he murmurs, after a while.

Hoseok stays quiet for so long, Yoongi almost thinks he's fallen asleep. Finally, he rolls over onto his back and whispers, "Don't disappear for so long next time."

"I'll try," he says. Neither of them quite believes that, but Hoseok hums and rolls onto his side, lips soft as he kisses Yoongi's shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

> hEY yeah it's been a while (again) — i've been super busy and super sick, i'm so sorry! i know i said the next chapter would be their first date, but it's harder to write than i was expecting it to be. i'll try my best to finish it up to my satisfaction, but i can't promise it'll be posted any time soon...
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

separation

Chapter Notes

takes place two months (and a few weeks) after chapter 9/their two year anniversary.

nothing to warn for this time, i don't think??? i just wanted something cute and gross idk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's cold when Yoongi begins to wake, and he instinctively rolls towards Hoseok's side of the bed for warmth. His hands smooth over cool, undisturbed sheets, and that's when he remembers with a sinking feeling in his chest that Hoseok's not there. Just like yesterday, and the two mornings before that.

With a sigh, Yoongi cocoons himself in the blanket in the middle of the mattress and frowns up at the ceiling. The pale January sunlight shines through the gap in the blackout curtains, a strip of grey light cutting through the dark. He doesn't know how much sleep he managed to get; it doesn't feel like enough. He can't remember this bed ever feeling quite so big before, and it's unsettling. Yoongi closes his eyes, taking deep, measured breaths through his nose. There's no point in trying to fall back asleep, because he can already tell it's not going to happen. He ought to get up — he has classes to get to at some point today. Doesn't he? His frown deepens. What day is it, even?

His phone buzzes on the bedside table. With some difficulty, he works an arm free from the confines of the blanket and slaps around for his phone without opening his eyes. His hand comes down hard on the table edge, and he hisses a pained breath through his teeth as he tries again, palm stinging. Finally, his fingers close on the corner of his phone and he pulls it close enough to squint at the screen.

It's Monday, apparently, and there's a message notification from Hoseok. He sent a batch of photos: a sunrise at some beach in Busan; Jimin doing a weird yoga pose in the sand while Jungkook looks on with a judgemental expression on his face; one of the three of them with broad grins and giving each other rabbit ears; and a shot of Hoseok on his own, lips puckered and eyes shut tight against the sun warming his face. Every photo has the same caption: '*GOOD*

MORNING BABE GET UP YOU HAVE SHIT TO DO LOVE YOU MISS YOU'

Yoongi smiles despite himself. He taps out a reply and unravels himself from his cocoon, making his stumbling way towards the bathroom to piss and shower. By the time he returns, Hoseok has sent his response.

[07:18:01] **Yoongi:** but what if i stayed in bed all day instead? you can't stop me
[07:29:59] **Hoseok:** you have a massive paper due this morning for music theory
[07:30:07] **Hoseok:** worth 30% of your final grade
[07:30:13] **Hoseok:** you told me to remind you before i left, i even put an alert in my phone so i'd remember
[07:30:25] **Hoseok:** hyung
[07:30:30] **Hoseok:** hey don't ignore me
[07:33:57] **Hoseok:** I GOT UP EARLY FOR THIS YOU LITTLE SHIT
[07:47:31] **Yoongi:** calm down, i was in the shower
[07:48:05] **Hoseok:** oh cool send me nudes
[07:48:11] **Yoongi:** no fuck off
[07:48:12] **Hoseok:** hyung
[07:48:20] **Yoongi:** maybe later
[07:48:34] **Hoseok:** i love you
[07:48:43] **Yoongi:** i love you too

Yoongi gets his paper in on time but spends the rest of the day adrift, unfocused and disoriented. He decides to skip his last lecture for the day in favour of going home to nap. The train ride home is short, and he spends most of it fighting to stay awake.

He stops in at the convenience store a block away from the train station for a snack and a couple cans of coffee and walks the rest of the way home, dragging his feet. The hinges squeak when he pushes the apartment door open, and Yoongi makes a mental note to fix that later. He walks into the bedroom and drops the plastic convenience store bag on the floor when he sees Hoseok curled up on Yoongi's side of their bed. Hoseok's wearing one of Yoongi's favourite shirts, soft with age, the screen-printed band logo long faded into obscurity.

Instead of waking him, Yoongi strips down to a t-shirt and shorts and

climbs into the bed. Hoseok doesn't stir, not even when Yoongi slides his cold hands beneath the hem of Hoseok's shirt to rest low on his warm belly. Yoongi presses his lips to the nape of Hoseok's neck and lets the slow, steady beat of Hoseok's heart lull him to sleep.

He wakes a few hours later, as Hoseok rolls over. Yoongi rolls too, to end up on his back with Hoseok half on top of him. Hoseok tucks his face into the side of Yoongi's neck and yawns, "Hi."

"Welcome home," Yoongi murmurs. "Missed your big dumb face." Hoseok laughs and smacks Yoongi's shoulder half-heartedly. Yoongi smiles, shifting under Hoseok's weight so Hoseok can fit between his thighs, "I thought you weren't coming home until tomorrow night."

Hoseok shrugs. His breath is damp and hot against Yoongi's skin. "The kids wanted to visit their families," he replies, "so they're staying an extra week. I didn't want to stay at the hotel on my own and decided to just come home." His hand smooths over Yoongi's ribs, sliding down his side to curve fingers around Yoongi's hipbone. "Besides, I missed you," he adds, voice so soft it's more like a breath. His lips graze the side of Yoongi's neck. "Couldn't sleep in that big hotel bed by myself."

"Is that the real reason you were up so early this morning? You were waiting for the train?" Yoongi asks, and Hoseok hums in response. "When's the next one, again?"

"What, the next train? How should I fucking— oh, the workshop? A couple months," Hoseok replies, thumb rubbing absent circles on Yoongi's hipbone. "It's in Seoul, though. I'll have to be up early and won't get home until late, but I'll still be *here*."

Yoongi sighs, walking his fingertips up and down Hoseok's spine. "Good. Do you want to order in chicken for dinner?"

"Pizza," Hoseok mumbles, fingertips digging into Yoongi's hip.

Yoongi groans. "I just ate pizza yesterday, though," he complains. "You like chicken, let's just get the chicken."

"I hear what you're saying," Hoseok murmurs, and Yoongi can feel his lips quirking into a crooked smile against the side of his neck. "I've got a counter-offer," he says, lips moving slow and wet against Yoongi's skin. "Consider pizza with chicken *on* it, perhaps."

Yoongi squirms, ticklish. "You're not going to win," he says, voice coming out low and breathy.

"I know," Hoseok sighs, a gust of warm air over the damp patch on Yoongi's neck, and Yoongi shivers. "But it's worth a shot."

Yoongi smiles, and presses his cheek against the top of Hoseok's head. "You should be glad I know what I want for dinner, for once."

"Yeah, usually you're like: '*Oh*, I don't care what we get,'" Hoseok says, using his favourite (awful) imitation of Yoongi's voice. "'Whatever you want, but then I'll say I don't feel like anything you suggest because I'm asshole.'"

Yoongi twists up to nip Hoseok's ear. Hoseok's yelp hitches into a giggle and he tries to roll away, but Yoongi anchors him in place with arms and legs. "I don't sound like that," Yoongi grumbles.

"You *do*," Hoseok gasps. "'I'm- I'm Min Yoongi and I'm so cool—'" His voice wobbles, whole body trembling as he fights to keep his laughter in check. "'I never clean up after myself—'" Yoongi tries to muffle his own laugh in Hoseok's shoulder. It doesn't work, and he smacks Hoseok's ass to distract him, instead. "*Ow!* 'I'm trying to become one with the mattress so I never have to move again—'" Yoongi spanks Hoseok again. "*Ow*, fuck off, it's not my fault you can't handle perfection," Hoseok mutters, wiggling on top of Yoongi. "'*Swag*.'"

"Shit, alright," Yoongi breathes, "alright. That last one sounded like me." He damn near hears Hoseok's grin spread across his face, and Yoongi clears his throat. Two can play at this. "'Oh, I'm Hoseok,'" he says, adopting a ridiculous falsetto (that still pales in comparison to how high Hoseok can squeak himself when he puts his mind to it), shrill and thoroughly inaccurate. "'Do your laundry and pick your shit up, or—'" His voice cracks and Hoseok bursts out laughing, but Yoongi soldiers on, raising his volume to keep speaking over him, "'Pick your shit up, or I'm gonna bite you!'" He licks his lips, considering what to say next. "'But I'm really hot when I do that thing with my hips—'"

"...What thing?" Hoseok asks curiously, still laughing and out of breath. He slithers free of Yoongi's hold just enough to prop himself up on his elbows and rolls his hips down against Yoongi's. Yoongi bites down hard on his lower lip, nails digging into Hoseok's back through his shirt, having trouble focusing on anything but the hot press of Hoseok's body. "This thing?"

Yoongi shakes his head and his arms tighten reflexively around Hoseok's waist. "But you are hot when you do that," he mumbles, meeting Hoseok's gaze. "I meant when you dance, though." Hoseok's

eyes crinkle at the corners as he smiles. "I watched the freestyle video you posted on Youtube a few nights ago. The one Jimin recorded at your workshop," Yoongi murmurs, sliding his hands up underneath the hem of Hoseok's shirt. Hoseok's skin is warm against his cold fingertips, as he strokes his hands over Hoseok's lower back. "Jerked off to it until I passed out."

Hoseok's smile slants into one of his more devastating smirks, and Yoongi feels his breath catch in his throat. "Oh yeah?" he asks, and sits up on his heels. Yoongi's hands slide off his back. "Show me?"

"Yeah," Yoongi exhales, and smooths a hand down his chest to cup his dick through his boxers. Hoseok sucks in a breath through his teeth as if *he's* the one being touched, slightly parted lips pink and shiny from a recent swipe of his tongue. His pupils are blown wide beneath heavy lids. Yoongi bites back a smile. "But only *after* you order me chicken, though, go on," he says, and makes shooing motions with his hands.

Hoseok falls back onto the bed with with a loud groan of Yoongi's name. He lands too close to the edge, though, and slips right off the mattress to land on the hard floor with a loud *thud*. He moans, and Yoongi scrambles over to check on him. "What the fuck," Yoongi manages to gasp out between giggles. "Are you okay?" Hoseok shakes his head. He's sprawled on the floor with his knees still hooked over the edge of the mattress, red faced and shaking with silent laughter save for the occasional wheezing squeak, tears streaming from his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

sorry this took so long, life happens

upside: i've got two more chapters in varying stages of completeness and a free sunday coming up, so i'll try to get the next couple chapters up soon! (a chapter of florist au is also nearly finished, if... anyone's interested in that...)

see ya when i see ya (seriously come yell at me if i haven't posted in a week)

lmao can you tell i write half of these chapters when i'm tired and want to nap...

curtains revisited

Chapter Notes

words, they fail
i wish that i could shout
(for you, fyfe)

takes place the night of chapters two and three. (can i just say how surreal it is to be finally writing this? I HAD PARTS OF THIS CHAPTER PLANNED OUT IN *AUGUST*. what the heck, why do i write so slow...)

warnings for: ...riding? i guess? idek? idt there's anything to really warn for this time ???

this is totally sugafix's fault ok, omg

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi knocks his forehead against the closed door of the apartment, willing his fingers to move from the doorknob to punch in the code on the keypad. The strap of his bag slips from his slumped shoulder to the crook of his elbow. What a long day. He takes a deep, shaking breath and blinks his eyes open in surprise as the knob turns underneath his hand. He stumbles forward, and Hoseok's arms come up around his waist to catch him. Yoongi's heart pounds in his throat, his nails dug deep into the door frame on either side of him.

"Oh!" Hoseok starts to laugh. "You're not dinner! Hyung, were you just *standing* out here? Are you okay?" His hand lifts to ruffle Yoongi's hair. "Did you have a good day?"

"I'm fine," Yoongi grumbles. His heart rate slows and he releases his grip on the doorframe. Hoseok's hand strokes down his neck, and it's some sort of pavlovian shit the way all the tension just drains out of his body until he's relaxed against Hoseok's chest. Hoseok smells warm and clean, fresh out of the shower, and the fabric of his t-shirt feels soft beneath Yoongi's cheek. "My day was fine." Yoongi lifts his head before he does something embarrassing, like nuzzle his face into Hoseok's shoulder. He wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue and adds, "It's good to be home, though." Hoseok's smile gentles and he leans down to press their lips together. It's sweet and chaste, and Yoongi curls his fingers in the back of Hoseok's shirt. He sighs when

Hoseok pulls away, reversing their positions until he's the one standing out in the hall. "No leftovers from work tonight?"

Hoseok's arms drop down to his sides, and he digs a few bills from his back pocket. "Nah, I wanted Chinese," he answers. "I let the delivery guy in a minute ago, so he should be here any—" Hoseok glances up the hallway, and his mouth quirks up in a smile, "—second now. Hey!" He steps away from the door and goes to meet the delivery man near the stairs.

Yoongi kicks off his shoes and drops his book bag on the floor, rolling his shoulders with a little groan. He walks into their bedroom to drop down on the edge of the bed and covers his face with his hands. All he wants to do is eat something, fool around a bit and then go to bed. That sounds perfect.

("I still think you should just tell him, hyung." Namjoon tilts his chair back as Yoongi shoves his notebook and pens back into his bag. "It's like ripping off a band-aid, you just have to do it and get it over with."

Yoongi scoops up Hoseok's cake box and frowns at Namjoon. "Like ripping off a band-aid," he echoes in monotone, tilting his head to one side. "Romantic."

Namjoon shakes his head. "You know what I mean, man," he says. "Don't put it off too long waiting for the 'right' moment; you'll just get all in your head about it and psych yourself out."

"Yeah, yeah," Yoongi sighs. "You okay for your project now?"

"Of course," Namjoon says, grinning and resting his hands behind his head on the computer chair. "I can already taste the A I'm going to get."

Yoongi rolls his eyes. "I'll see you later," he says, pushing the door open with his hip and trying to sling the strap of his bag over his head at the same time.

"Good luck," Yoongi hears Namjoon mutter once he's out in the hallway.)

The door closes, and Yoongi hears Hoseok's indistinct grumbling as he

stumbles over Yoongi's abandoned sneakers. Yoongi grins. "Hyung," Hoseok calls, "would it kill you to stop leaving your shit right in front of the fucking door? Seriously..."

"It might," Yoongi answers dryly. He props himself up on his elbows to see Hoseok standing in the bedroom doorway, an unimpressed frown on his face. Yoongi's grin widens. "D'you wanna take that risk?"

"If it means I'll stop tripping over your shoes every fucking day, then yes, I do," Hoseok says. "Fuck." He walks over to sit on the couch and sets the stack of cellophane-wrapped bowls down on the coffee table; two servings of jjajangmyeon, dumplings, and a seafood stir-fry. "Come and eat before I change my mind and make you eat nothing but the side dishes for dinner instead," he says and begins to peel off the cellophane covers.

Yoongi skids across the floor on his knees, and comes to a halt in front of the coffee table. He pulls one of the bowls towards himself and offers Hoseok a bright smile before turning his attention to mixing the noodles and sauce together. Hoseok sighs. Over the low hum of the fan, Yoongi can hear street traffic outside, and the murmurs of voices and music from the apartments beside theirs and across the hall. The television volume is on low, some terrible drama Hoseok claims to hate but still watches each week like clockwork. During a commercial, Yoongi stretches his leg out under the table to poke Hoseok's ankle with his toes. "So, did you get to have any of that cake or did Aeyoung eat it all?"

Hoseok finishes chewing his dumpling before he answers. "I got a sliver of it," he says and bumps Yoongi's foot with his own. "It was good, thank you."

"I told her not to eat the whole thing herself," Yoongi laughs, shaking his head. "When I got there she insisted we both try it to make sure it was good enough for you. I ended up being ten minutes late for my first class."

Grinning, Hoseok says, "You two were *bonding*, how cute."

"We were *not*," Yoongi says and gestures back to the television screen before plucking up some prawns from the stir-fry with his chopsticks. "Watch your dumb show."

"You started it," Hoseok grumbles, but he settles back as the drama resumes.

After dinner, Hoseok takes the dishes out for the delivery man to pick up again. When he returns, he sits so his back is leaning against the arm of the couch and spreads his thighs for Yoongi to sit between. Yoongi flips through the channels, taking occasional sips from his beer and listening as Hoseok steers the topic of conversation toward the superficial and superfluous: like the weather (hot and disgusting), or his dance students (so talented), or what he had for lunch (leftovers, how thrilling).

They've both been carefully tip-toeing around The Incident.

Yoongi's grateful. Whenever he thinks about Taehyung and Jimin spying on them, he feels a heavy shame twisting up his gut. Even if they genuinely hadn't meant to at first, the fact that they had *kept* watching something so intimate, had tainted something that had made Yoongi so happy... *"Maybe you should invest in curtains,"* Taehyung's laughing voice echoes in Yoongi's head. They've done it once, who's to say they won't do it again? His cheeks prickle with heat and he ducks his head so Hoseok won't notice.

Nah. Fuck this. *Fuck* them. He's not going to let them ruin it. He will buy proper curtains, but in the meantime... Yoongi sets his empty bottle down on the coffee table and clambers off the couch to rifle through the closet.

"What are you doing, hyung?" Hoseok asks.

Yoongi doesn't reply, crouching down to dig through the folded winter clothes piled on the floor. It *is* in here, he knows, but where... Hoseok likes to organize to the point where Yoongi can't find *anything* when he needs it, and it's fucking annoying. He swears Hoseok does it on purpose sometimes just to fuck with him. At last, his fingers pass over familiar, age-worn fabric. He pulls the old black bedsheet free and shakes it out; the fold marks are caked with dust and it smells musty after being kept in storage for so long, but it'll suit his purposes just fine. He drapes the sheet over the arm of the couch, ignoring the non-verbal questions Hoseok keeps trying to ask via his wiggling eyebrows, and leaves to grab a few thumbtacks from his office.

"Help me," Yoongi says, climbing up onto the couch, grabbing one end of the sheet and beginning to pin it up over the window. Hoseok rolls his eyes, but stands and accepts the tacks Yoongi drops into his palm. Yoongi glances through the window to see Jimin and Taehyung peering through their window across the street. These little shits... Just before Hoseok gets his side of the sheet up and pinned in place,

Yoongi grins brightly and flips them off. There are holes and little rips in the fabric, and Yoongi pokes his fingers through a few of them with a sigh. "This'll work, right?"

"For what, exactly?" Hoseok asks as he sits back down and snatches up his beer from the coffee table, gaze drifting back to the sports review show playing on the television. He missed the game his favourite baseball team won earlier that week and has been trying to watch the highlights of that game ever since.

Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "I just want to fuck you without an audience."

Hoseok chokes, spraying beer all over himself, the couch, and Yoongi's knees through the holes in his jeans. He coughs to clear his throat and wipes his mouth on the back of his hand. After setting his bottle down on the table, he turns the television off and says, "...Okay?" He reaches up to tug Yoongi down to sit on the couch so he can look him in the eye. "Do we need to talk about this morning, hyung?"

Yoongi shakes his head, staring down at the loose hold Hoseok has on his wrist. "Can I fuck you?" he asks. "I mean, do you want me to?"

"Yes," Hoseok replies without hesitation. He doesn't resist when Yoongi sits up on his knees and leans forward to catch his mouth in a kiss. He slides his arms around Yoongi's shoulders, spreading his thighs and pulling Yoongi forward until their chests bump together. Their lips part with a wet sound, amplified in the quiet, and Yoongi watches Hoseok's eyelashes flutter open. His cheeks are just beginning to blush, and Yoongi cups Hoseok's jaw in his palm, thumb stroking over Hoseok's cheekbone. Hoseok licks his lips, tilting his head up to meet Yoongi's gaze. "Bed?" he suggests,

but he doesn't wait for a response. He slides off the sofa and pulls Yoongi to his feet after him. Yoongi leans in close to press wet kisses along Hoseok's collarbones and up his neck as Hoseok backs up toward the bed, towing Yoongi along with his middle fingers hooked in Yoongi's belt loops. As his calves hit the edge of the mattress, Hoseok undoes the fastenings on Yoongi's jeans and shoves the denim and underwear down Yoongi's thighs. Yoongi steps out of the clothes and pulls his shirt up over his head. He kisses Hoseok once, quick, before getting to work on Hoseok's shorts.

Hoseok sighs and tugs his shirt up over his head. "Is the sheet going to be permanent?" he asks. Yoongi looks up from the button on Hoseok's

shorts. "It's just that... No light comes through at all," Hoseok continues and pulls a face. "It's depressing, I hate this. It's awful. I like seeing the streetlights at night."

Yoongi rolls his eyes. "Come on," he says, and pushes on Hoseok's shoulders until he gets the hint and sits down on the edge of the bed. "I bet you won't mind it as much after I blow you," and he sinks down between Hoseok's thighs.

The laminate floor is hard on his knees. Yoongi leans forward to smooth the flat of his tongue along the length of Hoseok's cock. He takes his time with it and keeps his touch teasing and light, mouth moving soft and hot over the head until Hoseok's hips jerk up with a helpless little moan that sounds *almost* like Yoongi's name. Yoongi takes him in deeper then, letting his eyes fall shut. His mouth works at the head and down the shaft, getting Hoseok wet and feeling his cock harden against his tongue. He can taste the sweat on Hoseok's skin, and he breathes in through his nose, sliding forward until he feels the head brush the back of his throat. Yoongi swallows, once, and lets his hand fall to wrap around his own half-hard cock. He jerks himself in time as he bobs his head, swiping his tongue along the underside, and listens to Hoseok's moans and breathless curses.

Hoseok's hips twitch again, and he pushes at Yoongi's shoulders with a whine caught in the back of his throat. Yoongi sits back on his heels and wipes his mouth on the back of his hand as Hoseok gasps, "Hyung, I'm gonna come right now if you keep doing that."

Yoongi presses a gentle kiss to the head of Hoseok's dick. He's fully hard now, flushed red, with precome beading at the tip. Yoongi licks the salty, musky flavour from his lips and looks up at Hoseok through his lashes, half-tempted to just say fuck it and keep sucking him off. Hoseok's thighs are trembling, and Yoongi smooths his palms over his skin.

"Hyung," Hoseok and brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair. Yoongi leans up to kiss his mouth. He sighs into the kiss, hand slipping from Yoongi's hair to curl around the nape of his neck and keep him close. "Lie down with me," he murmurs, lips dragging over Yoongi's.

"Yeah," Yoongi breathes, nuzzling in for another kiss first. "Okay." he climbs up onto the bed to sprawl out on his back, his knees aching. He'll be bruised in the morning, he can already tell. He wonders if he has any jeans left that aren't riddled with holes.

Hoseok perches across his thighs and leans down to join their mouths together again. His body is hot, even with the fan blowing air in their general direction. Yoongi runs his palms up over Hoseok's shoulders, feeling the muscles beneath his skin bunch and relax as he shifts his weight.

Hoseok sucks on Yoongi's bottom lip, worrying the flesh with his teeth and soothing any potential sting with a swipe of his tongue. Yoongi's breath hitches and his nails dig into Hoseok's shoulders as he tightens his grip. His tongue slides smooth into Hoseok's mouth, rubbing teasingly along the roof of his mouth, the inside of his cheek, his tongue, chasing after Hoseok's little whimpers and moans. He still tastes like beer. Yoongi's hands slide down Hoseok's back; sweat is beginning to bead on his skin, easing the glide of his hands. Their dicks keep rubbing together with just enough friction and heat to take Yoongi from half-hard to fully hard. Hoseok grinds his hips down against Yoongi's, the drag of his cock in the ridge of Yoongi's hipbone hot and slow. Hoseok's fingers smooth over Yoongi's chest, the edges of his nails trailing gentle patterns over his skin that has Yoongi shuddering and arching his back.

Hoseok breaks the kiss and rests their foreheads together, breaths hot between them, and Yoongi's hands drop down to grip Hoseok's hipbones. His eyes are still closed. He hears Hoseok inhale sharply and opens his eyes when he feels Hoseok sit up all the way, leaning over to get the lube and a condom from the nightstand. He leans back down but stops half an inch from Yoongi's mouth to whisper, "Hyung, d'you want me to ride you?" His gaze flicks from Yoongi's lips up to meet his eyes. "I— I want to."

"Fuck." Yoongi swallows hard, hands slipping from Hoseok's hips to dig fingernails into his ass. "Yeah, alright," he breathes. Hoseok grabs one of Yoongi's hands and presses a kiss to the centre of his palm before squirting lube onto his fingers. His hips push back against Yoongi's fingers with a breathy little noise when Yoongi rubs over his hole with slicked fingertips.

It takes Hoseok some time to relax, body tense and trembling. Yoongi goes slow, mouthing at Hoseok's throat as he opens him up a finger at a time. His free hand rubs circles over the head of Hoseok's cock with his thumb. Hoseok's forehead wrinkles and Yoongi tilts his head up to kiss him until it smooths out again. "You okay?" he asks against Hoseok's skin, smiling when Hoseok's eyes open. “We can stop if you want."

Hoseok's mouth curves into a lazy smile. "I know, hyung. I'm okay. just..." He exhales slow. "It's just been a while, that's all."

He starts to jerk back onto Yoongi's fingers by the time he's stretched out with three, his breath hitching. He bites down hard on his lower lip, eyes fluttering shut and hands clenching in the bed sheets so hard his knuckles are white. It's harder this way; Yoongi can't seem to synch up with Hoseok's rhythm. His fingers keep almost slipping out entirely when he means to twist them deeper. "Fucking stop moving," he mutters.

Hoseok gasps. "I *can't*, hyung, please—" He bucks back again, and it's entirely by accident that Yoongi's fingers pass over his prostate just as his thumb presses into the slit of Hoseok's cock. Hoseok lets out a high, sobbing moan, "*Yeah*. I need it— just—"

Yoongi does it again, twisting his fingers and tightening his grip on Hoseok's dick. Hoseok jerks, muscles clamping down tight on Yoongi's fingers before relaxing again. Yoongi stares up at Hoseok's flushed face, at the beads of sweat catching in the lamp light and making him luminous. "God, you're fucking beautiful," he murmurs before he even realizes what he's saying. "I wonder if I could make you come just with my fingers."

Another moan, louder than the one before, and Hoseok clenches down even harder. His eyes blink open to see how intently Yoongi's watching him. The flush in his cheeks darkens, and he manages a grin, all sunny and soft. "Probably could," he whispers and swoops down to kiss Yoongi breathless.

"Lift up a bit," Yoongi whispers against Hoseok's mouth, and steals one more kiss before Hoseok shifts up to his knees. His whole body trembles as Yoongi's fingers slip free. "You okay?" Yoongi asks.

Hoseok bites his lip and nods, snatching up the bottle of lube and flicking up the cap. "I'm okay," he confirms. He shuffles backwards to wrap slicked hands around Yoongi's cock, his grip tight and ruthless as he twists his palms along the shaft.

Yoongi moans, hips bucking up into Hoseok's hold, hands scrabbling for something to hold on to and finding nothing but wrinkled bedsheets. Hoseok smirks and lets go to rip the condom wrapper open with his teeth. *Fuck*. Yoongi makes another involuntary noise, pushing himself up to run trembling fingers through Hoseok's hair before gripping tightly at the nape of his neck. "Don't do that again, you little

shit."

"Do what?" Hoseok asks in an overly innocent tone, as if Yoongi couldn't possibly hear the hitch in his breath. He unrolls the condom on Yoongi's dick. "Open the wrapper with my teeth?" he shoots Yoongi a sly grin and shoves him back down onto the bed. "My hands are all greasy, hyung, what was I supposed to do?" After drizzling a bit more lube into his hand, he shifts forward until he's hovering over Yoongi's lap. "You ready?"

"Yeah," Yoongi tries to say, but his words trail off into a moaned curse as Hoseok lines up with Yoongi's cock and begins to push down on him. He goes slow, stopping every now and then to catch his breath. He lifts and lowers himself once, then twice, sinking lower each time. Yoongi's hips jerk and he grabs onto Hoseok's thighs and grips him tight, heart pounding in his ears as Hoseok squeezes around his dick. "Hoseok-ah," he whispers as Hoseok settles all the way down. It takes every ounce of willpower to keep himself still.

"Oh," Hoseok exhales through his teeth, nails digging into the tops of Yoongi's shoulders. He lifts his hips experimentally and sinks back down with a shuddering moan. "*Yeah*, I missed this."

Yoongi closes his eyes as Hoseok's muscles clench around him again. "Fuck," he whispers. "You feel so good."

"Believe me, so do you," Hoseok murmurs. He sets an easy rhythm, hips rolling in a slow grind, lithe body all loose and powerful from dancing for hours every day. His palms are spread wide over Yoongi's chest, his thighs a hot press on either side of Yoongi's waist, flexing with each upstroke. His pace increases steadily, until he's fucking himself down with almost brutal force.

"Oh *fuck*," Yoongi gasps again, the breath nearly punched right out of him. He somehow manages to drag his eyes away from the sight of his cock disappearing into Hoseok's perfect, tight ass to stare up at Hoseok's face. He takes in Hoseok's lips, bitten red and slightly swollen, the way his eyes are clenched shut, his brow furrowed with concentration, his chest heaving with each shallow breath. The urge to sit up and touch him wars with the desire to just lie back and let him take his fill.

As a compromise, Yoongi plants his feet and thrusts up into each downward wave of Hoseok's hips, giving as good as he gets. '*I love you*,' he imagines saying. For a moment, Hoseok's rhythm falters, as if

he somehow heard. His eyes pop open and he catches Yoongi's stare. He smiles, then. Yoongi slides his hands over Hoseok's thighs, feeling the muscles bunch and shift beneath his skin and curves his palms around the swell of Hoseok's ass.

Beads of sweat drip from Hoseok's body to land on Yoongi's chest. His resolve breaks and he sits up and wraps his arms around Hoseok's waist, grits his teeth against Hoseok's shoulder, his heart pounding a steady chant of '*mine, mine, mine*,' inside his chest.

Hoseok's head falls back and he groans at the new angle, deep and growling. His cock rubs against Yoongi's belly, precome trailing over Yoongi's skin. "Hyung," Hoseok gasps. His nails dig into Yoongi's back. "Hyung, I still hate that stupid fucking sheet."

Yoongi huffs a breathless laugh into the crook of Hoseok's neck. "Yeah, I know," he replies, fingers curling in the hair at Hoseok's nape and pulling.

"It's— ah—" Hoseok's hips stutter, and he works a hand between their bodies to wrap his fingers around his own cock and jerk himself off. "If you get your way, we'll never see the sun ever again." His voice trails off into another little groan, and he sucks air into his lungs. "I can't live like that."

"We should try it for a few days," Yoongi murmurs, teeth catching on Hoseok's earlobe. "You might come around to the idea."

Hoseok snorts. "Oh, I won't," he breathes, and drops his forehead on Yoongi's shoulder. "I'll hate every second."

"Yeah, I know," Yoongi repeats with a grin. He folds his legs underneath himself for more leverage to fuck up into Hoseok even harder, and sucks bruises into Hoseok's skin, leaving a trail along his collar bone and up the side of his throat.

"Oh fuck, *Yoongi-yah*, there," Hoseok breathes, tensing up against Yoongi's body. He pushes down into Yoongi's thrusts as best he can, his knuckles digging into Yoongi's belly. Yoongi bites down on one of the darker bruises, and that's it. Hoseok comes with a hoarse cry muffled against Yoongi's skin. "Oh, oh fuck," he whimpers, gentle and maybe a little awestruck, trembling in Yoongi's arms.

Yoongi eases him back on the bed and Hoseok stretches out with a soft groan. Once more, Yoongi doesn't know where to look: Hoseok's eyes, glossy and dazed behind heavy eyelids, pupils blown wide; his

parted and swollen red lips as he sucks in desperate breaths; the way his fingers have curled in the bed sheets so hard his knuckles are white; the come splattered across his belly and chest. Yoongi wets his lips. He bends his head and licks a clean stripe up Hoseok's stomach. Hoseok moans again, his hand untwisting from the sheets to curl around the nape of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi repeats the process, long drags of his tongue until Hoseok's skin is clean, and he's starting to get hard again.

"Hyung," Hoseok says, tugging on Yoongi's hair. Yoongi slides up his body and kisses him, lets him taste himself on Yoongi's tongue. Hoseok shivers, hands cupping both sides of Yoongi's jaw in his palms when Yoongi draws back. He smiles when their eyes meet, so sweet and fond that Yoongi can't help but smile back when Hoseok tilts his head up to kiss Yoongi's forehead, his chin, and both cheeks. He brings their mouths back together, teeth closing sharply on Yoongi's bottom lip when Yoongi strokes their cocks together in his hand. Yoongi hisses a pained breath, and Hoseok smooths his tongue over the indents his teeth left behind. "Sorry," he murmurs, sliding his arms around Yoongi's shoulders. "You just surprised me."

"Liar," Yoongi mumbles. it's too hot in their room, and that fucking fan might as well not even be *on* for all the good it's doing. "We need to get air conditioning in here or *something*," he complains. "This is unbearable. Goddamnit."

Hoseok snorts, rolling his hips up into Yoongi's hold. "You want to get air conditioning just for better *sex*," he says.

Yoongi leans back. "Excuse me, are you trying to tell me that you wouldn't?"

Hoseok takes a moment to consider, his lip caught between his teeth. Yoongi waits, thumb swiping over the head of Hoseok's cock. His hips buck up. "You're right, I would," he sighs, pulling Yoongi back down. He tucks his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck, sucking bruises there to match the ones Yoongi left on his own. "Hey, hyung," he says, digging his nails into Yoongi's shoulders. "You should fuck me again, I can handle it."

"You sure?" Yoongi asks, reaching blindly for the bottle of lube. he slicks himself up. At Hoseok's nod, he slides back into Hoseok's body. Hoseok screws his eyes shut tight, panting breaths short and fast against Yoongi's skin. "You okay?" Yoongi asks, stilling the movement of his hips.

"Yeah, it's good," Hoseok murmurs, pushing his hips down until Yoongi's all the way inside. "Go."

So Yoongi does, and it doesn't take much longer, not with Hoseok jerking down to meet each thrust and moaning in Yoongi's ear. He trails his nails gently down the arc of Yoongi's spine, and that's what does it: Yoongi's hips jerk and he bites down on Hoseok's shoulder as he comes. His whole body trembles as he pulls out, but he keeps moving his hand over Hoseok's dick, jerking him fast, and Hoseok comes in weak little spurts, shuddering.

"God, that was like a fucking white flag of surrender," Hoseok mutters. he keeps running his nails along Yoongi's spine as they both come down from it. "How embarrassing."

Yoongi bursts out laughing as he ties off the condom, losing his balance as he tosses it into the garbage can beside the bedside table. Hoseok snakes arms around Yoongi's waist to catch him before he can slip off the edge of the mattress. "Fuck," Yoongi gasps, his laughter redoubling as Hoseok smacks his shoulder. Hoseok sighs as Yoongi buries his face in Hoseok's neck. A few stray tired chuckles still escapes him, but he mostly gets himself back under control. Hoseok brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair and starts to laugh just as Yoongi gets comfortable. "What is it?" Yoongi mutters.

"Don't look now, hyung," Hoseok whispers, "but apparently we didn't use enough pins."

Yoongi lifts his head and turns to look. the window is mostly bare again, the sheet hanging precariously from two tacks on one side. “Well shit," he says.

Chapter End Notes

i caught another cold so if i disappear again, that's why

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

curtains again

Chapter Notes

> those four walls now are the only place that i can breathe out
> and those four walls now are home
> (four walls, broods)
>
> takes place a couple days after chapter 11. not how originally planned for this to go, but /jazz hands
>
> no warnings, just fluff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sheet blocks out the morning sunlight almost *too* well. Yoongi sleeps in deep, unbroken cycles, and wakes to his alarm with a smile on his face. Hoseok would never admit it out loud, but the sheet covering the window does help him sleep better at night. He *hates* that Yoongi was right. He rips the sheet down one night in his frustration, and takes forever to fall asleep as a result — once he does, it's in fits and starts. Yoongi's smug smile is the first thing he sees when he wakes, lit by the golden light spilling across the bed.

"Shut the fuck up," Hoseok groans, and pulls the covers up over his head with his eyes clenched shut tight.

"I didn't even say anything," Yoongi laughs.

The sheets rustle and Hoseok feels Yoongi's warm breath on his skin for a moment before he presses a kiss to cheek. Though tempted to shove him away, Hoseok snags an arm around Yoongi's waist, rolling over onto his side and pulling Yoongi closer. "What time is it?"

Yoongi shrugs in reply. "Early," he says, sliding a hand beneath Hoseok's shirt to drag his nails up and down the length of Hoseok's back.

Hoseok pushes his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck. "Do you work today?" he asks and smiles when he feels Yoongi shake his head. "Good. We're supposed to meet up with Namjoonie and Seokjin hyung for dinner later. After my last class. We're meeting them at the cafe, so the kids might come too."

Sighing, Yoongi says, "Fine," and nudges Hoseok's face with his

shoulder until Hoseok lifts his head. "Morning," he murmurs.

Hoseok hums, leaning in close to kiss Yoongi hello. Yoongi presses into the kiss, hands sliding up to curl around the nape of Hoseok's neck to keep him close. His tongue swipes over Hoseok's bottom lip, warm and wet. When they part, Hoseok brushes the hair out of Yoongi's eyes with gentle fingers. "You need a haircut." For some reason, Yoongi freezes. He doesn't even *breathe*. Hoseok blinks, confused. "...Is something wrong?" he asks.

Yoongi mutters something in reply, words lost as Hoseok's alarm begins to blare. Hoseok rolls away to silence it, and by the time he looks up from his phone, Yoongi's pulling the bathroom door shut behind him. Hoseok rolls onto his back and squints up at the ceiling. *The fuck was that about?* he wonders.

It bothers Hoseok for the rest of the day. He plays their conversation over and over in his head, wondering what he possibly could have done or said to upset Yoongi. *His hair?* Hoseok chews on the end of his pen instead of taking notes in his Chinese class. *I make fun of his hair all the time, though... Fuck, what did I do?* By the time Hoseok's on his way home after his last class, he's worked himself up to being thoroughly confused and upset. He decides to stop at the convenience store near their apartment building to buy snacks and a case of beer. Just in case.

The apartment is quiet when he eases open the door. He kicks off his sandals and sets them on the shoe rack, before putting the beer in the fridge and snacks in the cupboard. "Hyung...?" he calls, hesitantly, tip-toeing towards Yoongi's closed office door. He knocks before opening the door, but... Yoongi's not there. The bathroom door is open, but Hoseok peeks inside anyway; not there, either.

Their bedroom is a mess, Yoongi's toolbox out from storage, screwdrivers and nails spilled out across the floor. Yoongi himself is asleep on the couch, fingers of his right hand tucked under the waistband of his shorts. Two sets of curtains, one pair thick black and the other sheer gold, hang from a double curtain rod above the window. The black curtains are drawn back, but the golden curtains aren't, billowing in the gentle breeze wafting through the open casement windows.

Hoseok knocks his knuckles against the doorframe. Yoongi doesn't stir. An electric drill rests on the coffee table, low battery light blinking orange. He feels fondness warm in his chest, spreading through his

veins with each beat of his heart. Stepping carefully over the tools, Hoseok sneaks over to the couch and nudges Yoongi's shoulder until he wakes.

"*What*," Yoongi grumbles with a yawn, rolling over onto his side but not opening his eyes.

"I can't believe you got me curtains I can still see light through," Hoseok whispers.

"Of course I did," Yoongi mutters, "I love you."

Hoseok inhales sharply, his heart pounding in his ears, and for the second time that day, Yoongi freezes. "I love you, too," Hoseok says, biting his lip to try and contain the smile threatening to split his face in half. "Hyung." His voice quivers, and he sniffs.

Yoongi opens his eyes, only to duck his head to hide when his lips twitch into a responding smile. "Shut up," he grumbles, shoving at Hoseok's shoulder. "Like you didn't know."

"Well, yeah," Hoseok says, laughing and dabbing wetness from under his eyes with the edge of Yoongi's t-shirt. "I've known since you asked me to move in with you, hyung. You weren't subtle." Yoongi makes an offended sort of noise. "It's still nice to hear you say it, though."

"Motherfucker," Yoongi mumbles. His eyes go a little distant for a moment, before he reaches out to tug on a strand of Hoseok's hair. "When do we have to meet everyone?"

Hoseok grins. "Soon. Not enough time for whatever you have in mind."

"You don't even know what I was going to say," he complains. "I can be quick!"

"Bullshit," Hoseok replies, sitting up on his knees to kiss Yoongi's cheek. "C'mon, hyung. I'm hungry. You can fuck me after we get back if you want." Yoongi's arm slides around Hoseok's neck to keep him close. He licks across Hoseok's bottom lip before catching it with his teeth. He doesn't bite down hard, but Hoseok's breath still hitches with a little shiver rolling down his spine. "Hyung," he breathes, lips brushing over Yoongi's as he speaks. "Come on, we have to go."

"Soon," Yoongi parrots in a murmur, and Hoseok can feel the small, self-satisfied smile turning up the corners of his mouth.

Hoseok climbs up on top of Yoongi on the couch. He gasps as Yoongi rocks his hips up against him, startled when he feels the hard line of Yoongi's cock through his baggy shorts. He rolls down, and Yoongi's answering moan is quiet, muffled against Hoseok's mouth. "Fifteen minutes, hyung," Hoseok gasps, slipping his tongue into Yoongi's mouth at the same time Yoongi's free hand slides into the back pocket of his shorts. "Then we have to go. I mean it."

"Sure," Yoongi agrees softly, arching his back and spreading his thighs for Hoseok to fit between. "Fifteen minutes."

Chapter End Notes

uh... yeah...

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

interlude (dancing)

Chapter Notes

> i know you're rolling hard with it, don't lie
> i know it's got a hold of you
> i know you're rolling with it
> baby, don't you lie
> (the birds part one by the weeknd)
>
> takes place about a month and a half after they started fucking around. (so technically this is the earliest in the timeline so far???? bonkers! for reference: this is like. idk, seven months before they start dating?)
>
> warnings for: alcohol consumption, and fully-consensual semi-public sex (bjs in the club bathroom stall) while under the influence.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi leans against the bar for more support than he wants to admit, hand clenching spasmodically around the beer he's been nursing since Hoseok left. His mouth is dry, eyes fixated on Hoseok moving around the stage. Lights keep flashing, white and blue, throwing the outlines of Hoseok's lithe body into sharp relief as he dances. The bass thuds in time with Yoongi's heart in his throat. Hoseok is the final dancer of his crew's showcase. Already, Yoongi can't remember the previous performances; if it were a competition, Hoseok would have won.

So don't you fall in love, don't make me make you fall in love... On stage, Hoseok drops down to his knees and folds backwards. Slowly he rises up, spine curved and his chest leading the lift, his head the last to leave the floor. He spins back to his feet, all long, graceful lines and tightly controlled precision as he pops and locks. He keeps thrusting his hips to the beat, and Yoongi's breath catches when he palms his dick as his hand passes over his thigh. Yoongi drags his tongue over his chapped lips.

Hoseok finishes with a twirling bow; when he straightens up, he's got a smile beaming bright enough to power a small city for a few years spread across his face, eyes shining. The DJ slips back into the booth, and Hoseok hops off the stage as the music resumes. Yoongi turns to the bartender and orders another three pairs of shots for the both of

them. After greeting his crew and several audience members, he edges his way back to Yoongi at the bar.

"Hyung!" He bounces on the balls of his feet and leans in close to talk in Yoongi's ear. His lips brush against Yoongi's neck just beneath his ear, and a shiver rolls down Yoongi's spine, his nails catching on the edge of the bar. "Hyung, how was it?"

Yoongi's hand curves around the nape of Hoseok's neck, pulling him close as he leans in to reply, "I had no idea you could move like that." He nips at Hoseok's earlobe and keeps his palm around Hoseok's neck even as Hoseok sways back. Hoseok's body is trembling like an engine idling, hopped up on adrenaline. "Why didn't you ever tell me you could dance so well?" Yoongi asks.

Hoseok shrugs. "You never asked," he replies. His smile is even harder to resist this close. Yoongi feels his lips quirk, and he ducks away, teeth digging into his bottom lip.

"Shots," he mumbles. He feels light-headed, sparks flaring beneath his skin. Somehow understanding even through the pounding club music, Hoseok reaches around Yoongi to pick up a pair of shot glasses, and he presses one into Yoongi's free hand. Their eyes meet as they knock back the three shots one after the other. Yoongi drags his nails lazily across the back of Hoseok's neck, and Hoseok tilts his head back with a shaky little sigh.

Hoseok's fingers wrap around Yoongi's wrist. His lips move, and Yoongi tries to focus. "Come with me," he thinks Hoseok says, and nods, sliding off the stool. The alcohol hits him hard as he stands, and he stumbles after Hoseok as he steers him through the crowd. The hallway leading to the bathrooms is dark and dirty, papered with flyers advertising concerts and events from months and even years earlier.

Yoongi moves past Hoseok to push the door to the men's room open. After double-checking to make sure they're alone, he shoves Hoseok into the stall farthest from the door and locks it behind them. Hoseok slips his arms around Yoongi's waist, hauling him close enough to kiss. His hands slide up underneath Yoongi's shirt, pressing his palms flat against the base of Yoongi's spine.

Yoongi pushes his tongue into Hoseok's mouth, hands dropping to fumble the fastenings of his jeans open, and work the tight denim down his thighs. He nips at Hoseok's lip, grinning and breathless as he

meets Hoseok's eyes. "'M gonna suck you off, is that okay?" He waits for Hoseok to nod before dropping to his knees. The bathroom is filthy and Yoongi's possibly drunker than he thought, but he leans forward to take Hoseok's cock into his mouth anyway.

It's always a little thrill, feeling Hoseok's cock fill and harden against his tongue. The stretch of his jaw is a welcome one, and he closes his eyes as Hoseok's hands slide into his hair. He bobs his head a few times as he gets used to it, taking more and more in until the tip of his nose brushes Hoseok's belly and all he can smell is the heady scent of sweat and arousal. The tile floor makes Yoongi's knees hurt in the distant sort of way that hints at bruises once he's sober. Above the wet noises of his mouth, Yoongi can hear Hoseok try to muffle his moans behind his hand. Hoseok's fingers tighten in Yoongi's hair and his hips jerk forward once, twice, and the salt-bitter taste of Hoseok's come mixes with the burn of alcohol lingering on his tongue. Yoongi swallows everything and blinks his eyes open to catch Hoseok staring down at him with an awestruck expression on his face. His chest is heaving, mouth hanging open, eyes dark. Yoongi slowly wipes his chin on the back of his hand.

Chapter End Notes

another short chapter, sorry

i'll try to have an actual update this weekend! please yell at me if i haven't posted by sunday lmao

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

exclusive

Chapter Notes

i don't want to see you with another guy
but the fact is that i may
that's what all the friends i do not like as much as you say
(if you wanna by the vaccines)

this takes place a month before they become official ~boyfriends~ in chapters 4/6, and also about two weeks before the five second rule thing in chapter 7

warnings for: sexting, phone sex, masturbation, hoseok on a date with a girl and yoongi being jealous (while having no right to *be* jealous tbh...?), also handjobs and alcohol consumption. i think that's everything...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[09:30:21] **Yoongi:** hey are you busy
[09:31:05] **Hoseok:** no
[09:31:25] **Hoseok:** why?

Hoseok drops his phone back onto his chest and closes his eyes and inhales deep through his nose. Sweat cools on his skin, and he shifts on the floor, fingers closing around the sleeve of his sweater. He pulls the sweater over and drapes it over his waist. The studio is quiet, save for the low hum of the fan rotating from the far corner and street noises outside.

Bzzt.

[09:38:15] **Yoongi:** what are you wearing
[09:38:39] **Hoseok:** seriously
[09:38:41] **Yoongi:** yes

Hoseok snorts in amusement and glances at the time on his phone. He still has two and a half hours to kill before he has to get ready for

work. *Well,* he thinks, rubbing his fingers absently over the waistband of his sweats. *If it's weird, we can stop.*

[09:40:01] **Hoseok:** tank and sweats, i dropped in at the studio to practice before work... i'm not wearing any underwear though
[09:40:13] **Hoseok:** what are you wearing, hyung?
[09:41:00] **Yoongi:** that's good
[09:41:03] **Yoongi:** white button-up and jeans
[09:41:25] **Yoongi:** what are you doing?
[09:41:43] **Hoseok:** right now? lying on the floor and thinking about you
[09:42:59] **Yoongi:** you thinking about last night?
[09:43:03] **Yoongi:** i'm still open from how hard you fucked me, you know
[09:43:05] **Hoseok:** oh fuck
[09:43:16] **Hoseok:** well i wasn't before but i sure fucking am now
[09:44:08] **Yoongi:** if i was there i wouldn't need much prep
[09:45:12] **Yoongi:** two fingers, maybe
[09:44:24] **Yoongi:** you could probably bend me over and just fuck me as soon as i walked through the door

Hoseok sucks in a breath, palming himself. He's just starting to get hard, and he rubs a little faster, eyes falling shut as he imagines Yoongi there with him. Yoongi's hand replacing his own, and sucking bruising kisses along the length of Hoseok's neck. His dick twitches and he presses down on it, catching his lip between his teeth with a little moan.

Bzzt.

[09:49:28] **Yoongi:** i want you to do that
[09:50:30] **Hoseok:** oh yeah? push you up against the wall and make you watch in the mirror
[09:50:33] **Hoseok:** so you can see how good you look taking my cock, huh
[09:51:34] **Yoongi:** fuck
[09:51:35] **Yoongi:** yeah i want that
[09:51:40] **Yoongi:** but i want to suck you off, too
[09:51:45] **Yoongi:** i don't know what i should do first

[09:51:50] **Yoongi:** i want to get down on my knees for you and try to get you to forget every word except my name
[09:51:53] **Hoseok:** you definitely could, hyung
[09:51:55] **Hoseok:** i'd tangle my fingers in your hair
[09:51:59] **Hoseok:** would you let me fuck your mouth, hyung?
[09:52:04] **Yoongi:** yes
[09:52:10] **Yoongi:** fuck yes
[09:52:15] **Hoseok:** would you deepthroat me, hyung?
[09:53:22] **Yoongi:** y e s
[09:53:28] **Hoseok:** are you getting hard, hyung?
[09:53:33] **Yoongi:** yes
[09:54:35] **Hoseok:** show me

Getting to his feet, Hoseok makes his way over to the mirror. After ruffling up his hair and biting at his lips until they're pink and shiny, he snaps a photo of himself, the outline of his cock visible through the grey sweatpants. "Not enough," he mutters, lifting the hem of his t-shirt and catching it between his teeth. His eyes trail over his own abs, the thin trail of fine hair from his navel disappearing beneath the waistband, and he takes another picture, gripping his cock through his pants. "That'll do," he murmurs, adding a filter as he returns to his spot and sprawls back out on the floor.

[09:59:31] **Yoongi:** [rooster emoji]

Hoseok rolls over onto his stomach, laughing right out loud. '*you're in class right now, aren't you?*' he writes back. After a moment's deliberation, he sends the second photo he took to Yoongi. '*to get you through your boring lectures, hyung~~ think of me~*' Yoongi doesn't respond right away. Hoseok reads '*typing... typing...*' Finally, minutes later,

bzzt.

[10:04:42] **Yoongi:** fuck
[10:04:44] **Yoongi:** fuck i dropped my phone
[10:04:48] **Yoongi:** fuck i need you in my mouth like RIGHT NOW
[10:04:50] **Yoongi:** i can't deal with this

[10:05:10] **Hoseok:** i wish you were here
[10:05:32] **Hoseok:** i love the cute little noises you make when you're sucking on my cock
[10:05:49] **Hoseok:** you're so good at it hyung
[10:07:04] **Yoongi:** i want to take you apart
[10:07:13] **Yoongi:** just fucking take you apart and then fuck you right there on the floor
[10:07:15] **Yoongi:** how many rounds do you think we could go?
[10:07:21] **Yoongi:** two? three?
[10:07:30] **Yoongi:** could you handle three for me, Hoseok? you fuck me then i fuck you?
[10:07:34] **Yoongi:** flip a coin to see who goes third?
[10:08:52] **Hoseok:** oh fuck
[10:08:59] **Hoseok:** fuck i can't keep typing i have to go take care of this sorry

Hoseok gets up and walks over to the door, peering through the window to try and see if the coast is clear. He doesn't see anyone. He eases the door open, slips down the hall, and locks himself in the bathroom. By the time he's got his waistband down around his thighs, his phone lights up with a call from Yoongi. "Oh, hello, hyung," he greets, spitting into his palm and wrapping his fingers around his cock with a little hiss of breath through his teeth. He tucks his phone between his ear and his shoulder. "Ah— what can I do for you? I thought you were in class."

"There were only ten minutes left, nobody'll miss me," Yoongi sounds breathless. "I'm in the studio now; it's soundproofed, I— I want to hear you, Hoseok-ah."

"Aw fuck," Hoseok whimpers, tightening his grip on himself. Yoongi keeps whispering filth in his ear, asking Hoseok what he wants. "Fuck, I want you on your knees, hyung," he gasps out. "Your mouth pink and wet and open, and your shirt off—" He rubs the palm of his hand over the head of his cock and his knees almost give out. He crashes back into the wall with a gasp, eyes falling shut. "Your nipples hard, and your hair a mess from how I've been running my fingers through it, *fuck*—"

Yoongi's breathing is uneven. "Okay," he whispers, and Hoseok has no idea what he's even okaying, too caught up in the sensation of his own hand and the sound of Yoongi panting in his ear. He can almost feel the heat of Yoongi's breath on his neck and he moans. A few seconds

later, Hoseok's phone buzzes against his face. He pulls his phone away to look; Yoongi's sent a photo. He puts the call on speaker.

"Oh fuck, hyung," he whispers when he opens it. It's *perfect* — pink, shiny lips with a flash of tongue at the corner of his mouth, his shirt unbuttoned enough to show the stiff peaks of his nipples. His hair's a mess, finger-combed back off his forehead and mussed in the back as if Hoseok's hands had just been tangled in it. Though Hoseok hadn't said anything about it, he has his hand shoved down the front of his skinny jeans. He gazes up at his phone through heavy-lidded eyes, the camera angled just enough to show him on his knees on the carpeted floor. The lighting is perfect, almost like a spotlight shining down on his face. "Hyung," he whimpers again.

"Are you close?" Yoongi asks. "Come for me, Hoseok-ah. I wanna hear it."

"*Yes*," Hoseok replies, twisting his wrist roughly and bucking his hips into each stroke of his hand. "I— oh—" He comes with a moan that sounds a lot like Yoongi's name, and sags back against the wall, heart pounding and trying to catch his breath. He shudders as runs his hand along his cock once more, smearing the last of the come over his fingers, then takes a photo to send to Yoongi.

"Oh, fuck me," Yoongi mutters. "Can I come meet you somewhere?" he asks, after a long pause. "I don't have another lecture until two." his voice is rough, and it sends another shiver rustling down Hoseok's spine.

"Come to Namjoon's," Hoseok replies, catching his lip between his teeth. "I have to shower before work anyway."

Yoongi sighs, "That's an embarrassing way to die,"

and Hoseok laughs, quiet and trembling as he tilts his head back to stare up at the ceiling. "Yeah, it would be," he agrees.

*

Hoseok pauses in the middle of a story about his dream the night before as the waitress steps up to their table to give them their bill and stack up empty dishes. A strand of hair falls into Youngmi's eyes as she hands the last of their bowls over for the waitress to take away. When Hoseok reaches over the table to tuck it back behind her ear, she glances sidelong at him, her mouth quirked. It's his fifth date with her. Though he knows it's never going to go past dates and casual

hook-ups because that's all she's looking for, Hoseok still likes her a lot.

"Go on," she says, after a few moments of smiling at each other in silence. "You were saying something about aliens?"

"They kidnapped me, and I thought I was done for," Hoseok begins to say with relish, but his phone buzzes in his back pocket like an angry bee, and he twitches. His phone has been going off almost every five minutes the entire night. He should just switch his phone off, but what if there's an emergency and someone has to get ahold of him? He pulls his phone free from his pocket to see more unread notifications from Yoongi, and he sighs, feeling a strange blend of fondness and exasperation. "Sorry," he says, glancing up at Youngmi. "Yoongi hyung's not going to leave me alone unless I tell him to fuck off— do you mind?"

Youngmi waves a hand. "No problem," she replies with a little laugh like tinkling bells. "You keep jerking like you're getting an electric shock every time you get a new message, it's distracting. I'm going to go to the bathroom. Do you want to get out of here?"

"Sure, noona," he says, feeling a rush of gratitude. "Do you have anywhere in mind?"

"Drinks?" she suggests, leaning forward with her elbows propped on the table so Hoseok can see right down the front of her shirt. She sees his eyes dart down and a smile spreads across her face. "Then maybe... my place?"

Hoseok feels his smile turn a bit sly. "Yes, please." He watches her stand and walk away, hips swaying from side to side. She glances back over her shoulder just as she's about to turn the corner and grins when she catches his eyes on her. Hoseok's phone buzzes again in his hand, and his gaze drops back down to the screen.

[20:14:56] **Yoongi:** i'm bored
[20:21:02] **Yoongi:** i'm also horny
[20:24:22] **Yoongi:** are you busy
[20:32:26] **Yoongi:** did you eat?
[20:35:30] **Yoongi:** i haven't
[20:49:34] **Yoongi:** come over so i can change that
[20:50:45] **Yoongi:** message me back or i'll start sending you dick pics
[21:06:10] **Yoongi:** hey!!

[21:06:32] **Hoseok:** ahh sorry, hyung, i can't
[21:06:48] **Hoseok:** i'm on a date! i hope you have a good night though!
[21:06:53] **Hoseok:** feel free to send those dick pics tomorrow! i'll talk to you later or something, okay? (good luck with the blue balls hahaha)

He shoves his phone back into his pocket just as Youngmi returns to the table. She pulls her jacket on and picks up her purse. Hoseok goes over to the counter to pay for their dinner, then slings his arm over her shoulders as they leave the restaurant together. "Anyway," Hoseok murmurs. "So these aliens decided to make me their supreme overlord, because *obviously*, and..." Youngmi starts to giggle, smacking Hoseok's chest with the back of her hand.

*

Hoseok doesn't hear from Yoongi after that; any messages he sends goes unanswered, every call goes straight to voicemail. "I'm not saying I'm worried," he says to Namjoon a week after his date with Youngmi. "I just want to know that he's okay." For the past few months, he and Yoongi haven't gone a day without at least *messaging* each other; this sudden silence is jarring.

Namjoon shrugs, hitting a sequence of buttons that makes Hoseok's avatar in the video game die a horrific death. Hoseok eyes Namjoon's controller, thumbs moving over his own keys as he tries to recreate the pattern. "Yoongi hyung's fine," Namjoon says, and starts a new round. "He's just busy with school and work. I think he said something was going on with his family, too. He's got a lot that he's trying to deal with all at once right now, but he'll be back when he can."

Humming, Hoseok tries out the same button sequence. Namjoon's avatar loses half his life in one single strike, and Hoseok lets out a whoop. "Alright, then I won't pry," he says, after he's soundly beaten Namjoon using the same move combo over and over. "Can you make sure he's still eating, at least?" he whispers, and holds his breath. Beside him, Namjoon goes very still. After a moment, he reaches out and puts a hand on Hoseok's shoulder, squeezing gently before he lets go. Hoseok exhales and rubs a hand over his face. "Hey, I'm getting

kinda hungry," he says, forcing a smile to lift the corners of his mouth and brightening his voice. "Do you want ramen?"

"Sure, man," Namjoon says, pausing the game and setting his controller aside.

Four days later, Namjoon's working at the studio for a project, and Yoongi shows up on his doorstep bearing pizzas, beer, and a sheepish expression. Hoseok lets him in without a word, and they settle on the couch to eat and drink like nothing's changed. They keep talking about nothing in particular, and everything seems... Okay? Hoseok's words feel awkward and stilted, and he can't tell if it's *him* just overthinking, or if things actually are weird between them.

Hoseok hopes not, because he really *likes* Yoongi. It's not just the sex (though that is a nice bonus), but everything about him. Over the past six months they've been fucking, they've gotten to know each other pretty well. He fishes another slice of pizza from one of the boxes as Yoongi grumbles on about some fuckwit who kept stealing his study room in the library, and he feels so *right*, being there with Yoongi again. He likes being friends, he wants to stay being friends. He doesn't want to fuck everything up. The space between them on the couch may as well be miles.

Yoongi sets his beer bottle down on the table with a loud *clink* right in the middle of his tale of petty retribution (smuggling a sleeping bag into the library and sleeping there overnight so the fuckwit couldn't steal the room in the morning). He looks up at Hoseok for a moment, and Hoseok tightens his grip on his own bottle. "Would you mind fucking me exclusively?" Yoongi asks, and his cheeks turn pink. He can't meet Hoseok's eyes, staring at the couch cushion just to the right of Hoseok's shoulder, but he doesn't try to duck his head away and hide his expression. He looks almost *shy*.

Oh shit, I guess it wasn't just me, is Hoseok's first thought. He takes a pull from his beer bottle, wishing he were drinking something a bit stronger as anger flares hot in his belly. Only fucking Yoongi — does that mean what he thinks it means? Has Yoongi been ignoring him for almost two weeks because he was *jealous?* Hoseok doesn't owe him a goddamn *thing*. All along, Yoongi's been insisting that he doesn't even *like* Hoseok all that much, that he's just in this for the sex. Now that he knows Hoseok's been seeing other people too, suddenly he wants Hoseok all to himself?

But what if he did? What would that even mean, what would that

change? Yoongi *must* like him. Right? Hoseok feels all the anger drain out of him until all he's left with is confusion and uncertainty, and he *hates* that. He presses his back into the couch cushion behind him, nails digging under the label on the beer bottle, peeling the paper away from the glass. "Okay, hyung," he says finally, voice coming out weak and a little hoarse. "If I meet someone else, though, this'll have to stop."

Nodding, Yoongi says, "That's fair." He still won't look at Hoseok directly (not that Hoseok's trying all that hard to catch his gaze). He leans forward to pick up his beer bottle again, seems to realize it's empty and puts it back down with a sigh. His toes curl against the cold tile floor.

"Do you..." Hoseok hesitates, leaning over to grab another bottle of beer from the case on his side of the coffee table. "Do you want to watch a movie, hyung?" he asks as passes over the bottle, and Yoongi nods, looking relieved. "We're not watching Star Wars again," Hoseok says, sounding more like normal.

Yoongi grins, leaning over to swat Hoseok's thigh. He keeps his hand there, though, palm warm through the thin denim of Hoseok's jeans. "Yes we are," he says. "Come on. Return of the Jedi, Hoseok-ah." Hoseok makes a show of exaggeratedly rolling his eyes, but still gets up to dig the DVD case out out of Namjoon's cupboard.

Throughout the movie, they inch closer and closer together on the couch until they meet in the middle, pressed together from shoulder to thigh. Somewhere near the end of the Endor scene, Yoongi reaches up to slide his fingers along Hoseok's jaw. "Come here," he murmurs, and Hoseok slips into Yoongi's lap to press their mouths together. Yoongi sighs into the kiss, arms wrapping around Hoseok's waist to keep him close.

"Hyung," Hoseok breathes. Yoongi's lips drift to follow meandering paths down the front of Hoseok's neck, his hands sliding up and down Hoseok's back. Hoseok grinds his hips down against Yoongi's with a shuddering exhale, fingertips curling in the hair at Yoongi's nape. "Fucking— fucking tell me you like me. Please."

Yoongi drags his tongue up Hoseok's throat, and Hoseok tilts his head down to catch his mouth once more. His hands are shaking, Hoseok notices, minute trembles in his fingers that only stop when he presses his fingertips into Hoseok's back. "I like you," he whispers against Hoseok's lips, voice so low Hoseok almost can't hear it. "I like you."

Hoseok feels warm, a full body flush from the top of his head to the ends of his toes. That's enough for now. "Come on, hyung," he draws away from the kiss and blinks his eyes open. Yoongi chases after him, reeling him back in with his hands on Hoseok's back. Hoseok moans when Yoongi sucks on his tongue and rolls his hips up against Hoseok's ass. Hoseok feels the hard line of his cock straining against his jeans, and he shudders. "Hyung," he tries again, mumbling against Yoongi's lips. "Come on. Get up."

"Don't want to," Yoongi replies, his breath warm against Hoseok's cheek. "Want you to just—"

"I'll do whatever you want, just not *here*," Hoseok mutters, tugging on Yoongi's hair.

That catches Yoongi's attention. He rests his head against the back of the couch and squints up at Hoseok. His lips are pink and spit-slick, and Hoseok wants to just kiss him again. "Where then?" he asks.

"Bathroom," Hoseok says. He clambers off Yoongi's lap and hauls him to his feet after him.

"We're really going to try this again," Yoongi mutters in disbelief, but he still follows Hoseok towards the bathroom door. "Being near death once wasn't enough for you?"

Hoseok flicks the light on and pulls his shirt up over his head. "You didn't even come close to dying," he says, watching Yoongi's eyes drag over his bare back in the mirror. Hoseok shuts the bathroom door and gets to work on the fastenings of his jeans. "I caught you—"

"—And then we both fell," Yoongi finishes, catching his lower lip between his teeth for a moment before taking off his own shirt and flicking open the button on his jeans.

"Not far," Hoseok protests, shoving his jeans down his thighs and kicking them off. "I broke your fall. If anything, I should be the one complaining here, hyung. Ah, really." Yoongi snorts a laugh, and it's not an attractive sound, graceless and ugly. It just makes Hoseok want to kiss him, so he does, turning to press Yoongi against the bathroom door.

Yoongi hisses as the cold wood makes contact with his back, spine arching off the door. Hoseok pulls back just enough to spit into the palm of his hand before slipping it into Yoongi's pants, fingers wrapping around his half-hard cock. Yoongi makes a pleased noise in

the back of his throat, hands coming up to curve over the swell of Hoseok's ass and haul him in closer.

Hoseok pushes the waistband of his shorts down to bring their cocks together in his hand. He moans into Yoongi's mouth, his grip tight and slick as he twists his wrist. Yoongi makes another pleased noise in response, hips rolling into Hoseok's hold and his nails digging into Hoseok's ass. Hoseok sets a steady rhythm, breaking the kiss to press his mouth to the base of Yoongi's neck, thumb swiping over the heads of their cocks with each stroke.

"Fuck, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi sighs. One of his hands slides up Hoseok's back to grip the nape of his neck. He tilts his head back with a moan when Hoseok sucks a hickey into his shoulder, teeth digging into his skin. His other hand falls to tangle with Hoseok's, speeding up their strokes. "Yeah."

It's too much too fast, too intense. They're both shaking. Yoongi comes first, with a long, low moan he tries to muffle against Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok follows soon after with a shuddering groan. Yoongi wraps his arms around Hoseok and tucks his face into the side of Hoseok's neck. His breaths are hot and damp against Hoseok's skin. Hoseok holds him close and just breathes as they come down from it.

When they're shivering more from the cold air in the bathroom than a pleasant afterglow, Hoseok tugs Yoongi into the shower to both get warm and clean themselves up. Yoongi keeps Hoseok in his arms, bringing their mouths together again and again. It's lazy and sleepy, and Hoseok doesn't try to muffle the tired laughter that keeps bubbling up his throat.

After drying off, redressing in their shirts and shorts, and brushing their teeth, Hoseok leads the way back to the living room. He turns off the TV and lets Yoongi drag him down onto the couch. Hoseok falls asleep with Yoongi's hand clenched in the back of his shirt and Yoongi snoring into his collarbones. Just before he drops off, he realizes they've never done this before, just sleeping. This is kind of... Big.

In the morning, Hoseok wakes up alone with the blankets tucked up to his chin and Namjoon sitting on the arm of the couch above his head, wordless. He has two cups of coffee in his hands and a carefully neutral expression on his upside-down face. Groaning, Hoseok pulls the blanket up over his head. "Don't say a goddamn word," he says. "I already know."

He hears Namjoon set one of the cups down on the coffee table. A heavy sigh, the rustling of cloth as Namjoon gets to his feet, his heavy footsteps as he walks away. "For what it's worth," Namjoon says, distant, near the door of his bedroom. "I think you're both idiots."

Hoseok rolls onto his side. The blankets still carry the faintest trace of Yoongi's scent. He closes his eyes.

(Namjoon stumbles out of the elevator, exhausted down to his bones after pulling an all-nighter at the studio. He's ready to catch at least four solid hours' worth of sleep before heading back to school for a two-hour lecture (followed by a nap in the library that afternoon, if he's lucky). He makes his way up the hall, eyes tearing and clenched shut as he yawns wide enough for his jaw to pop.

Only to come to a screeching halt, spying Yoongi easing the door of his apartment shut behind him. Yoongi stands outside the door, pulling his clothes on properly (the collar of his flannel shirt rumpled, hair a mess, shoes half-on his feet, jeans still undone). Namjoon clears his throat. Yoongi's head snaps up, a deer caught in the headlights. He looks away just as fast, but not before Namjoon catches his sullen, guilty expression. Sighing, Namjoon grabs Yoongi by the elbow and hauls him out of the building the way he came. There's a 24-hour cafe a block away.

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asks hesitantly, after they've made their orders and sat down in a pair of armchairs beside the window.

Yoongi shakes his head. "Tell me what you were working on, or I'm going home."

So Namjoon talks and talks about his new project, and he can tell Yoongi's not even listening. He sighs, setting his cup of decaf down on the table. "Do you want to know what I think?" he asks.

"You're still gonna tell me whether I want to know or not," Yoongi mutters. He's staring out the window at the few people outside at quarter past five in the morning, walking past the cafe on their way to work.

"You're a fucking idiot," Namjoon says. "Why won't you just let yourself be happy, man?"

Yoongi stares into his coffee cup. "It's complicated," he says.

"It's really not," Namjoon says, kicking Yoongi in the shin under the table. Yoongi hisses, pulling his knee up to his chest and cup his leg protectively in his hand. "What have you got to lose? Honestly." He gets to his feet. "Stop fucking him around. He's my *best friend*." With that, he turns and goes over to the counter to order another coffee to go. As he walks out of the cafe, he glances through the window. Yoongi still has his knee pulled up to his chest, his fingers tapping an absent rhythm against the side of his coffee cup as he stares into its murky depths.

Don't hurt him, Namjoon pleads silently. *Don't make me try to choose between the two of you. I don't know if I'd choose you.*)

Chapter End Notes

hey look at me go, being all productive and stuff

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

still boyfriends

Chapter Notes

bed, stay in bed
i don't care i'm down for what you want
now, if we're talking body
you got a perfect one, so put it on me
swear it won't take you long if you love me right
(talking body by tove lo)

takes place a week after they become ~~official boyfriends in chapter 6.

warnings for morning sex and kind of overstimulation but not really? idk. there's nothing to really warn for beyond. like, implied weekend long sexathons?

(ps. are those *the sheets* from chapter 14? yes.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey, what time is it?" Hoseok mumbles, lifting Yoongi out of his haze. He shifts just enough to catch sight of the clock on the bedside table before nuzzling back into the crook of Hoseok's neck and the collection of bruises he's been working on all morning. Hoseok lets out an involuntary little sound, almost a moan. He squirms under Yoongi's weight as Yoongi presses kisses to each bruise down his neck, down to his collarbone. The trail goes further, zig-zagging across his chest, over his ribs to his hipbones, down his thighs to the backs of his knees; a roadmap for Yoongi to follow.

"It's just after eleven," Yoongi answers with a sigh over his favourite bruise, just beneath Hoseok's collarbone. He drags his tongue over the mottled red spot, grinning when Hoseok shivers. "Why?"

"We're supposed to meet up with everyone for lunch in a couple hours," Hoseok says. Yoongi grazes Hoseok's collarbone with his teeth, and Hoseok's hips jerk against up against Yoongi's body with another soft moan. "Ah— *hyung*, don't— don't you remember?" Hoseok's hands curl around Yoongi's hipbones, fingertips digging into his skin.

Yoongi wets his lips with his tongue. it stings, lips raw from too many hours spent making out. He likes it. "Let's skip it," he suggests, sliding further down Hoseok's chest to drag the flat of his tongue over one of

Hoseok's nipples. His palms smooth down Hoseok's sides. He can feel Hoseok's heart, the pace still steady and calm, and wonders how long it would take him to make those beats more urgent. "I think we should just skip it, and I'll skip my lecture, too. Just stay in bed all day."

Hoseok's laugh stirs the hair at the top of Yoongi's head, "That's all we've done for the entire weekend, hyung." Yoongi rests his chin on Hoseok's chest so he can meet Hoseok's eyes. Hoseok's smile is sweet. "Aren't you sick of me yet?"

Yoongi shakes his head in answer, and Hoseok's fingers tense around Yoongi's hipbones for a fraction of a second; that's all the warning he gets before Hoseok rolls them both over. Yoongi's breath whooshes out of his lungs as his back hits the mattress, his arms tightening reflexively around Hoseok's shoulders. He catches his bottom lip between his teeth as he gazes up at Hoseok through his fringe. "I'm not sick of you," he whispers, as Hoseok brushes the hair off Yoongi's forehead with gentle fingers.

"I'm not sick of you either," Hoseok replies softly, after a moment. "I mean, if you were wondering."

"I was," Yoongi says, digging his nails into Hoseok's back. he lifts his head off the bed to kiss Hoseok's jaw. "You should fuck me," he murmurs against Hoseok’s skin.

"Again?" Hoseok asks, concern furrowing his brow. "Aren't you sore, hyung?"

"A little," Yoongi admits, shifting his hips and pressing up against Hoseok. "It's okay, I like it." Yoongi can see Hoseok's resolve crumble bit by bit as he grinds down against Yoongi, cock heavy and filling between his thighs. "We can at least be *late*, can't we?"

Hoseok sighs, distractedly reaching for the bottle of lube. In their haste earlier, Yoongi hadn't capped it properly, letting half its contents leak out onto the bed. "Gross," Hoseok mutters, using the remainder from the bottle to slick up his fingers. Yoongi parts his thighs, drawing his knees up to his chest and sighing as Hoseok's fingertips rub over him, teasing. "I hope you weren't attached to these sheets, I don't know if that stain'll come out." He wraps his other hand around Yoongi's cock and strokes him as his fingers slip inside.

"Ooh, keep talking dirty to me baby," Yoongi intones, squirming on Hoseok's fingertips to try to get them where he wants. "You know laundry gets me so hot." He's still loose from earlier that morning, and

the night before. He doesn't need all this. He rolls his hips down onto Hoseok's fingers, groaning when Hoseok takes the hint and starts fucking him in earnest. He matches the pace with his hand fisted around Yoongi's cock. "Oh, *fuck*— I honestly don't give a shit about these sheets," Yoongi gasps. "They're old, all ripped and— oh," Hoseok's fingertips rub inside, and Yoongi's eyelashes flutter, toes curling, hips jerking onto Hoseok's fingers. "*Fuck*," he mutters, dragging his nails over Hoseok's shoulders. "That's good, I'm ready, *please*—"

"Just a second," Hoseok whispers, twisting his wrist. Yoongi slaps a hand over his mouth to try and muffle his moan in response, so loud he'd be embarrassed if it were anyone but Hoseok smiling down at him. His eyes are warm, goddamn twinkling like some sort of fucking Disney princess, and Yoongi just wants to kiss him. "You have some toy cleaner around here somewhere, don't you? I could probably get that stain out after pre-treating it first," Hoseok says, and Yoongi throws his head back and laughs. Hoseok’s breathing stutters. "Oh hyung," he exhales. "You feel so good."

"Fuck me and it'll feel even better," Yoongi whispers, curling his legs around Hoseok's waist and hauling him in close. He presses their lips together and licks deep into his mouth. Hoseok's hands move away, and Yoongi sighs into the kiss when Hoseok starts pressing inside him, so slow and careful.

They're not even kissing anymore, Hoseok resting his forehead against Yoongi's, mouths wet and open and panting. Hoseok's hands smooth over Yoongi's thighs as Yoongi tightens around him. He rocks his hips forward and forward, his breathing deep but uneven. "Fuck, *fuck*," Yoongi mutters when Hoseok bottoms out, teeth latching onto his bottom lip. His hand slides down between their bodies to curl around his own cock and jerk himself off. He feels so *full*. "Hoseok," he gasps, pushing down onto Hoseok's hips, clenching down around Hoseok's cock. "You can go, I'm okay—"

Hoseok pulls back and thrusts in, shallow at first, but picking up speed when Yoongi ducks his head to set his teeth into one of the darkest bruises he left on Hoseok's shoulder. Yoongi muffles his moans into Hoseok's throat, his free hand curling in the hair at the nape of Hoseok's neck and pulling just enough to make Hoseok groan. His hips snap forward.

"So fucking good," he gasps, hitching Yoongi's hips higher. He hits Yoongi's prostate again and again, and Yoongi's back arches, head

thrown back on the mattress with a little cry. He comes all over his fist, shuddering. "Oh fuck, Yoongi-yah..." Hoseok doesn't last much longer, coming soon after with a loud moan.

They rest together for a few breaths. Yoongi presses his ear to Hoseok's chest, pleased when he hears how fast his heart is racing. He shivers when Hoseok pulls back out. It aches, and Yoongi knows it will be worse later, but for now he feels sated. Calm. He wraps his arms around Hoseok's shoulders before he can get too far away, pressing his face into the side of Hoseok's throat, letting his eyes fall shut. Hoseok indulges him, running his hands over Yoongi's sweat-damp skin.

"Hyung," he whispers, after nearly five minutes. He sounds regretful. "We have to get ready to go now." Yoongi releases his hold, blinking as Hoseok draws back just enough for their eyes to meet. Hoseok smiles and cups Yoongi's jaw in his palm, thumb stroking over his cheekbone. "Let's have a shower, huh? We can't show up to the restaurant stinking like sex." Yoongi laughs, doesn't fight it when Hoseok starts to haul them both to their feet. His knees wobble as they make their stumbling way over to the bathroom.

There isn't much room in the shower stall. Hoseok cleans Yoongi first. Yoongi's chest bumps against the shower wall as Hoseok's fingers slide back inside him, slicked from Hoseok's come and lube. He's gentle as he crooks his fingers, working the mess out until it's washed away in the stream of water. Yoongi closes his eyes, lip caught between his teeth, shuddering. Hoseok presses his mouth against the nape of Yoongi's neck. "I think I got it all," he whispers.

Yoongi nods, resting his temple against the wall. The tile is cold against his skin, but it's a nice contrast with Hoseok's hot body pressed against his back. He huffs a tired laugh. "You gonna fuck me again?" he asks, opening his eyes and peeking back at Hoseok over his shoulder. Hoseok's hands curl around his hipbones, clenching like he's considering it. Yoongi angles his hips back, pressing against Hoseok's thigh. "I don't think I'd be able to stand up if you did," Yoongi admits, hand dropping from the wall to curl around Hoseok's waist behind him. "Definitely wouldn't make it to lunch with everyone."

"I don't think I could carry you back to the bed," Hoseok whispers, lips dragging over the shell of Yoongi's ear. Yoongi shivers. "We'd end up stuck in this bathroom forever. It's cold and dirty in here, hyung, and not the good kind."

Yoongi laughs again, sound echoing back at him in the narrow shower stall. He turns in Hoseok's arms and pushes him beneath the spray. "I'm hungry, and I don't have anything left in the kitchen, anyway." Hoseok smiles and ducks his head so Yoongi can scrub at his hair with a palmful of shampoo.

After the shower, Hoseok leaves Yoongi to dry his hair. Yoongi peers through the open bathroom door to see Hoseok, dressed in clothes pilfered from Yoongi's closet, and carrying an armful of soiled bedsheets and sex toy cleaner in his arms into the kitchen to shove into the washing machine. Yoongi snorts with amusement and keeps blow-drying his hair.

Even so, they only arrive fifteen minutes late to the restaurant. Yoongi sent a message ahead to Seokjin with his and Hoseok's orders, and the table is filled with food by the time they've all settled down. They all spend much of their time together shoving their faces (especially the kids, because the hyungs promised to treat), and making fun of each other with every third bite.

As the meal winds down, they each take turns to catch up on each other's lives: From Seokjin's new girlfriend that he met through the tutoring centre ("She's really cute," Seokjin sighs); to Jimin and Taehyung's new jobs at a cafe ("I'm a barista," Taehyung exclaims proudly. "Jiminnie's a busboy!"); Jungkook talks at length about some new video game he's been playing between study breaks ("...and then I fucking *pulverized* the other team—"); Namjoon grumbles something about his music theory class kicking his ass; and Hoseok bounces in his seat beside Yoongi as he talks about the new class he'll get to teach at the dance school.

When it's his turn, Yoongi shrugs and says he has nothing new to report. He shifts uncomfortably in his seat and watches Hoseok out the corner of his eye. He's smiling, leaning over the table to hand-feed Jungkook a lettuce wrap. Yoongi wants to tell them all that he finally got his act together, that Hoseok's his boyfriend now. It's not the right moment, he thinks. He wants Hoseok all to himself for just a little longer. He runs his fingers along Hoseok's thigh underneath the table, smiling when Hoseok nudges him in the side with his elbow. He leans into Hoseok's side as he pulls his wallet free from his back pocket.

Hoseok smacks Yoongi's arm. "No, it's my treat," he says, and Yoongi laughs.

Yoongi unlocks his phone instead and swears under his breath when

he sees the time. "Shit, I've got to go," he says. Hoseok glances at Yoongi's phone screen and sighs. Yoongi leans over to press a kiss to the corner of his mouth without thinking. "You're going to come over later, right?" he murmurs, fingers curling in the hem of Hoseok's borrowed t-shirt. "I won't be back until late, though—"

Hoseok shrugs, a little smile turning up the corners of his lips. "I swiped your keys, hyung, I can let myself in."

Yoongi's about to kiss him again when he finally notices how *quiet* it is. He turns his head and notices everyone is staring at them. Seokjin, Jimin, and Taehyung all look like Christmas has come a month early; Namjoon's and Jungkook's mouths are both hanging open.

"Fuck," Yoongi mutters. "Sorry, I really have to go, or I'm going to miss my bus."

Hoseok sighs and pats Yoongi's knee under the table. "It's alright, hyung. I've got this." He leans over and kisses Yoongi's slack mouth, quick but deep and filthy. "You owe me later," he murmurs, and Yoongi grins.

Yoongi grabs his bag and leaves the restaurant just as Seokjin starts laughing and demands everyone pay up. He glances back over his shoulder. *They were fucking* betting *on us?* he wonders. *These fuckers.*

Chapter End Notes

> not what i meant to write but, y'know. we can't always get what we want this is over 50k what the fuck happened
>
> i'm in the process of finishing up the next chapter of florist au, so (fingers crossed) that'll get posted next! um. yeah.

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

first date

Chapter Notes

this one takes place both a week before they move in together, and during their first date(s) - so the timeline jumps around between february/march 2014 and may 2015! this chapter alternates between hoseok's and yoongi's pov.

warnings for slightly ooc hobi in one part (i explain why later in the fic, but y'know. just a head's up! it is intentional!), alcohol consumption, sex (fully-consenual, both sober and under the influence), general overall sense of crippling awkwardness, u know how i do... big thanks to emily/sugasprinkles for the hand-holding, always appreciated ilu

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok crouches down on the floor to pull Yoongi's files out from underneath the bed. There's *so much*, Hoseok thinks, somewhat mystified as he hauls out three big boxes stuffed full of folders. "Do we have to keep all of this?" he asks, opening a box at random and plucking out a folder full of loose sheets of paper. He opens it on the bed and flicks through old bills and pay stubs; if they're in any sort of order, it escapes Hoseok entirely. He finds an old dental bill from five years ago. "Some of these are so *old*— hyung, what kind of a filing system is this?" He closes the folder and picks up another from a different box. "Did you just shove whatever into these folders without even looking? Is this... Oh my god, why did you keep this ticket in here? Hyung, what the hell. You told me that you didn't even *like* this movie..."

On the other side of the room, where he's packing dishes from the kitchen into boxes, Yoongi snorts. "Why are you poking through my shit?"

"Everything else is packed, and you kicked me out of the kitchen. How else am I supposed to help y—" Hoseok's voice falters mid-sentence as he flips an old cable bill over to discover a greasy dinner receipt stuck to the back of it. Out of the corner of his eye, Hoseok sees Yoongi clamber to his feet and peer over the counter at him. Somehow, Hoseok finds his voice again, though it comes out very soft and low. "Hyung, I can't believe you kept this."

"Kept what?" Yoongi grumbles, side-stepping around open boxes to make his zig-zagging way over and crouch beside Hoseok. "The fuck are you talking about now— *oh*," he says faintly, when he sees. Hoseok turns to look at him. Yoongi's face is blank, and he rubs at his left shoulder blade in slow, circular motions. "That."

"Why didn't you throw this out?" Hoseok asks, gingerly unsticking the receipt from the bill. He can't quite believe what he's seeing, but he recognizes the date printed at the top, the least expensive items off the menu that he'd ordered. It's real. "You *hated* me."

Yoongi rests his elbow on the bed, chin cupped in his palm. "Hate is a strong word," he replies, after a long pause. "I didn't know you well enough to hate you. by the time I did, I liked you instead." Hoseok looks over to see Yoongi's brow furrowed, lower lip protruding ever so slightly as he frowns. Sweat from the heat in the apartment and hard work glistens at his temples and along the nape of his neck, highlighting the red-brown bruises and faint bite marks left over from the night before. His eyes are somewhat distant as he stares at the narrow strip of paper clutched in Hoseok's hand. Maybe he's remembering their first date. Maybe he's reconsidering their entire relationship. Maybe he's just tired and grumpy. Hoseok leans over to kiss him, cupping Yoongi's jaw in his palm. Yoongi leans into it for only a moment before he shoves Hoseok's shoulder with a weak sound of protest. "It's too hot for that," he mumbles. His lips twitch into a faint smile in response to Hoseok's grin, and he ducks his head away to hide it. "Anyway, we're supposed to be *packing*."

Hoseok slides an arm around Yoongi's waist to pull him in close, and Yoongi doesn't resist, pressing into Hoseok's side. "Like that's ever stopped us before, hyung," Hoseok whispers, before tracing the shell of Yoongi's ear with his tongue. Yoongi makes a low noise in the back of his throat, and Hoseok smiles. "And we can finish packing later."

"You're right," Yoongi agrees after a moment's thought. He turns in Hoseok's hold to straddle his thighs instead, his fingers combing through Hoseok's hair before tightening in the strands at the nape of his neck. He grins when Hoseok shivers. "We've been working all day; we can take a little break."

*

Yoongi stares across the table at his date, who's staring fixedly at his lap. Though he'd felt the initial fluttering nerves of meeting someone who was supposedly 'perfect for him' upon first seeing this man, those

feelings have long since faded into the beginnings of a tension headache pulsing in his temples. Heaving an explosive sigh, he repeats his question once more without bothering to hide his annoyance. "How do you know Namjoon, again?" His voice comes out both harsher and louder than he intended, and Jung Hoseok's head snaps up so quickly his neck cracks. Yoongi refuses to feel sympathetic because it's his own goddamn fault for not paying attention.

"Oh, sorry," Hoseok says, rubbing the back of his neck with a wince. "Uh... We met online on this forum when we were in high school, and somehow just became really close over the years." He starts to stutter when he meets Yoongi's gaze. His eyes drop to stare instead at the untouched glass of beer he'd ordered. It was the cheapest item on the menu. Yoongi doesn't blame him for not drinking it because it probably tastes like piss. "When Namjoon offered me a place to stay here in Seoul, I— I jumped at the chance." Hoseok's eyes start to slip back down into his lap.

"And Seokjin hyung?" Yoongi prompts, when all he really wants to ask is, *'Why the fuck did they set me up with you?'* He's been trying to see what Namjoon and Seokjin have seen in Hoseok for the past twenty minutes, but he just doesn't get it. *What about you is so special?*

Hoseok scratches his cheek. His nails are neatly trimmed, clean and round, Yoongi notices; a contrast to Yoongi's own short, ragged nails. "Namjoon knew Seokjin hyung from school and introduced us..." He raises his voice to be heard over the drunk business men seated at the table next to them. "Seokjin hyung got me a job at the tutoring center with him on weekends..." His voice trails off as his eyes lower once more to his lap.

Yoongi lets out another sigh, reaching out for his beer glass and downing the remainder. He orders another when the waiter passes by and finishes half of it in absolute silence. This is downright *painful*, but he can't just leave without feeling like a complete asshole. On the opposite side of the table, Hoseok sits motionless, his eyes down on the phone he's been trying to hide in his lap for the entire date.

The food they'd ordered is brought to them at last, and Yoongi watches Hoseok's eyes light up like a kid on Christmas morning at the sight of the sizzling meat. As they eat, he seems to relax into his own skin; it's only then that Yoongi realizes how *tense* Hoseok had been, wound so tight he might snap. He still stutters and avoids direct eye contact, despite the change in his overall demeanor.

"I work as a waiter..." Yoongi's face must twitch into some sort of expression other than blank indifference because Hoseok hastily continues, "*No*, not here! They-they'd never let me live it down if I brought someone to the restaurant where I work. It's..." He sighs, divvying up his serving of beef into two equal piles. "It's not what I pictured myself doing, but I don't mind it? The people I work with are very kind— oh, shit—" His phone beeps in his lap. His elbow slips off the table in his rush to unlock the screen, and he knocks over his glass. The glass spins across the beer-drenched table, hitting a small bowl of kimchi with just enough force to send it flying off the edge toward Yoongi. "Oh fuck, *fuck*—"

The kimchi lands in Yoongi's lap, and whatever interest he might have had in continuing this date goes up in smoke. "Are you *fucking* kidding me?" Yoongi demands, as Hoseok tries to mop up the spilled beer with his napkin. "*Again?*" He picks up the bowl and sets it back on the table. "I'm so fucking done."

Hoseok seems to have drawn a similar conclusion. As Yoongi scrubs at his light-wash jeans to try and get the vivid orange-red stain out, Hoseok rests his elbows on the table. "Fuck, Yoongi-ssi— I— I'm so *sorry*," he mutters, hiding his face in his palms. He sounds *miserable*. "I should never have agreed to do this today, I'm so sorry." One of his hands falls from the table and returns with a palmful of wrinkled bills and coins that he pushes towards Yoongi. "This should cover my half of the bill." Yoongi watches Hoseok gather up his phone and his coat, pushing back from the table and getting to his feet. As he all but runs out of the restaurant, Yoongi can't help but notice how destroyed Hoseok's sneakers are, the worn-down soles peeling away from the ripped leather uppers.

After paying for the entire meal with his card, Yoongi shoves both the receipt and the cash into his pocket to deal with later. Outside on the sidewalk, he looks around but Hoseok is nowhere to be seen. *Good.* Yoongi's sigh fogs in front of his face as he shoves his hands into the pockets of his jacket and heads for the subway station. Once he's on the train, he sends Seokjin a text: *he's* not *perfect for me.* It isn't until he arrives home, pulling off his jacket and kicking off his shoes and jeans to stumble over to the couch and collapse down upon it, that Seokjin calls.

"You better give me details," Seokjin demands. "Don't leave anything out."

And so Yoongi explains. "He was glued to his phone the entire time,"

he mutters. "When he finally deigned to grace me with his attention, he was a stuttering mess and spilled shit all over the table *and me*."

Seokjin's sigh crackles over the line. "I don't understand," he murmurs. "That doesn't sound like him at all..." Yoongi scowls up at the ceiling, shivering in the cold of his apartment. He should put more clothes on. "I'm sorry," Seokjin says. "I thought he might be good for you. I guess you won't want to see him again, then?"

"*No*," Yoongi snaps. "I don't ever want to see his sorry ass again."

*

Hoseok buries his face in Yoongi's neck, trying to muffle his giggles. He feels Yoongi's fingers dig into his shoulders and peeks up to see a faint grin turning up the corners of Yoongi's mouth. "You told Seokjin hyung you never wanted to see me again?" Hoseok asks, voice hiccuping with laughter. "That's harsh."

"You ignored me the whole night, and then ruined a *second* pair of my jeans in as many days," Yoongi replies, clambering off Hoseok's lap and getting up onto the bed. The papers in the open file folder crinkle beneath his weight. "I was justified."

"That's true," Hoseok murmurs, staring down at the receipt.

"I don't know *why* I kept it," Yoongi says, his feet sliding across the wood floor to poke Hoseok's bare knees with his toes. "Probably the same reason I woke you up on the train when I saw you a month later." Hoseok looks up at him and he shrugs. "Coincidence."

"*Fate*," Hoseok corrects him, dropping the paper when Yoongi reaches out to grab him by the collar of his shirt. He pushes off the floor as Yoongi pulls him up onto the bed, only to end up sprawled out on the mattress with half his body still hanging over the edge. He rolls over onto his back and runs his hand up Yoongi's side to draw him down into a kiss with a hand curled around Yoongi's nape. "You sentimental little fucker," he mutters against Yoongi's mouth.

Yoongi jerks back with a surprised laugh, and Hoseok smiles. "Shut the fuck up."

*

Yoongi moves further along the crowded subway car in the vain hope of finding an empty seat. He discovers one at the very end of the train,

next to a young man curled up against the wall, fast asleep. His head hangs limp between his shoulders. As the train rounds a corner, his head tilts in that direction, light spilling across his face. Yoongi recognizes him with a funny jolt in his gut; Jung Hoseok sleeps with his mouth hanging open. When Yoongi settles in the seat beside him, he can hear Hoseok's gentle snores, and something inside Yoongi softens, somewhat. He jostles Hoseok awake as the train approaches the next station.

"Huh?" Hoseok wakes with a start, banging his head against the metal wall. "*Ow*," he hisses, rubbing the spot with his hand as he turns, only to freeze when he sees Yoongi beside him. He blinks in quick succession, shaking his head. His brow furrows. "Yoongi-ssi? What're you– what?"

"We're nearing a station," Yoongi mutters, feeling uncomfortable all of a sudden. He breaks eye contact, staring down at the floor. "Didn't want you to miss your stop if that's where you're planning to get off."

Hoseok blinks again. "Ah," he says, turning in his seat to look at the electronic display that announces the next stop. "Oh, that's not my stop. I'm going to meet Seokjin hyung at a cafe in Hongdae."

"I'm going to meet Namjoon at a cafe in Hongdae," Yoongi says, and frowns. "If they planned this, I'm going to murder them."

"Oh, what the hell," Hoseok sighs, fingertips sweeping his bangs out of his eyes before he smooths down his sideburns. "I'll help hide their bodies after."

The cafe where they were all supposed to meet is small and busy, with a line of people waiting to order leading out the door. Hoseok touches Yoongi's elbow. "What would you like, Yoongi-ssi?" he asks.

Yoongi shrugs. "An americano, I guess," he says.

"Alright," Hoseok says, joining the end of the line. His smile is crooked, and he jams his hands into the pockets of his pants. It's still cold out at night, even at the end of March. *He should've worn a scarf or something*, Yoongi thinks. Hoseok's denim jacket looks very thin. "I'll meet you inside. Give 'em hell for me, okay?"

Nodding, Yoongi edges around the line and through the door. He spots Namjoon and Seokjin sitting together at a table in the back, both clutching paper cups of coffee to warm their hands. He makes his way over to them, unwinding his scarf from around his neck as he goes in

case he needs a weapon. "What the *fuck*," he says, in lieu of an actual greeting.

Seokjin, to his credit, has the decency to at least look sheepish. "I'm sorry," he says.

"I never even wanted to go on that stupid date in the first place," Yoongi says, twisting the scarf in his hands as his voice dips into a low hiss. "*And now you're both fucking with me—*"

Namjoon rolls his eyes. "Chill the fuck out and sit down, hyung, it's really not a big deal."

"I promise I'll go somewhere else with Hoseok as soon as I finish my coffee," Seokjin adds, and nods at one of the chairs. "Please, sit." Yoongi drops down into it with a scowl, and Seokjin looks around. "Where *is* Hoseok, anyway?" he asks.

Shrugging, Yoongi mutters, "He offered to buy drinks so I guess he's still waiting in line." Seokjin cranes his neck to peer over the crowded tables. He waves and Yoongi glances back over his shoulder to see Hoseok standing inside the door now, grinning and returning the greeting with more enthusiasm. Yoongi turns back around in his seat, pulling his phone out of his pocket to play a game of solitaire while Seokjin and Namjoon chat between themselves.

After another ten minutes (and four won solitaire games), Hoseok weaves his way through all the people with their orders. As soon as he's set the drinks down on the table, he slouches in the chair beside Yoongi and immediately launches into a story about a five-year-old child refusing to wear his underwear properly for his dance class.

Yoongi frowns as he listens. *What dance class?* he wonders, picking up his americano. It's still too hot to drink, but he warms his hands on the hot ceramic until his palms feel sweaty. Yoongi hadn't noticed, but Hoseok's chair is so *close* to his. He keeps bumping Yoongi's arm and his thigh with each expressive gesture of his whole body as he talks. Yoongi sets his cup back down on the table and unzips his leather jacket. The cafe feels much *hotter* all of a sudden. He pulls his wallet out and selects a few bills, enough to cover his drink.

Hoseok taps Yoongi's arm and shakes his head. "It's my treat, Yoongi-ssi," he murmurs, his smile sweet and warm. Yoongi frowns. "To apologize for our date. Anyway," he raises his voice and turns back to face Namjoon and Seokjin. "I gave up trying to convince Hyunshik to wear his underwear where he was supposed to, so now he just wears it

on his head during the class. I hope the novelty will wear off soon, Sanghee noona is at her wit's end." Yoongi feels his lips quirk into a smile despite himself.

The coffee cools enough to drink, and it's *perfect*. Yoongi hadn't said anything about milk or sugar, but Hoseok's somehow added the right amount of both. Beside him, Hoseok keeps telling funny stories about the restaurant where he works, and about his dance classes. In between he cracks jokes and some of them are *awful*, but Yoongi finds himself laughing more and more often. He's not sure when it happened, but at some point Hoseok subtly shifted in his seat to include Yoongi in the conversation instead of focusing more on Seokjin and Namjoon, and Yoongi's *glad* of it. He *wants* to hear what Hoseok has to say.

They stand as they finish their drinks, dropping their empty mugs off at the counter before making their way to the door. Hoseok leads the way out with Yoongi close behind as they argue about their favourite baseball teams. "You have terrible taste," Hoseok says, voice hitching with amusement. It's kind of cute. He holds the door open for Yoongi to step through. It's *freezing* out.

"I have terrible taste?" Yoongi demands, incredulous. He winds his scarf back around his neck and burrows his nose into it to shield himself from the cold night air. "At least my team *wins*, which is more than I can say for your shitty team—"

The next time Yoongi looks up in the middle of trying not to crack up laughing at another of Hoseok's terrible puns, he realizes both that they're near Namjoon's apartment, and that Seokjin and Namjoon are nowhere to be found. "What the fuck," he mutters. "Did you notice they weren't with us? They didn't even say anything."

Hoseok shakes his head, peering down the street, his arms wrapped tightly around himself. He's shivering. "We're almost to Namjoon's, though," he says. "Do you want to just wait for them there?"

Yoongi cocks his head to the side. "What, outside? Fuck no, you moron."

"I have a key," Hoseok explains. "I can't afford a place on my own, so I've been sleeping on Namjoon's couch since I moved to Seoul." His smile is uneven. "It's a comfortable couch, at least." It's true. Yoongi's slept on that couch himself more times than he can count. "I'll text them, hold on— do you want to go into that convenience store?" he

asks, nodding towards the brightly-lit shop half a block ahead of them. "I'm kind of hungry, I wouldn't mind some ramen or something."

"Sure," Yoongi says, leading the way as Hoseok taps out a message on his phone. The convenience store is warm, and Yoongi wanders down the ramen aisle, searching for his favourite brand. Hoseok follows behind, still working on his message. Yoongi spots the familiar green and black label and grabs the bowl just as Hoseok reaches out for the same one. Yoongi turns to stare at Hoseok for a moment. His mouth is hanging open, eyes wide in surprise. Yoongi turns his head away and snorts, just as he hears Hoseok's breathy snickering laugh. "At least you have good taste in food," Yoongi mutters, picking up two packs.

"Excuse you, I have good taste in *everything*," Hoseok replies with some dignity.

Yoongi laughs. "Keep telling yourself that," he says as he approaches the cashier to pay for both. When Hoseok raises his eyebrows, Yoongi scowls at him. "It's just payback for the coffee, okay? Shit."

Despite the cold, Hoseok leads Yoongi back outside to the metal tables in front of the store after filling their bowls with hot water and waiting for them to cook. They sit closer than they might have otherwise, huddled together for warmth and have a non-verbal contest to see who can slurp their noodles louder. Hoseok wins, but only by a slim margin.

"You know," Hoseok mumbles, stirring his remaining noodles with his chopsticks, "This isn't my deal first date, but—"

Yoongi snorts again. It comes out meaner than he meant it to. "You think this is a date?" he asks. "You think I like you?"

Hoseok shrugs. "You haven't left," he answers, which — true. Yoongi nods to concede the point. "Whatever this is, it's not ideal," Hoseok goes on to say, slurping up the last of his noodles and pushing the bowl away. "But I mean, it's kind of nice, anyway. Do you want to come with me to drink all of Namjoon's terrible beer?"

Yoongi pushes his bowl away. the soup was spicy enough to warm him through. his nose is still running, though. "Yeah," he says, and sniffles. He'll never turn down the promise of free beer. "Yeah, I can do that."

The walk to Namjoon's isn't long, but Yoongi's still glad to kick off his sneakers and slide down over the armrest of Namjoon's sofa. He rests

his feet on the coffee table while Hoseok goes into the kitchen to grab the beers from the fridge.

"There's also wine in here, if you'd prefer," Hoseok calls. "We could be all sophisticated as we get wasted."

"Fuck wine," Yoongi grumbles, hugging one of the couch cushions to his chest. It smells different than he remembers, but he likes it. In the kitchen, Hoseok snorts a laugh. Yoongi kind of likes the sound of that, too.

Hoseok brings the case of beer over and sets it on the table. The bottle caps aren't twist-offs, so he uncaps two off the edge of the coffee table and hands one over to Yoongi. "Fuck wine," he echoes, clinking their bottles together. They drink and talk and Yoongi is surprised by how easy it seems to hold a conversation with Hoseok. He's completely different from the man he'd gone on an ill-advised blind date with a month ago.

"The fuck's up with that, anyway?" Yoongi asks, partway through his third beer. "Why were you so weird? Seokjin hyung said you were being weird."

"Ah," Hoseok says, and he fiddles with his fringe for a few moments before speaking. "The day before we met, I had an interview at this dance school for a teaching position—"

"The day you spilled your coffee on me, you mean," Yoongi says.

Hoseok winces. "Yes, the day I spilled my coffee on you. In my defence, you were standing *really* close behind me in line, so it wasn't entirely my fault—" Yoongi raises his eyebrows, and Hoseok ducks his head with a laugh. "You're right. I'm a terrible person, and I'm sorry. Are you happy?"

Yoongi grins and drinks the last of his beer. "Getting there," he replies, stretching his legs out a bit on the couch. There's still a good foot of space separating his toes from Hoseok's knees. "Go on," he says, waving the empty bottle at Hoseok in encouragement. "You had an interview."

"Yes," Hoseok says. "Even though I only just made it just in time for my appointment, I still couldn't shake the feeling I was going to fuck up somehow and lose the opportunity. I went through the interview as best I could, but I really wasn't confident walking out of there. It's my dream job, you know?" His eyes are fixed on the bottle in his hands,

nails picking at the paper label. "This was make or break for me. If I got this job, I'd get my foot in the door. Get my name out there." He sighs and reaches up to brush his hair out of his eyes again.

"The next day," he continues, "my friend Sanghee — the ballet teacher, she's the one who got me the interview in the first place — she promised to let me know whether or not I'd got the job the second she heard any news. She didn't know *when* she'd find out, though. So I had to have my phone on me at all times — including our date." Hoseok's voice falters, and the next breath he draws is shaky. "I'm so sorry about that, Yoongi-ssi," he says. He looks dejected as he meets Yoongi's gaze, his eyes imploring. "If it had been on any other day, any other week— I wouldn't have been such an asshole. I was so rude to you, and you didn't deserve that at all."

Shifting against the armrest, Yoongi shrugs. "So?" he says after a few moments of silence. "Was it worth it? Did you get the job?"

Though it's weak, Hoseok still manages a smile. "Yeah," he says, ducking his head again with a surprised little laugh. "Yeah, Sanghee called me as I was leaving the restaurant to tell me I got the job. I managed to hold my shit together on the bus all the way here, but totally broke down sobbing in the elevator, I was so relieved. Now I teach hip hop classes on Thursday nights, and help Sanghee with her toddler and children's ballet classes on Tuesdays. Oh, Yoongi-ssi, it's been *incredible*—" Just like that, he's off like a bullet, telling Yoongi all he's learned about his students and about teaching in the last month. He's begun to talk with his hands again, Yoongi notices. The beer in his bottle sloshes loudly against the glass, but he doesn't spill a drop. Yoongi's impressed.

After another few beers, Yoongi's sprawled out across the couch with his feet resting in Hoseok's lap; if Hoseok minds, he doesn't *do* anything about it. Yoongi tightens his grip around his empty bottle and talks about music and his dream of getting his masters in composition. It's something he's only ever talked to Namjoon about before. In return, Hoseok tells Yoongi about the moment he knew dancing was what he wanted to do in his life. "Dancing is everything to me," Hoseok sighs, and Yoongi can tell that Hoseok understands. Their passions are so intertwined, that Hoseok *gets it*, even if he doesn't do music himself.

Yoongi sets his bottle down on a coffee table littered with more empty bottles than full ones and sits up with some difficulty. The room's just beginning to spin around him, everything floaty and dizzy. He wants

to do something stupid. "Hey, come here," he says, beckoning to Hoseok with a flick of his fingers. "I want you to do something for me."

Hoseok places his beer down and clambers closer with his hands and knees on either side of Yoongi's legs. "What did you want me to do, Yoongi-ssi?" he asks, when his thighs bracket Yoongi's hips.

"You can call me hyung now," Yoongi says, reaching up to place both hands on either side of Hoseok's face, "and I want you to kiss me." He draws Hoseok down to drag his tongue slow and hot across Hoseok's lower lip. He still tastes like Namjoon's shitty beer, but Yoongi moves past that when Hoseok opens his mouth.

There is no gentleness to this kiss, Hoseok sucking roughly on the tip of Yoongi's tongue. Yoongi lets out an involuntary little moan, his hands sliding from Hoseok's cheeks to curl around the nape of his neck as he surges up into it so hard he nearly topples them both over.

Hoseok's laugh is little more than vibrations and hot breath, but he doesn't stop kissing Yoongi, which Yoongi is very grateful for. He bites at Yoongi's lower lip, worrying the flesh between his teeth and settles down in Yoongi's lap. He pushes their bodies together, his hands grasping Yoongi's waist hard enough for his nails to leave crescent marks behind.

Yoongi gasps, breathless and light-headed. He can't concentrate on much more than the slick movement of Hoseok's lips, each teasing flick of his tongue, his warm hands splayed across Yoongi's skin, the sharp bite of his fingernails digging in. The more Hoseok kisses him, the more Yoongi wants and *wants*. Yoongi changes the angle, tilting his head to lick deeper into Hoseok's mouth, and—

"Wait, wait," Hoseok mumbles, teeth catching on Yoongi's lip for a fraction of a second. He sits back just enough to catch his breath, resting his forehead against Yoongi's. "I— Yoongi-ssi— I mean— I mean, *hyung*—" He takes a deep breath. "Are you sure about this? I'm really drunk, I don't— I don't want to do anything we might regret later."

Yoongi scratches the back of Hoseok's neck, and he can feel the shiver roll down Hoseok's spine. His cock is starting to get hard beneath Hoseok's ass in his lap, and he squirms on the couch, hoping Hoseok can't feel it. "I'm sure," he whispers. "I want you— do you want me?"

Hoseok shivers again, his eyelids fluttering closed as he sways close

enough for their lips to brush again. "Yeah," he breathes. "Yeah, I do."

"I want you to fuck me," Yoongi says, kissing Hoseok gentle and soft. "Do you want to?"

"Do I want to fuck you?" Hoseok asks. The smile that spreads across his face is brilliant and close and unselfconscious, and Yoongi feels dizzier than ever. His hips rock forward and Yoongi can only just feel the hard line of his cock through his jeans. One of Hoseok's hands slides down over Yoongi's ass and along the back of his thigh. Yoongi feels flushed all over from the way Hoseok's looking at him. "Is that a trick question, hyung?"

"Glad we're on the same page," Yoongi sighs and tugs Hoseok back down. Making out turns to stripping each other out of their clothes, which turns to Hoseok fingering Yoongi open, gentle and thorough despite the alcohol in his system, which turns to Hoseok fucking him right there on the couch. Hoseok hikes Yoongi's thighs up to curl around his hips, fucking into him so hard Yoongi has to keep his hands braced against the armrest to keep his head from knocking against it. His eyelids keep fluttering, unable to stay fully open or closed.

Hoseok bends Yoongi almost in half. Yoongi's nails dig into the couch cushions, teeth clenched on his lip to muffle his moans. Hoseok leaves a trail of wet, sucking kisses down Yoongi's neck and heaving chest, breaths warms puffs of air over Yoongi's skin. A low whining moan is caught in the back of Yoongi's throat, and he slips an arm around Hoseok's neck, grinding down against Hoseok. It's so *good*, exactly what he was hoping for, and his back arches up off the couch as Hoseok teases his orgasm out of him with hard thrusts and a hand wrapped tight around his dick. Hoseok comes soon after and they collapse on the sofa together, sweaty and sticky and sated.

Yoongi keeps his eyes closed as he comes down from it, face tucked into the crook of Hoseok's neck. He's so *warm*, plastered against Yoongi's chest, his hips still nestled up against Yoongi's ass. Yoongi trails his fingers absently through the sweat slicking Hoseok's back, and Hoseok gives a contented hum in reply.

It must be past midnight by now, Yoongi thinks, after several moments of quiet. Muffled laughter from the alley beside Namjoon's building filters through the cracked living room window. He should probably head home before he misses the last bus. "Hey," he murmurs, and Hoseok makes a sleepy noise in response. "Hey, get up. It's late, I

should probably go." Hoseok makes another noise, more of a disgruntled whine and pushes himself up off Yoongi's body. He seems reluctant to move, and Yoongi doesn't blame him. This couch *is* really comfortable, and he's very tired.

Hoseok stumbles off to deal with the condom and returns from the bathroom with a wet washcloth for Yoongi to clean himself up with. After he mops up most of his own come off his stomach and chest, Yoongi reaches for his clothes and begins to redress himself. Hoseok leans against the back of the couch in his underwear, another beer clutched in his hand. "Hyung," he says, and Yoongi pauses in the middle of pulling on his jeans. "I know the answer's probably gonna be no, but..." He sighs.

Yoongi hauls his jeans up over his thighs. *Where did my socks go?* he wonders, feeling much soberer all of a sudden. He moves a bit too quickly and falls back down onto the couch with a surprised huff of breath. "But?" he prompts, looking up at Hoseok.

"Do you want to do this again sometime?" Hoseok blurts in a rush, words slurring together into a confused jumble. Yoongi pulls a face, and Hoseok laughs. It's self-conscious and uncomfortable. "Yeah, never — nevermind, hyung. Forget about it. Pretend I never said anything."

"No," Yoongi says, reaching up and brush his fingertips over Hoseok's hipbone. "Maybe? Call me some time, I guess, and I'll let you know," he says, slipping his phone out of his pocket and handing it over to Hoseok. "Hey, have you seen my socks? I can't fucking find them anywhere," he complains and muffles a yawn with his hand. He's *tired*, and he doesn't want to spend forty minutes on the bus to get home. *Maybe...* he thinks. *What if I just stayed here?*

Hoseok looks up from entering his contact information into Yoongi's phone. "Did you look under the coffee table?" he asks.

"Of course not," Yoongi mutters, slipping off the couch onto the cold tile floor and peering under the coffee table. "...And there they are," he sighs, grabbing them. Above his head, a phone vibrates with a loud buzz, and Yoongi jumps in surprise, smacking his head on the table. "*Fuck*, ow," he mutters, sitting up properly and squinting at Hoseok's phone. "Fuck you," he says.

"That wasn't my fault," Hoseok laughs, sitting down on the couch and scooping up his phone. He falls silent as he scrolls through his messages. "You know, Namjoon's staying at his not-girlfriend's tonight

if you maybe wanted to do this again... Right now, instead of later? I mean, if you want to?" Yoongi drops his socks and tugs his shirt back off before he all but launches himself onto the couch and into Hoseok's lap. "I guess that's a yes?" Hoseok laughs, slinging his arms around Yoongi's waist.

"Is that a trick question?" Yoongi retorts, cupping Hoseok's jaw in his palm as he leans down to press their mouths back together.

*

"That was a good night," Yoongi sighs into the crook of Hoseok's neck, and Hoseok can hear the fond smile in his voice. Yoongi walks his fingers down Hoseok's arms to curl around his wrists, pinning them above Hoseok's head. "You know, I always counted that as our real first date, anyway."

Hoseok huffs a laugh, staring up at Yoongi's ceiling. "Sentimental little fucker," he whispers fondly and tests Yoongi's grip on his wrists. He grins when Yoongi's fingers tighten just for a moment before releasing him. Yoongi drags his tongue down the side of Hoseok's throat, lips brushing Hoseok's collarbone where it peeks above the collar of his shirt, before leaving a trail of kisses down the centre of Hoseok's chest. Yoongi rucks Hoseok's shirt out of the way to press warm, soft kisses to his skin, and a pleased shiver rustles down Hoseok's spine.

"This sentimental little fucker's going to suck you off now," Yoongi mutters, fingers curling under the waistband of Hoseok's shorts. Hoseok hears a distant thump as Yoongi's knees hit the floor, the crinkle of the old file folder still open beneath Hoseok's body.

"*Yeah*," Hoseok sighs, letting his hands drop to tangle in Yoongi's hair. Yoongi holds him down, thumbs rubbing slow and firm circles over his hipbones as he takes him into his mouth. It's slow and teasing and he drags it out long enough for Hoseok to start whimpering and begging despite himself. "Please, *please*, hyung—" Only then does Yoongi finally let him come. Hoseok tugs on the back of his shirt until Yoongi clambers back up onto the bed.

"Good?" Yoongi asks, smoothing the hair back from Hoseok's forehead with his fingers.

Hoseok bites his lip, trying to keep himself from smiling. "Oh, I don't know," he says, sliding his hands up underneath Yoongi's shirt. "It was satisfactory, I guess."

Yoongi leans down to lick the curve of Hoseok's ear before setting his teeth to the lobe, *hard*. "Satisfactory," he echoes. "it was *satisfactory*." Hoseok catches the incredulous expression on Yoongi's face, and Hoseok's body trembles with the effort of keeping his laughter in check. "I'll show you fucking *satisfactory*, you annoying little shit," he grumbles, and Hoseok loses it, kissing him as he laughs into Yoongi's mouth.

*

"One grande iced americano with room for milk," the barista calls, setting Hoseok's cup down on the counter. Her smile falls when she sees Hoseok standing there. "Oh, are you alright?"

Hoseok shifts under her scrutiny, scraping on a fake smile that he hopes is at least half-convincing. "Sure," he mumbles, scooping up his coffee and the lid. "I just have a job interview in an hour, I'm kind of worried about it."

"Good luck," the barista says, offering Hoseok what looks like a genuine smile. "Just try to stay calm, I'm sure you'll do alright."

Ducking his head, Hoseok thanks her and turns to make his way over to the counter where the cream and sugar are. The man waiting for his drink after Hoseok is standing closer than Hoseok expected, however, and Hoseok stumbles to the side to avoid a head-on collision. Unfortunately, he spills his coffee down the man's pants leg, and the man shifts back with a low curse. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry," Hoseok yelps, setting his half-full cup of coffee back down on the counter and grabbing a handful of napkins. He feverishly dabs at the man's thigh and higher, trying to sop up the mess—

and abruptly freezes, when he realizes he's touching a stranger's crotch in the middle of a coffee shop. "Oh fuck, *oh*," Hoseok gasps, dropping the napkins and taking a quick step back with both hands raised in surrender. "Oh my god, *oh my god*, why is everything going to shit today," he says, lifting his gaze from the coffee stain dripping down the expensive-looking ripped jeans to see the incredulous expression on the man's face. He's painfully attractive, some small, distant part of Hoseok notices. He also looks like he could kick Hoseok's ass without much trouble. *Oh, that's just perfect*, Hoseok thinks.

"What the fuck," the man says. His voice is just as attractive as he is, low and raspy. Honestly, how is *that* fair? How is this Hoseok's life?

Why does the universe hate him so much today?

Hoseok's phone beeps in his back pocket, the alarm he'd set to remind himself to catch the bus for his interview. "Fuck," he mutters, and bows several times in rapid succession. "I'm so sorry," he says with each bow, grabbing his coffee from the counter. "I'm so sorry, I have to go or I'm going to be late, but I'm so, so, so sorry—"

The man stares after Hoseok, wordless, as Hoseok makes a break for it.

*

Hoseok keeps his arm hooked over Yoongi's middle, snuggled up against him on the bed, letting his eyes close. "I'm glad I spilled coffee on you," he murmurs, pressing his lips to the sweaty nape of Yoongi's neck. "I'm glad everything worked out the way it did."

"Shut up," Yoongi groans. He lifts Hoseok's hand from his waist to press a kiss to the back of his hand. "Me too."

Chapter End Notes

ARE YOU HAPPY, i hope so.

i'll try to get another chapter up before i go to chicago on the 21st, but i can't make any promises! i'm going to be very busy trying to finish up as many projects as i can before i go on holiday, sigh... (PS i'm going to TRB in chicago and am SO STOKED ABOUT IT i'm sorry i'm done)

first | timeline | mix

a question

Chapter Notes

> nothing to really warn for, i don't think... maybe just a general unsanitary warning? (though it's very faint. hoseok scrubbed the come stains off namjoon's kitchen counter with *bleach*, okay, they're clean!! i swear)
>
> this takes place three months before chapter 19.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi rushes forward as someone leaves Namjoon's building, offering the older woman a slight smile and bow in thanks as she holds the door open for him to slip through. He walks through the lobby to the elevators and rides it up to Namjoon's floor rather than taking the stairs. Though he'd checked on the bus, he glances at his phone screen. There's still an hour before the doors at the concert venue open, and it's only a fifteen-minute walk away from Namjoon's building.

Outside Namjoon's door, Yoongi punches in the code on the keypad lock before pushing the door open. "It's me," he calls, pulling the door shut behind him. He kicks off his shoes and steps into the apartment. Hoseok's nowhere to be seen. "Where are you?"

"Kitchen," comes Hoseok's voice, muffled through the walls. "I'll be done in a second."

Yoongi moves down the hall to the living room, the light spilling from the open kitchen doorway illuminating the otherwise dark room. Closer now, Yoongi can hear the clatter and running water as Hoseok washes dishes. Yoongi's about to sit down on the couch when he notices the bedsheet draped over one-half of it. The dark sheet is tucked over the armrest and underneath the cushion. It's weird, and far too early for Hoseok to make up his bed for the night. There comes a loud sucking noise from the kitchen as the sink drains.

"Were you napping, or something?" Yoongi calls. "...I thought your sheets were green, did you get new ones?"

Hoseok walks out of the kitchen to kiss Yoongi hello. "No," he murmurs against Yoongi's mouth. His hands are still damp but warm as they curl around Yoongi's waist. "It's Namjoon's." Yoongi pulls back

from Hoseok just enough to raise his eyebrows in a silent question. Hoseok elaborates with a sigh. "This morning, Namjoon guilt-tripped me into marathoning this terrible drama with him — remind me to borrow the DVDs and watch it with you later, hyung, you'll *love it*. He said we never spend time together anymore, blah blah blah... Anyway, our Namjoonie has only *just* realized that his couch is my bed, that you and I have been dating for the past three months, and that sometimes you spend the night here with me. He put two and two together and came to the conclusion that we've fucked on his couch, and now he refuses to sit directly *on* it. So, the sheet."

Yoongi stares at Hoseok, wordless, for several seconds. The corner of Hoseok's mouth twitches and Yoongi bursts out laughing so hard his knees almost give out. Hoseok's grip around his waist tightens as Yoongi stumbles forward, but he's laughing too, and they end up a slumped giggling heap on the floor. Yoongi rests his forehead against Hoseok's shoulder, his laughter still wheezing out of him in breathless little bursts. "I can't believe him," he manages to gasp out. "He can be so smart and *so slow* all at the same time."

"He stared at me with that pained expression on his face, you know, the one that looks like he's trying to take a dump—" Yoongi's laughter redoubles and he smothers his face in Hoseok's t-shirt to try to muffle it. "—And he was just like '...I *liked* this couch.'" Hoseok's version of Namjoon's voice is deeper than Namjoon's voice actually is, but the cadence and crisp edges to his words were perfect. "I didn't have the heart to tell him we've fucked in nearly every room in this place."

"*Don't*," Yoongi's yelp hitches into another laugh. He smacks Hoseok's side a few times and Hoseok snickers. "Don't, he'd lose his shit and get a black light or something to check if everything's been cleaned properly—"

"He'd have to move out, which is a shame," Hoseok says and sighs. "I couldn't afford this place on my own. I can barely afford half the rent *now*."

Yoongi smooths his hands down Hoseok's back. "You know," he murmurs, "my lease contract is up in a few months. I've been thinking of getting a bigger place..." He shifts back. Hoseok's stopped *breathing*. "Do you... D'you want to move in with me?" Yoongi asks hesitantly and tucks his face back into Hoseok's shoulder. "You shouldn't still be living on Namjoon's couch if you don't have to. It's not good for your back."

Hoseok inhales deep and slow, his fingers clenching in the back of Yoongi's t-shirt. "Can I think about it, hyung?"

"Oh," Yoongi says, his heart sinking into his gut. "Yeah," he says and untangles himself from Hoseok. he pushes off the floor and clambers to his feet. "We should leave now for the show, the doors open at eight, remember?" He holds out his hand for Hoseok to take.

"Right," Hoseok murmurs, catching Yoongi's hand and standing up. "Let me get my coat."

(*

The band is good live, and the show is even more fun with Yoongi bouncing up and down beside him. Yoongi swings his arms up into the air above his head, turning towards Hoseok to shout the lyrics, and Hoseok can't do anything but laugh. *Do you... D'you want to move in with me?* Yoongi's voice echoes in Hoseok's head. *Yes,* he wants to say. *Of course,* he should have said, *there's nothing I want more than this, and you, hyung.*

After, they stumble out of the club venue. Hoseok tugs Yoongi into an alley a few blocks away, out of sight from passersby. "Hyung," he murmurs, pressing his tongue to the base of Yoongi's throat to taste the sweat glistening there. Yoongi shivers, back arching off the grimy brick wall. his hands rest on the nape of Hoseok's neck, nails digging into his skin. "Hyung," Hoseok murmurs and drags his tongue up to Yoongi's ear. "I think I'd like to move in with you," he whispers, his teeth catching on the hoops threaded through Yoongi's earlobe.

Yoongi laughs, fingers slipping up into Hoseok's hair. "I'd like that, too," he replies simply, and turns his head to suck Hoseok's tongue into his mouth.)

Chapter End Notes

> okay! this is the last time i'll be updating until after i get back from holiday. i'll try to get some writing done while i'm away, but honestly lbr here i'm probably going to be a lazy useless lump of a human the entire week
>
> I HOPE YOU HAVE A LOVELY DAY/WEEK ♥ byeee

first | timeline | mix

dancing (part one)

Chapter Notes

> "HULK WILL NOT SHUT UP ABOUT MAGIC MIKE XXL UNTIL YOU ARE ALL GRINDING UPON YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHERS TO MAKE THEM LAUGH WHILE PONY IS PLAYING." (x, and thank you to emily/sugasprinkles as usual, for indulging me in this silliness)
>
> this takes place two months shy of their second anniversary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Early in the morning, Yoongi blinks blearily at his reflection as he drags a toothbrush over his teeth. He didn't get enough sleep the night before, up far too late working on a stubborn project for class. He has to send it in by the end of the week, and it isn't even half-way done by his standards. Yoongi hopes he can beg for an extension from his prof.

Yoongi doesn't know exactly when Hoseok came into the bathroom, but he doesn't startle when warm fingertips curl around his hipbones where his pyjama bottoms have sagged. Hoseok's been humming the same song since he woke up. It's one Yoongi can't put a name to, though it sounds familiar. He's humming it now, louder and louder as he steps in closer to roll his hips against Yoongi's ass in teasing waves. Yoongi laughs right out from the ridiculousness of it, toothpaste foam dribbling down his chin and onto the counter. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he looks into the mirror in time to catch the smile lighting Hoseok's face as he walks past to turn on the shower. As he leaves the bathroom after washing his face, Yoongi can hear Hoseok still humming that same song over the shower stream.

Yoongi reheats two-day-old convenience store kimchi fried rice for breakfast. He taps his chopsticks against the side of the frying pan in a rhythm that might work for his project while he waits, distractedly stirring the rice every now and then so nothing sticks to the pan. Hoseok's fingers curl around Yoongi's hips once more as he grinds against Yoongi's ass like they're in a club. It's worse this time; Hoseok's added beatboxing to the mix, an infernal combination of pounding beats and an infectious, driving melody. Yoongi jumps in surprise and catches the inside of his wrist on the hot edge of the frying pan. he hisses in pain and

"Oh, shit," Hoseok breathes, shoving the pan off the element with one hand and dragging Yoongi over to the sink with the other, flicking on the faucet. The cold water feels good. "I'm sorry," he says, when Yoongi blinks up at him with his most unimpressed expression. It's not a bad burn; thirty seconds under the cold water has drawn all the heat from the spot. After turning the faucet off, Hoseok presses a kiss to Yoongi's wet wrist, a sheepish grin spreading across his face. Yoongi kicks him in the kneecaps. In penance, Hoseok both finishes cooking breakfast *and* has to sit through a twenty-nine minute rant about how EDM is killing the artistry of DJing. by the time Yoongi finally wraps it up, Hoseok looks like he wishes he were anywhere else. *Serves him right*, Yoongi thinks, dumping his dishes into the sink for Hoseok to deal with later. He goes to finish getting ready for school.

Outside by quarter-past seven, Hoseok elects to wait with Yoongi for his bus, rather than continue on his own to catch the train to his campus. "My first class doesn't start for an hour and a half," he explains, when Yoongi grunts at him in question. "I'd rather spend a few extra minutes with you than wait around outside the hall."

Yoongi grunts again, squinting in the sunlight and clutching a travel mug full of coffee to his chest. There aren't many people around on their quiet side street this morning; a few passers-by on the sidewalks, the occasional car or cyclist. With a sigh, Yoongi leans against the bus stop sign and takes another sip of his coffee. At least Hoseok always makes good coffee, he thinks, eyeing his boyfriend over the travel lid. His boyfriend that, he realizes far too late, has begun to hum that damn fucking song *again*. His fingers curl around Yoongi's waist and he yanks Yoongi forward off the metal pole to roll his hips against Yoongi's thigh.

Tightening his grip on his coffee mug, Yoongi smacks Hoseok's shoulder with his free hand. "What the fuck," he snaps, his voice wobbling as he makes a spirited effort to keep his expression neutral. His lips twitch several times before he manages to force a grimace onto his face, and he smacks Hoseok's shoulder a few more times for good measure. "What the fuck," he repeats, punctuated by slaps. Hoseok slithers away from Yoongi with a laugh, bending to pick his bag up from the sidewalk and looking altogether too pleased with himself as he nods at something over Yoongi's shoulder. When Yoongi glances back, he sees the bus idling at the red light half a block away.

"Remember you promised to come grocery shopping with me later," Hoseok says, leaning in close to press a kiss to Yoongi's cheek and thrust one final time against Yoongi's hipbone as he walks away. "See

you for lunch, hyung."

Yoongi is sorely tempted to throw something after him. "Brat!" he shouts at Hoseok's retreating back; Hoseok turns to blow a kiss in his direction, the smack of his lips wet and obscene, and echoing loud enough for Yoongi to hear from several feet away. Yoongi turns as the bus nears, feeling the corners of his mouth quirk despite himself as he pulls his bus pass free from his wallet.

Halfway through his music history class, just as he's about to fall asleep, Yoongi's phone buzzes against his thigh. Biting back a yawn, Yoongi wiggles his phone free from his front pocket. He unlocks it to see a message about how bored Hoseok is in his music theory lecture. Yoongi opens the camera. He holds his phone in his lap for the best angle and snaps a photo that makes himself look like he has at least three chins that he promptly sends to Hoseok. A few moments later Hoseok returns the favour, and Yoongi snickers, saving it as Hoseok's new contact photo.

Yoongi receives another two buzzing notifications on the tail end of a three-hour lecture about counterpoint and melody. The first is a video message from Jimin. After plugging his headphones into the jack and stuffing an earbud into one ear, Yoongi taps the pause button. The video and sound quality are terrible. Whoever is filming has shaky, unsteady hands. On the screen, Hoseok spins into view. He doesn't seem to be aware that he's being filmed, moving along to the beat as people shout out various dance styles that he adapts into a routine. Judging by the appreciative murmurs and cheering the phone's microphone picks up, Yoongi guesses he's doing well. Abruptly, someone claps their hands and the music cuts, the video ending on Jimin's grinning face. *uh oh, teacher came,* reads Jimin's other message.

Hoseok and Yoongi meet up for lunch at a cafe they both like between their respective campuses. While waiting in line for their orders (an americano and a panini for Yoongi, and a grilled cheese and a smoothie for Hoseok), Yoongi chews on his lip. *teacher, teacher, please give me an extension...* he thinks, staring down at his phone, a new email to his professor open on the screen. He hasn't written much more than polite pleasantries so far, unsure of the best way to word his request.

Behind him, Hoseok slides his arms around Yoongi's waist and sways them both in time to the slow jam piping through the cafe speakers. Yoongi sighs and locks his phone screen. He leans against Hoseok's chest, head falling back onto his shoulder, his thumb hooked into

Hoseok's jeans pocket. There's no one behind them in the queue, or anyone seated at the indoor tables to pay any attention to them. Still, Hoseok draws away faster than Yoongi would like when the barista sets their orders out on the counter.

After eating, Yoongi takes the train with Hoseok to the grocery store near their apartment, as promised. When he bends down to scoop up a grocery basket, Hoseok grabs Yoongi by the hips and thrusts against his ass twice in rapid succession, almost throwing Yoongi off balance. "What the *fuck*," Yoongi squawks as he stands back up again. He can hear strains of that damn song as Hoseok wanders off towards the bakery like nothing happened. Yoongi follows with a scowl on his face, holding his basket out for Hoseok to put things in. After a few aisles, however, Yoongi lets his mind drift back to the email for his professor. *What should I say?* Though they don't cook much themselves, they still stock up on their necessities: bread, rice, cereal, instant ramen, beer...

In the laundry aisle, Hoseok begins to dance in a way that reminds Yoongi of the time his eldest aunt had gotten shit-faced at one of his cousin's weddings. Hoseok holds two different packages of detergent in his hands, trying to embarrass Yoongi into choosing his preferred scent. Yoongi manages to hold out for almost forty seconds before he breaks, wrestling one of the packs from Hoseok's grip and throwing it into the basket. "You're ridiculous," he mutters.

"I was trying to show you my soulfulness," Hoseok complains, as he trails after Yoongi into the next aisle for more bathroom tissue.

Yoongi snorts. "Do you get soulful about laundry often?" he asks, glancing back over at Hoseok over his shoulder.

"Oh, I'm soulful about *everything*." Hoseok's smile is bright with a hint of wickedness that makes Yoongi's breath catch in his throat. "You know that."

They walk back to their apartment after paying, sharing the weight of the grocery bags between them. On the way home, Hoseok still tries to do funny dances without spilling anything from the bags, and cracks terrible jokes that Yoongi finds himself bursting out laughing at regardless of quality. He's happy, watching Hoseok make an ass of himself just to see Yoongi smile.

Yoongi sits up on top of the counter and folds up the fabric bags Hoseok passes over to him as he puts the groceries away. Once

finished emptying the box of beer cans into the fridge, Hoseok starts to hum that song again. It's so low Yoongi almost can't hear it over the sound of the glass bottles rattle together on the fridge door shelves when Hoseok closes the door. "What is that, anyway?" Yoongi asks.

Hoseok reaches out to curl his fingers around Yoongi's wrist. His hold is loose, but when he pulls, Yoongi slides off the counter. He lets himself be drawn in close to Hoseok's body, staring down at his feet on the floor as he stumbles through the movements Hoseok performs as easily as breathing, all slow rolling hips and wandering hands. "I'm just a bachelor, I'm looking for a partner," Hoseok sings the song under his breath, rucking up the hem of Yoongi's t-shirt as his palms curve around Yoongi's hipbones. Yoongi's eyes snap up from the floor to focus on the faint smirk lifting the corner of Hoseok's mouth. "Someone who knows how to ride without even falling off..."

"You *fucker*," Yoongi grumbles, even as his arms slip up over Hoseok's shoulders. He tangles his fingers in the collar of Hoseok's shirt at the nape of his neck. "*This* is what you've been singing all day? I hate you."

Hoseok laughs, directing Yoongi's hips in little circles. "If you're horny, let's do it. Ride it, my pony," he continues to sing in a whisper, pulling Yoongi in even closer. "My saddle's waiting, come and jump on it..."

Yoongi bites his lip and rests his forehead in the crook of Hoseok's shoulder. "Why have you been doing this all fucking day?" he asks.

Hoseok shrugs, and Yoongi's head rises with the gesture. "You seemed sad," he replies, letting his hands slide up Yoongi's back beneath his shirt. "I wanted to see you smile."

Yoongi lifts his head to squint up into Hoseok's face, taking in the sheepish, almost uncertain expression he finds there. "Oh," he murmurs, pressing his face into the side of Hoseok's throat. "Well, I wasn't sad," he continues, lips moving against Hoseok's skin. "I was just thinking about this project that's been giving me a hard time. Thank you for caring about me, though."

"Anytime, hyung," Hoseok says. "Hey, can I try dipping you?"

"Oh, fuck it," Yoongi mutters, kissing Hoseok's neck before he straightens up to press their lips together. Hoseok's whines into the kiss, his hands smoothing further up Yoongi's back. Yoongi lets his hand drift up to tangle in Hoseok's hair as he licks into Hoseok's

mouth. Hoseok hums, again, and Yoongi pulls back to meet his gaze. "Alright, let's do this," he says. "If you drop me, we're breaking up."

Hoseok snickers, and leans in to kiss Yoongi once more. "That's fair," he murmurs against Yoongi's lips.

Chapter End Notes

hoseok *does* drop yoongi, but they end up making out on the floor instead of breaking up.

phew.

I KNOW I PROMISED THIS MUCH EARLIER i hope that it was worth the wait.

first | timeline | mix

moving in day

Chapter Notes

> i want to start over, i want to be winning
> i wanna hurry home to you
> put on a slow, dumb show for you and crack you up
> *you know i dreamed about you for (20) years before i saw you*
> *i missed you for (20) years*
> (slow show by the national)
>
> the moving in chapter. idk man. pov switches a few times — mostly from hobi's point of view, but the bits in parentheses are yoongi's.
>
> warnings for: facials, eye trauma (not explicit? but it's mentioned at the very end of the chapter), alcohol consumption, semi-unintentional exhibitionism, sex and interruptions...? i think that's everything. if i missed anything, please let me know!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok stuffs the pastry bag under his elbow and fishes Yoongi's keys from his pocket. As he balances the cardboard drink tray with its precious cargo of two large coffees in his free hand, he leans forward to ease the key into the lock. When the key sticks halfway (and it always sticks halfway), Hoseok wiggles it to the left until the key slides all the way home and turns to unlock the deadbolt. He pulls up on the handle as he turns it, bracing his shoulder against the door as he pushes it open.

The door lets out a shrieking complaint in response, and Hoseok kicks it shut behind him. He's only lived here a week, and he's glad it's the last day he'll ever have to deal with this awful fucking door. Hoseok cannot fathom how Yoongi's managed to put up with it for the past two years. *Hyung must have just gotten used to it*, he supposes as he toes off his sneakers and nudges them into the open closet beside the door.

He edges his way through the maze of boxes stacked in front of the door, making his way into the apartment proper. It's early, just past eight in the morning, and Yoongi is still fast asleep in bed where Hoseok left him half an hour ago. The blanket has been kicked to the bottom of the mattress, and he's moved since Hoseok's been out; sprawled in the middle of the bed, limbs akimbo. He has one hand

down the front of his boxers, lips parted slightly.

Hoseok tiptoes over to the bed and sets both food and coffee down on the bedside table before he leans over to shake Yoongi's shoulder. "Hey, hyung," he says, unable to keep back the smile as Yoongi scowls at the mere thought of waking. He's so cute. "Come on, it's time to get up. The moving team will be here soon."

Yoongi swats at Hoseok without opening his eyes. "Fuck off," he grumbles, his voice cracking. "No."

"I got you coffee, hyung," Hoseok wheedles. "Just how you like it."

"Don't fuckin' care," Yoongi retorts, his hand finding contact with Hoseok at last, and he pushes rather ineffectively at Hoseok's waist. His right hand stays tucked under the waistband of his boxers. "'M *sleeping*. Didn't I tell you to fuck off?"

Hoseok rolls his eyes, lips curving into a smile. "So I should just leave you here and eat all the milk bread myself, then? Well, alright—"

Yoongi cracks an eyelid at that. "Milk bread?" he asks. "...Did you get strawberry?"

Nodding, Hoseok opens the bag so the sweet scent of still-warm, fresh-baked bread wafts between them. "I got a few different things at the bakery, but if you don't *want* any—" He starts to get up but stops when the fingers of Yoongi's right hand circle his wrist.

"I never said *that*," Yoongi protests, his voice still deep and raspy with sleep. He sits up and blinks at Hoseok, his hair standing up at odd angles, his cheeks puffy and cute. Hoseok resists the urge to smooth Yoongi's hair down, but only just. "Is this the kind of treatment I should expect from now on?" Yoongi asks, gesturing to the coffee and the pastry bag with an absent flick of his fingers.

Hoseok leans in to kiss Yoongi's forehead. "I might treat you sometimes," he murmurs as he sits back enough to meet Yoongi's eyes. "If you're *very* good." Yoongi grunts, letting go of Hoseok's wrist to catch the front of Hoseok's shirt and reel him in for another kiss. Hoseok shakes his head and leans back further. "Oh, no," he says with a little laugh bubbling up his throat, "not until you've brushed your teeth."

Yoongi's eyes narrow. "You've never complained about it before."

"Before my breath smelled just as bad as yours," Hoseok explains patiently, setting the bag down out of Yoongi's reach before freeing his shirt from Yoongi's grasp. "That's not the case today. I got up, brushed my teeth, *and* showered this morning, and I won't kiss you until you do the same." With that, he gets to his feet and stretches his arms up over his head with a yawn. He ducks down to grab his coffee cup and the pastry bag, before heading over to the couch on the opposite side of the studio apartment. "Oh, this coffee is so good," he calls.

From across the apartment, Hoseok hears Yoongi huff an irritated sigh. Then,

"*I hate you*," Yoongi says, voice laced with venom, as he gets to his feet and stomps over to the bathroom. Hoseok can hear him muttering under his breath.

Hoseok smiles and bites into a blueberry muffin, leaving the milk bread in the bag for Yoongi. "Sure thing, honey," he calls, his grin broadening when Yoongi lets out a wordless shout of rage in response.

He returns after his shower and scoops up his coffee. He settles next to Hoseok on the sofa and takes the strawberry milk bread Hoseok pulls from the bag for him. Yoongi lets out a cute little sigh of happiness when he bites into it, and Hoseok smiles. Breakfast is a quiet affair, spent listening to the city wake up around them through the open windows. Yoongi sits with his feet in Hoseok's lap, and Hoseok rubs his ankles between sips of coffee.

"When are the others getting here?" Yoongi asks later. The empty coffee cups sit on the table beside Hoseok, their breakfast little more than a scattering of crumbs and a scrunched up paper bag.

"Seokjin hyung's text said half past ten," Hoseok replies with a yawn.

Yoongi shifts, kneading Hoseok's thigh with his toes. "What time is it now?" he asks.

Hoseok squints towards the blinking time display on the oven in the kitchen. "Almost ten," he says, slouching down further into the couch cushions. "Why?"After a few moments of quiet, Yoongi withdraws his feet only to slide over into Hoseok's lap. "Oh," Hoseok says, as Yoongi's palms frame the sides of Hoseok's face, tilting his head up for that good morning kiss at last. Hoseok's hands curl around Yoongi's thigh and waist as he pulls him closer. His mouth tastes like that americano (splash of cream and half a sugar packet), with hints of strawberry and the faintest trace of peppermint toothpaste still lingering on his

tongue. Hoseok sighs as Yoongi's teeth close on his bottom lip. He could really, *really* get used to this.

*

(The first thought Yoongi has as the landlord opens the door of the fourth apartment they've seen that day is, *This is where I want to live.* Yoongi toes off his shoes and steps off the cool tile of the foyer to the polished wood of the living room and kitchen. He can hear Hoseok taking off his own shoes behind him, and when he peeks back over his shoulder, he sees Hoseok setting both pairs of their shoes on the shoe rack in the open closet. Yoongi smiles when Hoseok pulls a face at him. "This is really nice," he says. The landlord closes the door behind them.

The apartment is open concept, with the kitchen, dining, and living rooms all sharing the same general area. The kitchen is a decent size, with white cabinets, brand new stainless steel appliances and dark grey granite countertops that complement the wood floors. There's a lot of storage space, more than Yoongi's tiny studio provides. A few barstools line the opposite side of the counter, and Yoongi can imagine eating breakfast there with Hoseok in the morning. The living and dining area is a good size, able to fit a couch, coffee table, armchair, and dining table and four chairs with enough space to move freely around the room. While Yoongi was distracted, Hoseok had made his way over to the sliding glass doors that lead out onto a covered deck area. He stares out the windows at the view of the city below. It's a good view.

There are only two doors in the hallway off the right of the kitchen, one on either side. The hallway off to the left leads to one of the bathrooms and a closet, so those must be the bedrooms. Yoongi pushes off the side of the counter and goes to investigate. He pushes the door nearest him open and has his suspicions confirmed. It's not a big room, scarcely with enough room to fit a queen mattress, but he wouldn't sleep in here. He trails his fingers over the wall as he walks the perimeter of the room.

"Your computer would look good beside the windows," comes Hoseok's voice from the doorway. His voice sounds different. subdued, somehow. Yoongi stops beside the wall of windows and turns to look back at Hoseok. He has his hands shoved deep into his pockets, his lips set in a straight line. He wets his bottom lip with a swipe of his tongue and opens his mouth to speak. Hoseok seems to change his mind, clamping his lips shut so tightly Yoongi can see his dimples

from the opposite side of the room.

Yoongi's heart sinks; he knows that face. He edges around the bed to join Hoseok in the doorway. "What's wrong?"

Hoseok lowers his eyes to the floor. "It's a beautiful apartment, hyung," he whispers after a long pause, his voice soft enough to keep the landlord from hearing. His fists twist in the pockets of his jeans. "But I can't... I can't afford it, I wish I could. I *can't* ask my parents for another loan, I only just finished paying off the last one—"

Disappointment pangs beneath Yoongi's breastbone. He reaches out to curl his fingers around Hoseok's wrist, pulling him further into the bedroom with him before pushing the door shut. "It's okay," he says. "We don't have to pick this one. it is expensive."

"It's the first one you've liked all week," Hoseok says. He sounds and looks *miserable*. "I don't want to be the reason—"

Yoongi leans up to kiss him. "I said, it's *okay*," he repeats, surprised by himself when he finds he's not entirely lying. He rubs his thumb over Hoseok's wrist bone and kisses Hoseok again. "C'mon, let's go," he murmurs, pulling the door open. "We still have one apartment left to go see before your shift starts, right?"

"Right..." Hoseok says, stumbling after Yoongi down the hall and into the main apartment. He bows to the landlord and thanks her for her time while Yoongi shoves his feet into his shoes. Hoseok follows Yoongi out into the hallway, and they walk towards the elevator together, walking close enough for the backs of their hands to brush against each other with every step.

The next apartment is on the lowest end of their price range. As the landlord unlocks the door and it swings inward of its own accord, Yoongi can see why. The ceilings are very low, speckled with water damage, and the windows are small and narrow. Every few minutes, every electric light in the place slowly starts to brighten, and then dim. Yoongi walks further into the apartment, with Hoseok close behind him. The floors are so dirty, Yoongi thinks they must just be that shade of grey until he stumbles and drags his foot, wiping a clean white streak through the grime. He hears Hoseok swear under his breath behind him, and Yoongi grins despite his distaste.

"I don't want to live *here*," Hoseok mutters. "This is disgusting."

Yoongi nods towards the worst of the water damage. "I wouldn't be

surprised if it turns out there's mold in the walls."

Hoseok swears again, and peeks into the bathroom. Whatever he catches a glimpse of has him letting out an ungainly squeak and slamming the door shut on it. "I've seen enough," he says, anxiety rolling off him in waves. He grabs Yoongi's hand and hauls him over to the front door. "Thank you for your time," he says, bowing to the landlord as they pass him by.

"What did you see?" Yoongi asks curiously, glancing back over his shoulder. The landlord isn't even looking at them as he locks up the apartment again. "Was it a spider?"

"A huge cockroach flying around," Hoseok mutters, tightening his grip on Yoongi's hand and walking faster. "I don't know which would've been worse."

Yoongi twines their fingers together as they step into the elevator. "A huge flying spider," he suggests, grinning when Hoseok shudders. He bumps Hoseok with his shoulder. "now we've seen the best and the worst," he says. "We just have to find something in the middle. it'll be okay."

Hoseok nods, tilting his head to press a kiss to Yoongi's cheek. "I know it will."

After Hoseok goes to work, Yoongi keeps looking at apartments on his own. He takes pictures and video of each place that he then sends to Hoseok through their chat app. When Hoseok takes his break a few hours later, Yoongi facetimes with him in a duplex that has a similar feel to the expensive apartment, at three-quarters of the price. "I like the loft bedroom," Yoongi says, turning the phone so Hoseok can see over the balcony into the living room below. "This place isn't too bad, and it's just in our price range."

"It's alright," Hoseok hums. "I have to get back to work now, we're so busy tonight. Do you want me to come by after I get off? I can bring leftovers."

"Yes, please," Yoongi says, feeling a rush of gratefulness. "I don't have any food."

*

"Okay, so how about that duplex?" Yoongi asks later that night, taking the dripping wet bowl from Hoseok's hand and drying it with a towel.

Hoseok, elbows deep in soap bubbles, does not look up. "Where would you put your studio, hyung?" he counters. "That was whole point of this, wasn't it? You wanted a more convenient place to work in." He scrubs at a particularly stubborn stain on one of Yoongi's plates, his mouth set in a frown. "The same amount of space as this apartment — just on two levels — isn't going to solve that problem."

Yoongi sighs, putting the dry bowl back into the cupboard and pushing himself up to sit on the countertop beside the sink. "Yeah, but a duplex would be cheaper than a two bedroom. It's more realistic for us. I'll just have to keep working at the studio on campus. Whatever." He nudges Hoseok's thigh with his foot. "The extra space isn't that important to me anymore." Even with the '*As long as I'm with you*' going unsaid, Yoongi's cheeks still burn with embarrassment. He swings his feet a bit, staring down at the floor with his lip caught between his teeth.

"Oh," Hoseok says, letting the plate slip back under the water in the sink. Yoongi looks up at him in time to see the agitation and worry on Hoseok's face before it morphs into something closer to relief. "*Oh.*" He slips his wet arms around Yoongi's neck and leans in to kiss him. Yoongi smiles into it, curling his legs around Hoseok's thighs to pull his hips flush to the edge of the counter. "You're so gross," Hoseok breathes.

"Thanks," Yoongi mumbles, nipping at Hoseok's lips. "Stay the night?" he asks, and Hoseok hums an affirmative in reply, tilting his head to deepen the kiss.)

*

"Hyung," Hoseok sighs, squirming against the arm of the couch as Yoongi works on sucking a trail of kisses down the side of his neck. "They're gonna be here any second..."

"Let me finish, I'm almost done," Yoongi murmurs. His teeth graze the base of Hoseok's throat and Hoseok shudders, his nails digging into Yoongi's waist. He feels Yoongi's lips curve into a smirk, and shudders again, letting his head fall back onto the couch cushion with his eyes closed. Yoongi drags his tongue back up to Hoseok's ear. "There," he whispers, nipping at Hoseok's earlobe before leaning away. "Now you're presentable."

Hoseok offers Yoongi a lazy smile in response, eyes still shut. "I'm happy to hear that," he says. "Wish you had time to kiss me

everywhere else."

He hears Yoongi's laugh, low and pleased, and peeks his eyes open in time to see Yoongi duck his head with a little smile. "That can be arranged," Yoongi says, leaning over to the table to scoop up Hoseok's phone before settling back in Hoseok's lap. Hoseok's eyes pop all the way open. "Just have to text Seokjin and tell him to bring the truck by later—"

"Don't!" Hoseok yelps, head shooting up as his hand closes around Yoongi's on his phone. "Hyung, we *can't*— you know we have to be out of here by noon, and I still have to clean."

"Won't even take us an hour to move all this shit down to the truck," Yoongi grumbles, trying to twist the phone free from Hoseok's grip. "They don't have to get here until eleven at the earliest—"

Hoseok sits up, pressing his forehead into the crook of Yoongi's neck. "Hyung, please. We'll have time later. It doesn't have to be now." Yoongi drops the phone in favour of wrapping his arms around Hoseok's back. "I still can't believe we're moving in together," Hoseok says after a moment, and sighs, playing with the hem of Yoongi's shirt. "...Did you ever think we'd get here?"

"Fuck no," Yoongi replies. "I thought you were an asshole."

"You *still* think I'm an asshole," Hoseok mutters.

"Well, you are," Yoongi says, squirming and breathless with laughter as Hoseok tickles him in response. "You're an asshole and I'm a dick, and that's why we get along so well."

Snorting a laugh, Hoseok pushes on Yoongi's shoulders, and Yoongi falls back onto the couch cushion behind him with a huff of breath. "Is that what it is?" Hoseok murmurs. At Yoongi's nod, Hoseok presses down onto Yoongi's body in one long, slow roll, twining his fingers with Yoongi's, holding his hands up over Yoongi's head on the couch. Yoongi tilts his head up to meet the kiss readily, humming in satisfaction as Hoseok's tongue slides against his. He folds his legs around Hoseok's hips to keep him close, but Hoseok has no intention of going anywhere — not until the moving crew arrives, anyway. Yoongi squeezes Hoseok's hands, the heels of his feet digging into Hoseok's ass as he grinds up against Hoseok's hips. He's starting to get hard. Maybe they *do* have enough time to—

Hoseok's phone pulses between them. Yoongi's teeth catch on Hoseok's

tongue in surprise, and Hoseok jolts upright with a yelp of pain muffled by his hand. He recognizes Seokjin's ringtone, and it takes him a few tries to grab his phone off Yoongi's belly and answer the incoming call. Yoongi gazes up at him with glittering, half-lidded eyes and a scowl turning down the corners of his swollen pink mouth. "H-hello? Seokjin hyung?" Hoseok says. His tongue *hurts*. Yoongi covers his face with his hands and groans something about blue balls. Unsympathetic, Hoseok pinches his thigh. Yoongi yelps and slaps at his hand.

Five minutes later, Namjoon and Hoseok are standing in the middle of Yoongi's cramped studio apartment, surveying the amount of work that needs to be done. Yoongi's still sprawled out on the couch, though he offered a spiritless wave when Namjoon trooped through the door. "Let's get started, then," Namjoon sighs, picking up a stack of two boxes at random. "Seokjin hyung's parked in the fire lane in the alley, so the faster we get this done, the better..."

While Namjoon takes a few boxes down in the elevator, Hoseok replaces the good sheets with an old, ripped and faded bed sheet to protect the mattress. Seokjin, Namjoon and Hoseok take the mattress down. When he gets back up, Hoseok packs the good bedding and pillows in the last box full of the items from Yoongi's bedside table, and Yoongi takes apart the bed frame. He starts to take it down to the truck in pieces. Hoseok gathers up the screws, puts them together in a plastic bag before putting them into the bedding box and taping it shut. He scoops up that box and a heavier one and heads down to street level.

With everyone working together, it takes a little over an hour and a half to empty Yoongi's apartment of furniture and boxes. Hoseok doesn't gloat when he shoves the last box into the truck five minutes after noon. (Not much, anyway.) "Wait," he says, stepping down off the back of the truck. "Namjoon-ah, why is your couch in there?"

Namjoon tucks his hands into his pockets. "You're going to fuckin' take it or I'm setting it on fire right here, right now, in this alleyway."

Yoongi snickers and Hoseok elbows him in the ribs, but he's trying to keep himself from laughing just as much. "'I *liked* this couch,'" Yoongi mutters under his breath, and that does it. Hoseok breaks, clapping his hands and stumbling into Yoongi, his knees gone unsteady under the force of his laughter. Yoongi catches him around the waist and they lean against each other, breathless and weak with their combined delight. Namjoon's scowl deepens, and Seokjin looks on in

bewilderment.

*

(They have a little less than a month left to find an apartment that will work for both of them. Hoseok has high expectations for the second place they go to see that day, because it's in the middle of their price range, it's in a decent enough neighbourhood close to their respective school campuses, and the building is right across the street from Taehyung and Jimin's apartment. Yoongi has much lower expectations, but he's happy that Hoseok has seemed less stressed about the whole 'moving in together' thing since they talked things over.

On the top floor of a four-story walk-up, with three units each on either side of the hall, the landlord punches the code into the keypad for apartment 25F and pushes the door open for them. "I'll wait for you out here," she says, bowing her head as they thank her and step inside.

The apartment is a corner unit, with broad windows that let in lots of natural light. Though the kitchen is small and on the cramped side, all the appliances have been updated within the past year. The cupboards could use a fresh coat of white paint, and the fixtures ought to be replaced, but the laminate countertops mimic a granite pattern, a beautiful dark blue with hints of sea green. The window over the sink looks out towards Taehyung and Jimin's building across the street. Yoongi walks his fingers along the beveled edge while Hoseok peers into the stainless steel appliances.

"This isn't too bad," Hoseok says, shooting a grin at Yoongi over his shoulder before crouching down to look inside the washing machine.

The bathroom is opposite the kitchen, on the left side. Yoongi pushes open the door with Hoseok close behind him. It's fairly standard, as far as bathrooms go, with a toilet, a mirror-faced medicine cabinet, lights, sink and counter against one wall, with a shelf running along the length of it, and a bathtub/shower with sliding glass doors against the adjacent wall. The shower walls are a mix of small silvery-blue tile and larger white tiles, with built-in shelves for storage at either end, and a hand-held shower head. Yoongi slides the glass door open. The bathtub is deep, with armrest ridges along the sides. "I like this," he says. "I haven't had a proper bathtub since I moved out of my parents' place."

When he looks up, Hoseok has opened the medicine cabinet to reveal even more storage. "I never had this much room for stuff growing up," Hoseok says. "But I shared a bathroom with my sister, so that might be why."

Yoongi snorts and gets to his feet. "Let's go check out the rest."

Hoseok leads the way out of the bathroom and pauses beside a closed door right beside it. As he opens the door, Yoongi stands on tip-toe to peer over his shoulder into the large walk-in closet. There's an electric outlet on the far wall. "Oh wow," Hoseok says, leaning inside. "D'you think you could fit a desk in here?" Yoongi scoffs, but when Hoseok turns to look on him, he's wearing his sincere face. "Hyung, this only a little smaller than your studio on campus, it could totally work."

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi leads the way into the bedroom. It's *huge*, a single room spanning the entire width of the apartment. The carpet is an unattractive, mottled beige colour with a few suspicious dark stains. The walls, like the rest of the apartment, could benefit from a new coat of paint. It's not all bad, though: The windows look out onto the quiet side-street below, lined with a few trees and parked cars.

"Why the fuck is this room so big?" Yoongi grumbles. "It's so impractical..."

"Why didn't they put in a living room or a second bedroom?" Hoseok asks, pushing one of the windows open and leaning outside. "Oh! I think that one's where Jiminnie and Taetae live," he says, pointing across the street. Yoongi comes over to stand beside him. "The one with the grey cat in the window," Hoseok says, still pointing. "See? That looks like Dumpling, doesn't it?"

"Can't believe they gave that little demon such a cute name," Yoongi mutters, but he still grins when Hoseok elbows him in the ribs. He turns to sit on the edge of the window frame.

Hoseok sits beside Yoongi. "This obviously isn't the nicest place we've seen, but I think it's pretty okay?" he murmurs, reaching out to take Yoongi's hand between both of his. "The kitchen needs some work, and the whole apartment needs to be washed from top to bottom, but..." He plays with Yoongi's fingers, trailing his fingertips over Yoongi's skin like he's trying to commit each small detail to memory. "I think a fresh coat of paint and putting a different floor in here would make it good. Don't you think?" He looks up and Yoongi nods, leaning against Hoseok's side. "This room's really big, so," Hoseok

continues after a few moments, his eyes falling back down to Yoongi's hand in his lap. "I don't know, we can just put the living room in here with your bed, there'll still be room to spare... And that closet can be your studio."

Yoongi frowns. "It's tiny."

"So are you," Hoseok says, grinning cheekily. "It's okay, you'll fit."

"I hate you and I want to break up," Yoongi intones. He turns his hand and threads his fingers between Hoseok's. "Is this the one?" he asks.

Hoseok smiles down at their entwined hands. "I think it is, hyung.")

*

It takes thirty minutes and three bus transfers for Hoseok and Namjoon to get to the new neighbourhood. They still have to wait another half an hour for the truck to arrive, and Seokjin and Yoongi left ten minutes before them. Jimin and Taehyung show up soon after to help with the move; the building doesn't have an elevator.

"Traffic was *brutal*," Yoongi mutters to Hoseok, after Seokjin's parked the truck in the fire lane in the alley once again. "It's almost two in the afternoon on a *Tuesday*, why the fuck is everyone out on the road?"

Hoseok slings a companionable arm around Yoongi's shoulders. "Just to piss you off, hyung," he says, glancing around to make sure nobody was paying attention to them before leaning in and kissing Yoongi's cheek. Taehyung and Jimin notice, of course. They follow Hoseok as he makes his way over to the back of the truck, clucking and making kissy faces at him. "Come on," Hoseok says, raising his voice to be heard over the racket. "We should get started."

"When do we get pizza?" Seokjin asks, as Yoongi props the back door of the apartment building open and leads the way up the stairs. "I remember there was a promise of pizza."

"Once all the boxes are in the right rooms," Yoongi answers.

Everyone takes turns watching the truck and the door while the others pack boxes up four flights of stairs. Hoseok makes sure each box is put in the room they've been labeled for. They clear out enough boxes to get started on taking the heavier furniture up. Namjoon and Seokjin take front side of the mattress, while Hoseok and Jimin take the rear. Yoongi follows them up with pieces of the bed frame.

While they were busy with the mattress, they left Taehyung behind to watch the truck and the door. "Well! the upside is that we're out of the fire lane now," Seokjin says brightly, as Namjoon catches Taehyung in a headlock.

"The downside is that we have to walk all the way down to the opposite end of the fucking alley to get to the truck," Yoongi continues, rolling his eyes.

"Good job, Taetae," Jimin says.

"Always thinking of you guys," Taehyung wheezes from beneath Namjoon's arm. "I've never driven a stick before."

"We're lucky the truck still *works*," Namjoon mutters, squeezing Taehyung tighter for another moment before releasing him.

Taehyung staggers to Jimin, rubbing at the pink mark Namjoon left behind on his neck. Jimin swings an arm around Taehyung's waist, pulling him up against his side. "Why?" he retorts. "It's not like *you* were driving the truck, hyung."

Namjoon scowls. Before he can open his mouth to speak, Seokjin climbs into the truck and drags Namjoon's old couch towards the edge. "Taehyung, come grab that end," he says. Taehyung steps forward and catches the end when Seokjin pushes it forward. Jimin comes over to help, and the three of them take the couch up together.

"I'll stay this time," Namjoon says, stretching his arms up over his head with a groan.

"Don't touch anything," Yoongi and Hoseok both say at the same time. They grin at each other. Namjoon rolls his eyes.

Hoseok takes a box and a few pieces of the bed frame, and Yoongi does the same. "Never a dull moment, huh?" he asks, leading the way up the stairs. Behind him, Yoongi makes a listless, non-committal sort of grunt in reply. Hoseok frowns, stops and rotates in the stairwell to look back at him. "Are you alright?"

"Kind of tired," Yoongi admits, propping his leg up on a higher step and resting the box on his knee.

"Once we get the bed set up, you should take a nap," Hoseok says, turning and continuing up. "We can handle the rest of the boxes, hyung." When they get upstairs, Yoongi does just that. Hoseok finds

the box of miscellaneous bedside table items, bedding, pillows and bed frame screws, and Yoongi puts the bed frame back together. After setting the box spring and mattress down into the frame, Hoseok makes up the bed and pushes Yoongi down onto it. "I'll wake you up in forty minutes," Hoseok promises, bending to press a kiss to the top of Yoongi's head before brushing his fingers through Yoongi's hair.

"Thanks," Yoongi sighs, curling up on his side underneath the sheets.

Hoseok smiles. "No problem, hyung," he says. "Sleep well."

"Hey, Hoseok-ah—" Hoseok stops in the doorway of the bedroom and half-turns to look back at him. "Don't let Namjoon handle any of the fragile boxes, okay? Especially not my computer or my drum machine. I want you or Seokjin to carry those up, I know I can trust you two. Tell him— tell him I'll—" Yoongi's brow furrows. "Come up with some sort of terrifying threat for me, okay?"

Nodding, Hoseok heads back down to the street. He wonders what kind of threat he could possibly make; something scary enough to force Namjoon to be more aware of his surroundings. Is there anything scary enough to make miracles happen?

Ultimately, he decides to just wing it.

"Yoongi says you're not allowed to even *look* at any boxes marked fragile," he says to Namjoon outside the truck. "If you do, he'll make you watch our sex tapes for ten hours straight." *That's decent,* Hoseok thinks, watching Namjoon's face crumple into one of the most beautiful displays of revulsion he's ever seen in his entire life.

Namjoon's eye twitches. "Plural?" he asks, voice strained. "...*Ten hours?*"

Hoseok lets his lips curve into a Cheshire Cat's grin. "Oh, yes." (No such video exists, of course. They'd tried it once, only to delete the footage in embarrassment after watching fifteen seconds of playback. Namjoon doesn't need to know that, though.)

With this threat in place (Hoseok extends it to everyone, just to be fair: Namjoon's is the most specific, forbidding him from even being near anything other than boxes of books or clothes; the others are forbidden from simply being rough with the fragile things), it takes another hour to empty the truck and move all the boxes into their labeled rooms. As promised, Hoseok wakes Yoongi and goes to order a few pizzas from the takeout menus that had been taped to the

apartment door. Seokjin and Namjoon return the truck to the rental place, and make their way back on the train.

Hoseok goes out to get a few cases of beer from the convenience store a few blocks away, and by the time he gets back, the pizza has arrived. Jungkook shows up then as if summoned, still wearing his school uniform, and they all sit on the floor around the coffee table in the middle of the bedroom. Jungkook steals a few pieces of pizza despite having not done anything to help. when he tries to sneak a few sips from Seokjin's beer, Taehyung and Jimin both try to tickle him to death. (They put forth a valiant effort, but ultimately fail.)

After eating, everyone helps unpack a few boxes each and moves furniture around. Jungkook manages to find Yoongi's video game consoles and all of his games, and hooks the PS3 up to the television to play a tournament. With the kids entertained and Namjoon and Seokjin talking together with the remainder of the beers split between them, Hoseok wanders off to track Yoongi down. He finds him in his office, unpacking foam soundproofing tiles.

"How are you going to install those, anyway?" Hoseok asks, leaning against the doorframe. Wordlessly, Yoongi holds up a bottle of spray adhesive. "Ah," Hoseok mutters, stepping into the closet and pulling the door shut behind him. "It won't be permanent, right?" Yoongi frowns, and Hoseok nudges him with his elbow. "It's a valid question, hyung. We're allowed to paint and change the floors, but I don't think our landlord would want a permanently soundproofed closet."

Yoongi nudges Hoseok back. "I'm just gluing the back of the foam, it'll come off easily later. Won't even fuck up the foam afterwards, so I'll be able to use it again somewhere else."

Hoseok sits down in Yoongi's office chair and spins in idle circles, watching Yoongi pile the foam into a neat stack in an empty corner of the closet. Once he's finished, Yoongi bends down and begins to unpack his computer, full size piano keyboard and stand, and his drum machine. Hoseok holds onto various bits and pieces that Yoongi places in his lap as he sets up his working area. The keyboard gets set up adjacent to his desk, and the computer and drum machine sit on the desktop.

"It's really starting to look like a studio in here, hyung," Hoseok murmurs, reaching out to hook his fingers in Yoongi's back pocket. "Can you take a break yet?" he asks, tugging on the back of Yoongi's jeans. "Just a quick little one?" Yoongi sighs in response, bending over

on his desk to organize his cables and make sure nothing gets tangled. "Hyung," Hoseok says. "I won't stop bugging you until you pay attention to me. Hey. *Yoongi-yah*."

Yoongi sighs again, straightening up and turning. "What the fuck do you want?" he asks. He's using his 'I'm Very Annoyed By You' voice, but Hoseok can see the way the corners of his mouth twitch like he's fighting back a smile.

Hoseok wraps his fingers around Yoongi's hips and draws him nearer. "You," he says, grinning up at Yoongi as he scoffs and rolls his eyes. Hoseok leans forward to nuzzle Yoongi's belly with his nose. Yoongi's hand drops down onto Hoseok's shoulder, the other curving warm around the nape of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok lifts his head as Yoongi's fingernails dig into his skin. Yoongi bends down to kiss him, and Hoseok tightens his grip on Yoongi's hipbones.

When Yoongi starts to climb onto Hoseok's lap, Hoseok hooks an arm around Yoongi's waist and holds onto the wall to keep the chair steady. "Hi," Hoseok says, smiling after they're both settled.

"Shut up," Yoongi replies, bringing their mouths back together in an open-mouthed kiss. Hoseok sighs as Yoongi's fingers comb up into his hair. This isn't the right time for this, he knows. Hoseok can hear the peppy Mario Kart music, Jungkook's laughter, and Jimin whining about Taehyung cheating as clearly as if he were in the same room with them. They can't hide in here forever; they should rejoin everyone soon. Hoseok has every intention of telling Yoongi this, but when Yoongi's tongue curls into Hoseok's mouth, slick and hot, Hoseok loses himself in it. Both of his hands slide up underneath the hem of Yoongi's shirt, and Yoongi arches into Hoseok's chest, kissing Hoseok with an urgency that leaves Hoseok shaking and breathless.

The chair creaks and spins as they move and shift against each other. Yoongi's teeth close on Hoseok's bottom lip, and he soothes the sting with his tongue. Each breath he exhales through his nose is a warm puff of air across Hoseok's cheek. Hoseok pulls his hands from underneath Yoongi's shirt to curl his fingers around the nape of Yoongi's neck instead, and pushes his hips up against Yoongi's ass as he starts to get hard. Yoongi makes a pleased sound in the back of his throat and sucks Hoseok's tongue into his mouth. He rocks his hips in little circles, down on Hoseok's lap and rutting his dick against Hoseok's stomach.

Hoseok can hear Taehyung and Jimin shouting over each other as

they play. Yoongi makes another noise, and Hoseok realizes belatedly that he's been *humming along to the Mario Kart music this entire time*. He pulls back to laugh, and feels the curve of Yoongi's smile against his throat. Yoongi kisses down the side of Hoseok's neck, his thumb tracing slow, firm circles over one of his nipples. Hoseok tilts his head back onto the headrest of the chair and groans, his nails digging into Yoongi's skin.

Hoseok's heart thunders in his ears, everything else falling away as Yoongi's hand slips further down between their bodies. Yoongi fits his palm over Hoseok's cock through his jeans. Hoseok's hips jerk up in response, his breath hissing out between his teeth.

"Is it too much?" Yoongi whispers.

"No," Hoseok stutters, shaking his head. "I can— I can handle it." He digs his nails into Yoongi's back at the top of his spine as Yoongi starts to work him over. The slight pressure sends a jolt up his spine and Hoseok makes a soft noise in the back of his throat, hips pushing up into Yoongi's hold. Yoongi kisses along Hoseok's jaw, hand rubbing and pressing and wonderful.

Yoongi's teeth nip at Hoseok's earlobe, and Hoseok makes a sound that's both pleased and encouraging in response. "Think you could stay quiet if I sucked you off?" he murmurs against Hoseok's ear, spit-slick lips moving against Hoseok's sensitive skin. "If I just got down on my knees here and let you fuck my mouth?" He catches Hoseok's earlobe between his lips and sucks.

"Oh, fuck," Hoseok can't suppress the whimper working its way up his throat or the way his hips jerk upwards helplessly. Pleasure and pressure builds fast, too fast, and he shudders as Yoongi rubs his thumb over the leaking head of Hoseok's cock through his jeans. He feels hot, and he bites down on Yoongi's shoulder to try and muffle his whimpering moans, and—

There's a knock on the door. Yoongi claps his free hand over Hoseok's mouth, still running the palm of his hand along the length of Hoseok's cock. "What?" he calls, only a bit breathless. Hoseok *hates* that he sounds so unfazed when Hoseok feels like he's about to burst out of his skin.

The door opens and Seokjin pokes his head in, eyebrows raised. "We're going to watch a movie and would like it if you joined us," he says.

Yoongi purses his lips as he peers at Seokjin over the back of the

chair. "Nah," he says, and his fingers squeeze around Hoseok's cock. "Kind of busy." Hoseok lets out an embarrassing, strangled noise, muffled by Yoongi's other hand.

"Oh, that wasn't a request," Seokjin replies, and smiles. He starts to pull the door shut, but leans back in again. "By the way, this room isn't soundproofed yet, so we could all hear Hoseok moaning. Thanks for that — I'm pretty sure Jungkook's scarred for life."

Hoseok licks Yoongi's palm and Yoongi lets him go with a little huff of annoyance. "I'm not that loud!" he protests. Yoongi's incredulous expression is mirrored on Seokjin's face, and Hoseok shrinks back against the chair. "Okay, maybe I'm a little loud..." He pouts. "I'd like to see *you* try to be quiet with someone's hand on *your* dick, alright, fuck—"

Seokjin groans and leaves the door open as he walks away. "Just shut the fuck up and get out here, please."

Yoongi gives Hoseok's cock one final, awkward pat before clambering off Hoseok's lap. "To be continued," he promises, and Hoseok whines. When they go out into the living room, Yoongi squishes himself on the sofa between Jimin and Seokjin, and Hoseok settles on the floor with one of the couch cushions. Hoseok falls asleep only fifteen or twenty minutes into the movie, one he's already watched with Yoongi before. He wakes some indeterminate amount of time later after everyone has left. Yoongi's crouched beside Hoseok on the floor, shaking his shoulder. "C'mon," Yoongi murmurs. "Get ready for bed."

Hoseok stumbles into the bathroom on autopilot, shedding his clothes and stepping into the shower to wash off a day's worth of heavy lifting and sweat. His sore muscles are soothed by the hot water, and he feels himself relax in tiny increments. By the time he's finished washing his body and his hair, he feels almost back to normal again. He grabs the soap and slicks up his hands, reaching down both to carefully clean up and work himself open. He doubts either he or Yoongi will be very interested in penetrative sex after such a long day, but he enjoys the ritual of it enough to do it regardless. That done, he gets out of the shower to towel dry, go through his nightly skin care routine, and clean his teeth.

As Hoseok rinses off his toothbrush, Yoongi pushes the door open and peers inside. "Oh good, you're done," he murmurs, holding out a pair of pyjamas for Hoseok. "I found these in your suitcase." He bumps Hoseok away from the sink with his hip and grabs his own toothbrush.

Hoseok changes into the fresh clothes, and hangs the towel up to dry.

Yoongi rinses his mouth straight from the faucet and wipes his face dry with the hem of his t-shirt. "We should get a cup or something," he says, dropping his toothbrush into the holder on the shelf above the sink. "Don't you think?" Humming, Hoseok nods, letting his head rest against the wall behind him. Yoongi turns, and freezes. "Hey, Hoseok-ah, don't freak out," he begins, his voice slow and placating. "Don't turn around and don't look up. I need you to go get a cup and one of those takeout menus that were stuck to the front door for me, okay?"

Hoseok hesitates, blinking in confusion. "What? Why?" he asks, but backs out of the bathroom to fetch one of the glasses from the box Seokjin unpacked earlier, and a chicken takeout menu. As he comes back to deliver the items, he notices the spider crawling along the wall. The very same wall Hoseok had been leaning against. "*Motherfucker*," he yelps, shoving the glass and menu into Yoongi's hands and running to hide in the bedroom.

After only twenty seconds, Hoseok hears a jingle of keys, the door opening and closing, and then silence. A few minutes pass and he hears the door open again. Hoseok peers around the doorframe to see Yoongi kicking off his sneakers and placing his keys, the empty glass, and the menu down on the little table beside the door. "Where did you put it?" Hoseok asks, crossing the short distance between them.

"Oh, just in the alley," Yoongi replies. "Listen, I don't want to scare you," he begins, letting his voice drop down to a whisper as he reaches out to curl his fingers in the back of Hoseok's t-shirt, "but I'm *pretty sure* that little spider had wings." Hoseok knows intellectually that Yoongi is just talking shit. That doesn't stop the flutter of panic from flaring up in his gut, though. He takes a step back, and Yoongi's hand clenches Hoseok's shirt tighter, keeping him close. "I left her in the alley outside so hopefully she'll find a nice spider man to settle down with and have a hundred more flying spider babies—"

"Oh my *god*, you're such a dick." Hoseok shudders. "Stop talking before I make you sleep out in the hall tonight."

Yoongi grins, wrapping his arms around Hoseok's waist and pulling their bodies together. "But who would protect you from the flying spiders then?" he asks sweetly, tilting his head up until their lips are only a breath a part.

"Don't underestimate how cute I am," Hoseok replies, even as he slips

his hands into Yoongi's back pockets. "I'm sure I could find somebody."

"Hm, maybe," Yoongi hums. When he wets his lips, the edge of his tongue brushes the corner of Hoseok's mouth. "But why bother with all that effort when I'm right here?" His eyes flick from Hoseok's lips up meet Hoseok's gaze, and he smiles. He's got a point. Hoseok sighs and presses their mouths together.

The kisses start out slow and lazy, leaning into each other's space and relaxing into each other. For Hoseok, it still hasn't fully sunk in that they've actually done this, that they're going to live together from now on. He won't have to sit on public transit for an hour to go back to Namjoon's; won't have to worry about leaving in time to catch the last bus; won't have to wake up extra early to change clothes or get his books before work or school. It hits him almost like a freight train: This place is *theirs*, this place is *real*.

Hoseok feels so abruptly overwhelmed he might cry, and he clutches Yoongi tighter, his kisses taking on more of a needy, desperate edge. They stumble back toward the bedroom, and Hoseok bangs his elbow against the doorframe, his pained little whine muffled by Yoongi's tongue in his mouth. He pushes Yoongi up against the wall and draws back. "Hyung," he says, a sharp exhale like it's been punched out of him. His next breath sounds damp and shaky to his own ears. Yoongi reaches up to swipe his thumbs through the wetness beneath Hoseok's eyes. Hoseok turns his face into his hand like a moth to a flame, letting his eyes close with a soft sigh of laughter.

"Yeah," Yoongi says, and his voice is rough and low. "Yeah, I know." He strokes Hoseok's cheeks before sliding his hands back around the base of Hoseok's skull to pull him back in. His fingers curl into Hoseok's hair and he smiles into the kiss. Hoseok tucks his hands back into Yoongi's pockets, pulling him forward to grind their hips together nice and slow. He can feel Yoongi getting hard against his thigh, and his dick twitches in response. Yoongi keeps groaning whenever their tongues brush, this raw, beautiful little noise in the back of his throat. It's the hottest thing Hoseok's ever heard.

"We should try fucking up against the wall," Yoongi whispers, nipping at Hoseok's bottom lip.

That startles a laugh out of Hoseok's mouth, and he squeezes Yoongi's ass through his jeans. "Sure, but not tonight," he murmurs, tilting his head to trail kisses down the side of Yoongi's neck. *God*, but even just the idea of it makes him weak in the knees. "I don't think I could hold

you up for more than a few minutes, hyung. I'm *tired*." Hoseok can feel the vibration of Yoongi's delighted laughter against his lips as Yoongi tilts his head back against the wall. "We should try it later, though," Hoseok continues against the base of Yoongi's throat, sliding his hands up underneath Yoongi's shirt. "Jiminnie keeps telling me that I need to start up weight training again, anyway."

Yoongi shivers as Hoseok drags the edges of his nails in teasing trails over his skin. "Let's go to bed, then," he says, his voice gone low and raspy. He pulls at the collar of Hoseok's shirt, and Hoseok raises his arms up so Yoongi can pull it over his head. "Hey," he mutters, rubbing his thumb over the soft black jersey fabric. "Isn't this the shirt I let you borrow when we started dating that you never gave back to me?" He punches Hoseok's shoulder. "Asshole. This was my favourite shirt."

Hoseok grins, leaning in to give Yoongi a peck on the lips. "Lucky we moved in together, huh."

Snorting, Yoongi lets the shirt drop down onto the floor, and he pulls his own off. Hoseok turns to watch as Yoongi makes his way to the bed, dropping clothes with each step. Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth, letting his eyes roam along the slim lines of Yoongi's body. He's *beautiful*. Yoongi stops when he reaches the mattress, turning to look back over his shoulder. His pupils are blown, lips spit-slick and shiny. He smiles again and drops down onto the bed to wait. Hoseok pushes his pyjama bottoms down as he walks, smoothing his hands over Yoongi's bare skin as soon as he's within reach. He settles into Yoongi's lap and Yoongi cards his fingers through Hoseok's hair, lifting his head to catch Hoseok's lips for another kiss. Hoseok pulls Yoongi in even closer and Yoongi licks into Hoseok's mouth, his tongue moving in ways that make Hoseok feel a bit light-headed.

Hoseok lets his hand drop down to curl around Yoongi's cock and work him over. His fingertips catch the precome beading at the head of Yoongi's cock, easing the glide of his hand. Yoongi shudders and his hips jerk up, his moan muffled into Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok spits into his palm and stretches his hand to fit his own cock in his hand. A bead of sweat rolls down between Hoseok's shoulder blades, and he can feel the heat of Yoongi's body, rolling off him in waves and pooling between them. Hoseok's body feels hot and he's only getting hotter as Yoongi's fingers curl in his hair and pull his head back to bite along the underside of his jaw. Hoseok pushes in even closer, rolling his hips in little figure eights in time with each twisting stroke of his hand. Yoongi's breath catches whenever Hoseok swipes his thumb over the

heads of their cocks.

"Fuck," Yoongi whispers and keeps rocking up against Hoseok. Hoseok can feel his stomach muscles hitching against the backs of his knuckles. "Yeah, come on—" His free hand drops down to join Hoseok's, increasing the pace, and it doesn't take much longer from there. Hoseok comes first with Yoongi's hand tangled in his hair, Yoongi's mouth and panting breaths hot against his ear. Yoongi's hips jerk up, his eyes clenched shut tight as he comes with a moan muffled against the side of Hoseok's face. Hoseok rests his forehead in the crook of Yoongi's neck as he trembles through the aftershocks, gasping for breath.

Yoongi untangles his fingers from Hoseok's hair and strokes his hand down the length of Hoseok's sweaty spine. Hoseok comes down from it, relaxing against Yoongi's chest with his eyes closed. Yoongi shifts under Hoseok's weight after a few minutes. "Don't mean to alarm you," he murmurs, "but I might be losing feeling in my legs."

Huffing a laugh, Hoseok drops down onto the bed beside Yoongi. "Sorry," he says, surprised by how rough his voice sounds. Yoongi smiles and kisses him once before getting up. Hoseok rolls onto his back and wills himself to climb up the head of the bed and get underneath the covers. The come on his stomach and hand is beginning to dry. His skin feels itchy and tight.

He's still trying to muster up the energy to move when Yoongi returns with a damp washcloth. "Thank you," Hoseok says, surprised when Yoongi runs the cloth over his skin.

"Come on," Yoongi whispers, dumping the wadded-up washcloth on the coffee table to deal with in the morning. "Let's go to bed." Hoseok pushes himself up with some difficulty, clambering to his feet and circling around to the top of the bed before climbing under the sheets to snuggle up against Yoongi's back as Yoongi switches the bedside lamp off. "Good night," Yoongi sighs.

"Good night, hyung," Hoseok replies, pressing a kiss to the nape of Yoongi's neck.

In the morning, Hoseok wakes with a beam of sun shining across his face from the open windows, his dick heavy and hard between his thighs, and Yoongi's breath fanning over his cheek. He smells like mint. "Go brush your teeth," Yoongi whispers, and he kisses Hoseok's cheek. "I want to finish what we started last night."

"Oh?" Hoseok asks, curious but still half-asleep. "Wall sex? I thought we agreed to give that one a wait—"

"No," Yoongi snorts, smoothing his hand over Hoseok's chest to tweak one of his nipples. He seems to take a moment to consider this. "*Well*."

Hoseok squirms and whines. "Hyung, I don't *want* to drop you. I mean, if you want me to I could, but—"

Yoongi twists Hoseok's nipple harder and Hoseok's hips jerk. "Just go brush your teeth, already."

Hoseok all but leaps from the bed and bolts towards the bathroom, listening to Yoongi's delighted laugh at his enthusiasm. He brushes his teeth at breakneck speed and returns to their bedroom, leaning against the doorframe in what he hopes is a seductive sort of way. Yoongi's sitting in the middle of the bed with his back against the wall, thighs spread wide as he strokes himself idly. The brand new bottle of lube and condoms they'd bought the night before the move sit on the pillow beside him, unpacked from one of the boxes. Hoseok moves forward, climbing up onto the bed to walk on his knees towards Yoongi and grab him by the top of his thighs. He pulls him down until he's lying flat on the mattress and surges forward to swallow Yoongi's gasp, licking into his mouth, his tongue still tingling and fresh from the toothpaste.

Yoongi's teeth graze Hoseok's tongue and he arches up against Hoseok's body, hands sliding over Hoseok's hips to grab his ass and grind up against him. His nails dig into Hoseok's skin at the slow, hot drag of their cocks against each other with each rock of their hips. He bites at Hoseok's mouth, teeth nipping as sharp as his grin when Hoseok's breath catches in his throat. His hands slide between their bodies to wrap around their cocks.

Without breaking the kiss, Hoseok stretches across the sheets until his fingers find the smooth plastic of the lube bottle. It takes some doing, focusing enough to pump some of the contents onto his fingers, especially with Yoongi's hand wrapped around their cocks, but somehow he manages. He coats his fingers enough to drip with it, before reaching down. The first finger slipping inside himself doesn't feel like much, not with Yoongi sucking on his tongue to serve as a distraction. He keeps his breathing deep and even and pumps his finger in and out of himself a few times, pausing to rub his fingertips over his hole before sliding back inside. Yoongi doesn't seem to notice Hoseok's been stretching himself out until he's two fingers deep and

his mouth goes slack with a groan caught in the back of his throat. His hips buck back onto his own fingers.

Yoongi stares up at Hoseok in wonder, and Hoseok can feel his dick twitch against his own in Yoongi's grasp. His eyes are so dark, his mouth wet and red, his thighs open and trembling, his hair a tangled mess on the grey bedsheets. Hoseok lets out another whimpering moan and twists his fingers until he finds his prostate. He can't quite reach it in this position, the tips of his fingers only just shy of it. "Hoseok-ah," Yoongi breathes. His eyes dart from Hoseok's face to the bottle of lube abandoned beside them on the bed, and he quickly scoops it up, pumping some onto his fingers. He tightens his grip on their cocks and slides his hand down to join Hoseok's, slipping one finger in with Hoseok's two. Hoseok's head drops down onto Yoongi's shoulder and he moans at the stretch, pushing back into it. Yoongi pushes a second finger inside, and then a third, and Hoseok's free hand curls into the sheets beside Yoongi's head as he gasps for breath.

It's too much. It's not enough and it's too much all at the same time. Hoseok pulls his own fingers free, and Yoongi thrusts three into him faster, twisting his grip on Hoseok's cock. He's so hard now it almost *hurts*, his cock throbbing against Yoongi's palm. Hoseok angles his hips so Yoongi's fingertips pass over his prostate more often. "F-fuck, please," he whispers, fucking himself down on Yoongi's fingers and watching the way Yoongi's eyes get even darker in response. "Hyung, fuck me—" Yoongi pulls his fingers free, and Hoseok clenches down on nothing, crying out at the loss.

"Shh," Yoongi murmurs, pressing his lips to the side of Hoseok's face, his temple, his ear, whatever he can reach. "Lay down on your back." He catches Hoseok's mouth and kisses him deep. His lips are so soft. When he pulls back, Hoseok cups Yoongi's face in his palms and kisses him again, his hips grinding down against Yoongi's. "Hoseok-ah," Yoongi breathes.

Hoseok rolls off Yoongi's body, a graceless sprawl into that patch of sunlight. The sheets are warm beneath his back. Yoongi grabs one of the condoms, ripping it open and rolling it down onto himself. "Come on," Hoseok grabs hold of Yoongi's wrist, tugging impatiently.

Yoongi laughs, scooping up the lube and settling between Hoseok's spread thighs. "I'll take care of you," he mutters, pumping more lube into his hand and coating his cock. Yoongi braces himself with one hand on the bed as he presses the head of his cock against Hoseok's hole without pushing inside yet. Hoseok squirms, trying to push down

on him, but Yoongi frustratingly pulls just out of reach. "Look at me," Yoongi whispers.

As if his lids are spring-loaded, Hoseok's eyes shoot open; he can't remember when he closed them. Yoongi stares back at him, his eyes dark, his lips red and swollen. Hoseok's face feels hot. "Hyung," he starts to say, only to choke on a moan at the sudden fullness, at the sensation of being stretched, as Yoongi pushes inside him. "Oh, *fuck*," Hoseok gasps, whole body curling up around Yoongi's above him. Yoongi's arms are trembling as he holds himself still after bottoming out.

It takes Hoseok a moment to realize that he's been holding his breath, his whole body tensed, his forehead tucked into Yoongi's quivering shoulder. Hoseok exhales through his nose, his nails digging into Yoongi's back on either side of his spine. Yoongi breathes with him, slow and deep, and Hoseok's muscles relax inch by inch. When he's flat against the mattress again, Yoongi gives the gentlest roll of his hips, staying deep inside Hoseok's body. Hoseok undulates down against him with a whimper, pulling Yoongi in for another kiss. *Mine*, he thinks.

Yoongi stays close, each pump of his hips measured and slow. He rests his elbows on either side of Hoseok's head, and licks into Hoseok's mouth, muffling Hoseok's little whining moans. Hoseok clings to Yoongi's back and holds on, rocking down to meet each thrust. Pleasure fizzles beneath his skin like a live thing, zinging down his spine and curling his toes into the sheets. Hoseok turns his head away to catch his breath. He makes a strange noise that's caught somewhere between a laugh and a moan when Yoongi buries his face in the crook of his neck, his tongue trailing over the marks he'd left the day before.

He feels Yoongi's lips stretch into a smile against his skin, and all of a sudden it's not enough anymore. He needs *more*. Hoseok plants his feet and jerks his hips down even harder. "Please—" he gasps. Yoongi kneels up, braces his hands on Hoseok's hipbones and nearly pulls all the way out. Once more he waits until Hoseok looks up to meet his gaze before he fucks into him so fast Hoseok's back arches with a shout. His hands curl in the sheets and he throws his head back, writhing against the bed and clenching around Yoongi's cock.

"You like that?" Yoongi asks breathlessly.

Hoseok lets out another laugh that edges on a moan. "What gave it away?"

Yoongi's smile is crooked as he says, "Won't be able to do it like this for long."

"Honestly, I don't think I'll need you to," Hoseok replies, curling his hand around his own cock, rubbing his thumb through the precome leaking from the head. A shudder rustles down his spine. The bed frame squeaks until the combined movements of their bodies, coupled with their harsh breathing, the slick wet sound of the lube, and the street noise spilling through the open windows. The sun shining across the bed is hot on his skin. He closes his eyes and jerks himself in time with Yoongi's thrusts.

"What if I asked you to roll over?" Yoongi asks, after a moment. Hoseok opens his eyes to pull a terrible face, and Yoongi laughs. "Come on," he says, stroking his hands up over Hoseok's thighs. His hands are warm, and glide smooth through the sweat beading on Hoseok's skin. "I'll make you feel good, I promise."

Hoseok sighs. "I already feel good," he grumbles, but he obligingly rolls over onto his front when Yoongi pulls out. Yoongi tucks a pillow under Hoseok's hips to prop him up a bit, before he slides right back into place. Hoseok buries his face in the blanket to muffle his moan at the new angle. Yoongi lays with his chest pressed against Hoseok's back and alternates bites and kisses along Hoseok's shoulder blade. Hoseok can't push back against Yoongi this way, can't even get a hand on himself, but he almost doesn't need to. Somehow Yoongi's rubbing against nearly all the right places, each forward roll of his hips grinding Hoseok's cock against the pillow with enough friction to keep him stimulated without coming right away. "You just wanted to draw it out, you dick," Hoseok grumbles.

"Maybe," Yoongi replies, and Hoseok doesn't even have to look at him to hear the smug grin in his voice. Hoseok turns his head and Yoongi leans forward to kiss him breathless. he quickens his pace and Hoseok shudders, pulling away to bury his face in the bedsheets. Yoongi pulls nearly all the way out before he rolls his hips back inside, and Hoseok pushes his hips up as best he can to meet each slow, deep thrust, low moans caught in his throat.

With his heartbeat pounding in his ears, Hoseok lifts his hips up off the bed, working a hand between his body and the pillow to stroke himself. He's so wet, precome dribbling down the side of his cock and pooling around the base.

"Hey, sit up all the way," Yoongi breathes. "Get up on your knees."

Hoseok does as he's told, and Yoongi pushes on his hips, the both of them shuffling forward a few inches until Hoseok's chest hits the wall. Hoseok rests his cheek against the cool wall in front of him, a contrast to Yoongi's hot body pressed against his back. He closes his eyes and lets his mouth curve into an easy grin. "We managed wall sex after all," he murmurs, pushing back against Yoongi's thrusts.

Yoongi muffles his laughter into Hoseok's nape, his rhythm faltering for a few moments before he finds a better angle, quick thrusts that stay deep. Hoseok shivers and grabs a palmful of Yoongi's ass with his free hand. He clenches down hard on Yoongi's cock, and Yoongi comes with a low groan, his nails digging into Hoseok's hipbones. Hoseok fucks his fist as Yoongi kisses the side of his neck and shoulder between heaving breaths, until Yoongi reaches around to still him. "Lay down," he mutters. "I got this."

"Yeah?" Hoseok asks. "Okay." He drops back down on the bed, his dick slapping against his stomach with the movement. He watches Yoongi tie off the condom and throw it into the waste bin, and sprawls out with a sigh. Yoongi settles between Hoseok's spread thighs and rubs his lips against the head of Hoseok's cock. He licks the precome off and grins, eyes flicking up to catch Hoseok's gaze at Hoseok's shaky exhale of his name. Yoongi sucks Hoseok's cock into his mouth, and Hoseok throws his head back against the mattress with a loud moan, his hands combing through Yoongi's hair to curl around the back of his head.

Chest heaving, Hoseok gathers his wits enough to lift his head off the bed to watch the flush in Yoongi's cheeks spread down his throat and chest, his eyes dark and bright, stretched lips red and swollen. "Fuck," Hoseok breathes, when he feels Yoongi's slicked fingertips rub over his hole. Yoongi's fingers slip right back into his body and he pulls back to suckle at the head as he fucks Hoseok with his fingers. It feels so good Hoseok feels like he might black out. His thighs tremble and he whispers Yoongi's name over and over like prayer. He's so *close*, he's gonna— his orgasm hits him by surprise and he comes with a moan in Yoongi's mouth, but Yoongi catches a bit on his face and chest as well.

"Ah, fuck," Yoongi groans, sitting up and scrubbing his hand over his face. "You got it in my fucking *eye*, what the fuck. Give me a little warning next time, you fucking asshole—"

Breathless, Hoseok laughs, curling his hands around Yoongi's jaw. "I'm so sorry," he gasps. "God, that's the *worst*—" He brushes his hands through Yoongi's hair, finding more sticky wetness there. "Oh fuck, it's

in your hair, too. I'm sorry." He wraps his legs around Yoongi's hips, pulling him in close to kiss. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he mumbles into Yoongi's mouth, only to start laughing again when Yoongi mutters,

"So *this* is the sort of treatment I should expect from now on, huh, you asshole." Yoongi pinches Hoseok's thigh and rubs his come-covered cheeks off on Hoseok's chest while Hoseok giggles helplessly.

"I- I was going to try and do it in the shape of a heart," Hoseok gasps between fits of laughter, his fingers curling in Yoongi's hair. "But I couldn't really control it, hyung. I'll try—" he giggles again. "I'll try harder for next time."

Yoongi pulls free of Hoseok's grasp. "You're fucking gross." He pinches Hoseok's thigh once more, before getting up and stomping off to the bathroom to wash his face. After a few moments, Hoseok hears the shower hiss to life. "You better get the fuck up if you want a hot shower today," Yoongi calls over the running water.

Hoseok flops back on the bed and laughs and laughs. He could *really* get used to this, he thinks, before clambering to his feet and walking into the bathroom to join Yoongi in the shower.

Chapter End Notes

> so it's. domestic au's one year anniversary today. i just wanted to say thank you for sticking around! thank you for reading, commenting, leaving kudos, all of it. it really, really means so much to me, more than i could ever hope to put into words. i appreciate it, and you all, so very much! ;--; weh. i made it weird.
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

growing pains

Chapter Notes

> you were changing colours like the leaves in fall
> i was saving up for the long winter
> a realistic love runs out of room
> i try to talk big, but my mouth don't move
> (mine is yours by cold war kids)

> warnings for: ARGUMENTS. LOTS OF ARGUMENTS. some aren't that serious and are over in a couple seconds, some last a fair bit longer than that. this chapter is about getting used to each other, about being around each other so much more than they're used to.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

May 30, 2015 (Yoongi)
The lights in the kitchen are on. Again. Heaving a sigh, Yoongi comes out of his office and flicks the light switch off. "For fuck's sake—Hoseok-ah! Why do you keep leaving every fucking light on?" he demands, coming over to lean against their bedroom doorframe.

Hoseok, sprawled out on the couch with a cup of tea in his hand and an empty plate balanced on his chest, doesn't look up from the shitty drama playing on the television. "Hard to imagine why," he mumbles. "It's nighttime and I can't see in the dark that well. *Wow*."

Yoongi rolls his eyes. "Yeah, I can understand that part," he says, pushing off the doorframe and walking into the room. "But that's not what I asked." He tugs the mostly empty cup from Hoseok's hand and sets the plate down on the coffee table before climbing on top of him. Hoseok's eyes flick from the television screen to Yoongi's face as Yoongi settles in his lap. "My question was why do you fucking *leave* the lights on?" Yoongi asks. "You're not in the kitchen right now, so why does the light have to be on?"

Fidgeting, Hoseok protests, "I was going to go back in there during the commercial break." His voice is as weak as his argument, hands sliding up Yoongi's thighs. Yoongi stares down at him, arms crossed over his chest, one unimpressed eyebrow raised. Hoseok pouts. "Fine," he mumbles, tucking his fingers into Yoongi's back pockets. "I'll try to remember."

"Thank you," Yoongi replies, bending down to catch Hoseok's bottom lip between his teeth, his hands curling in Hoseok's hair.

*

May 6, 2015 (Hoseok)
With the alarm blaring from Yoongi's phone left halfway across the room, Hoseok stumbles from bed to silence it. His right leg smashes into the corner of the open dresser drawer and he swears under his breath, trying to cup the injured spot with his hand as he hobbles over to the bookcase where Yoongi left his phone the night before. On his way back to bed, he crashes into the same drawer with his left leg and yelps, shin throbbing. He throws the silenced phone at Yoongi, who mumbles nonsense into his pillow and rolls over, his slumber, for the most part, undisturbed.

"This is the third time this week! close the fucking dresser drawers when you're done, don't just leave them open," Hoseok complains, wrenching the blanket off the bed. He sits down on the end of the mattress to inspect his injuries. He hit his left leg so hard he broke the skin, a thin line of blood trickling from the indented wound. Bruises and healing scabs litter his legs that match varying heights of the dresser, all from smacking himself on open drawers. "Hyung, you fucking suck."

Yoongi's legs curl up towards his chest and he groans, reaching out for the blanket with his eyes closed. "Very well from what I've been told," he grumbles. "Give back the blanket, Hoseok-ah, s'cold."

"I'm *bleeding*," Hoseok whines. "Get up."

There is a pause, then Yoongi props himself up on his elbows, blinking blearily. "Let me see it, then," he says, and yawns. After a moment's hesitation, Hoseok rotates on the bed and stretches his leg out towards Yoongi for inspection. Faster than anyone who just woke up should ever move, Yoongi brings his hand sharply down on Hoseok's bruised shin. Before Hoseok can cry out or wrench his leg back, Yoongi's fingers curl around Hoseok's ankle and he ducks his head to kiss the spot he'd slapped as if that would help in any way. (It does, a bit, but Hoseok would never say that out loud.) "Blanket," he murmurs against Hoseok's skin. "I'm skipping my first class today, and so are you."

"I don't have class until this afternoon," Hoseok mumbles, trying to tug his leg free from Yoongi's grasp, but Yoongi holds on. "You're so *weird*. I'm still mad at you, you know," he continues, fishing for the blanket

over the edge of the mattress. Yoongi releases his hold on Hoseok's ankle, and Hoseok crawls up the bed, dragging the blanket with him. "You're going to have to make it up to me," Hoseok says, and

Yoongi smiles, pulling both Hoseok and the blanket down on top of him. "I'm sure I'll think of something," he sighs, and licks his lips.

*

May 17, 2015 (Yoongi)
Yoongi knocks on the closed bathroom door. "Hoseok-ah," he calls, voice hoarse from sleep. He shifts his weight a bit, trying to minimize the pressure on his full bladder. "How much longer are you going to be in there?"

Hoseok's reply is very faint over the shower running. "I just got in here a minute ago, so a while." A long pause, and then, "Hyung, if you need to piss that badly, just come in here and do it. I won't watch or anything."

It sounds like he's *laughing* in there. Yoongi scowls and pushes the door open. "You're gross," he says, stepping over to the toilet and lifting up the lid and seat. Through the steamy, water-flecked glass doors, Yoongi can make out a vague Hoseok-shaped body moving around, but not much else. He tugs his jeans and boxers down his hips to piss, shakes off, and tucks himself back into his pants. He flushes and steps over to wash his hands at the sink. In the shower, Hoseok lets out a surprised yelp, followed by a flurry of vicious, inventive curses. Oops.

"—Oh, you just wait until I get my hands on you, you filthy little *fucknugget*—"

Yoongi cackles and runs out of the bathroom. Behind him, he hears the water shut off, the door rattling as it's pushed open in a hurry. Yoongi only just makes it into the bedroom before Hoseok chases him down and tackles him onto the bed, knocking the breath out of him. Hoseok is still dripping wet and naked. (Ordinarily, this is not a problem. Right now, however...) "You fucker, I only just got dressed and now I have to *change*," Yoongi wheezes, squirming underneath Hoseok's weight, "and you're getting the bed all wet." He squirms again, and Hoseok just seems to make himself weigh more through sheer force of will. "Why are you so *heavy*, I don't deserve this—"

Hoseok only laughs, rolling them both over until Yoongi is on top of him, his legs and arms wrapped tight around Yoongi's body. "This is

better than you deserve, dickwaffle," he murmurs, pressing absent kisses to Yoongi's throat and jaw. "You're lucky I like you so much." Yoongi relaxes, tilting his head to catch Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok pinches his ass.

(This, of course, spawned the very brief but no less intense "Oh Are You Trying to Have A Shower? Ha Ha, Guess What I'm Gonna Do, Fucker" war. It lasted three whole days until Kim Seokjin was called in to mediate. To this day, no one knows exactly what he threatened them with, only that it was terrifying enough for them to call a truce.)

*

May 8, 2015 (Hoseok)
With only thirty minutes left before Yoongi's alarm is set to go off, and Hoseok already wide awake and restless, it takes only the passing thought for Hoseok to leap into action. Not the wisest choice, by any means, and if he'd considered the idea a bit longer he wouldn't have done it. Still, he grabs his pillow and decides to smack Yoongi in the head with it, singing an F(x) classic at the top of his lungs. As Yoongi stirs, Hoseok leaps onto the bed, hitting Yoongi with each, "La cha, la cha, ta ta," that slips past his lips.

"Fuck *off*," Yoongi grumbles in between verses, his voice creaky and slurred with sleep. He reaches up to swat Hoseok away without opening his eyes, but misses, his arm swinging in useless, lazy arcs through the air. "It's too early. I'll fucking hurt you if you don't shut up."

Hoseok ignores the warning, far too entertained by the cute way Yoongi scrunches up his nose whenever his voice cracks trying to hit a high note. He keeps hopping on his knees, pushing at Yoongi's side and tugging at the bedding until Yoongi's completely uncovered. "Follow the song, follow the body, now everybody!"

Wearing just an old, thin tank of Hoseok's and shorts, Yoongi curls his knees up towards his chest for warmth, burying his face in the pillow. The next time Hoseok comes close to try and push Yoongi onto his back, though, Yoongi's arm shoots out, fingers curling Hoseok's hair at the nape of his neck. Hoseok freezes, mouth hanging open mid-song.

"Gotcha," Yoongi mumbles, blinking his eyes open. Faster than Hoseok can blink, he drags Hoseok down onto the bed, and climbs up on top of him to sink his teeth into Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok's whole body jerks and he hisses at the sting. His hands curve around Yoongi's

hipbones, and he's unsure whether he wants to shove Yoongi off or keep him close when he feels the warm drag of Yoongi's tongue over the little indents left by his teeth. Yoongi straightens his legs out, fitting between Hoseok's thighs as he tucks his head under Hoseok's chin, sighing over the damp spot and

He falls right back asleep there, snoring gently with his cheek smushed against Hoseok's chest. Hoseok stares up at the ceiling. the bite mark on his shoulder throbs in a rushing, dull sort of way that hints at serious, long-lasting bruises. Yoongi snuffles a bit in his sleep, his fingers still curled around the back of Hoseok's neck.

Cute, Hoseok thinks. He lays there for the next twenty-two minutes until Yoongi's alarm goes off. The bruise on his shoulder doesn't fade for almost three weeks.

*

June 1, 2015 (Yoongi)
Exhausted after a long day with an early start, hungry and aching, all Yoongi wants is to eat, study for his exam on Monday, and sleep. (Not necessarily in that order.) When the door opens, the muffled music he'd heard in the hall hits him full-blast, loud thumping bass throbbing in time with the tension headache in the base of his skull. Hoseok is in the kitchen making ramen, dancing with a pair of chopsticks in his hand, song blaring from his phone tucked into his back pocket.

Yoongi hesitates in the doorway, closing his eyes. He'd really hoped to come home to an empty apartment like he used to. He misses having his own space, misses being on his own more often. For a moment he considers turning right around to take the subway another eight stops to stay with Seokjin hyung for the night. At least there it would be *quiet*. It's a passing fancy; he'd probably fall asleep on the train and end up at the end of the line with no way of getting home.

Heaving a sigh, he closes the door behind him and bends down to untie the shoelaces of his stiff dress shoes. "Can you turn it down?" He has to ask twice, raising his voice to be heard over the noise.

Hoseok complies at once, lowering the volume to a more respectful level. It is almost midnight, after all, even if it is a Friday night. "Hi, hyung," he says, leaning forward to stir the noodles in the pot with his chopsticks. "How was the wedding?"

"Awful," Yoongi mutters, taking his camera bag into the office to deal

with later. He loosens his tie and unbuttons the top few buttons of his shirt, wincing as he rolls his shoulders to lessen the pressure. He's so hungry he feels nauseous. God, and he wishes Hoseok would shut the music off, or at least stop singing along under his breath. He wishes he was alone. "Why are you here?" he hears himself ask.

Hoseok looks up from the stove, confusion obvious on his face. "Uh... I live here?" he says. "Unless that somehow changed when I wasn't paying attention."

Yoongi scrubs his hand over his face. He should shower. "No, I mean, like. Why are you *always* here?" He should *shut up*, but instead his voice comes out faster and louder. "You used to go out on your own a lot more before, didn't you? I swear to god, I come home and I never get time on my own anymore. Don't you go out and see people? Why are you always fucking here?"

Reaching out, Hoseok shuts the off the stove and removes the pot from the hot element. "again," he says, anger starting the colour his voice, "I'm pretty sure I still live here and pay half the rent. If I don't, I really don't know where all my money's gone." He crosses his arms over his chest, mouth set into a frown. "Hyung, I don't understand. I thought you—"

He stops himself, closing his eyes and taking a very deep breath before pulling his phone from his pocket and closing the music app on his phone. Silence fills the apartment, and Yoongi feels the pressure in his head start to ease off. "Nevermind. You know what? Fine." Hoseok crosses to the door and jams his feet into his shoes, grabbing his phone from his pocket and his keys from the bowl by the door. "You can have all the alone time you want. Knock yourself out." He pulls the door open and gently pulls it shut it behind himself before Yoongi can even say a word.

The apartment feels so much bigger without Hoseok there. Should he go after Hoseok? Should he try to let Hoseok cool off first? He doesn't *want* to argue. He should've just kept his mouth shut. Yoongi's stomach growls, and he shuffles forward into the kitchen to peer into the refrigerator. When he'd left that morning, it had been empty, but Hoseok must have gone out to buy groceries. There's still not *much* because money has been tight for both of them since the move, but much more than Hoseok should have bought on his own. Their basic necessities are all there. Yoongi has difficulty swallowing past the sudden lump in his throat.

His phone buzzes in his pocket and he closes the fridge door.

[00:13:01] **Jimin:** why is Hoseokie hyung here
[00:13:16] **Jimin:** hyung what did you do, i've never seen him this upset
[00:13:51] **Jimin:** hyung no offence but WHAT THE FUCK
[00:14:09] **Taehyung:** jimin is sorry for swearing at you but i'm not
[00:14:15] **Taehyung:** Hoseokie hyung is crying
[00:14:48] **Taehyung:** i wasn't supposed to tell you that so pretend i never told you, but i'm really mad at you right now
[00:17:00] **Jimin:** Hoseokie hyung says you can eat the noodles if you're hungry, he's not coming back for them
[00:17:11] **Jimin:** don't try to come over, hyung. he doesn't want to see you and we wouldn't let you in anyway.

Yoongi doesn't feel very hungry anymore, guilt gnawing at the marrow of his bones. He sits on the counter between the stove and the fridge and eats the ramen straight from the pot. The noodles sit heavy and uncomfortable in his stomach, but he eats them all. That done, he slips off the counter, washes the pot, and shuts off the lights as he goes into the bedroom. He sits on the couch, switching on the floor lamp and pulling his music history textbook into his lap. As he opens the book to the chapters he needs to study for, he tries to focus. He ends up spending more time staring across the street to see if Hoseok's going to come back.

He startles out of a doze a few hours later when he feels something heavy being draped over his shoulders. Hoseok freezes in the middle of arranging the blanket more evenly over Yoongi's back, his hands held up in a placating gesture. His face is still blotchy, eyes puffy and red. Yoongi's stomach clenches. He shoves his textbook onto the floor and throws his arms around Hoseok, hauling him close. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he whispers into Hoseok's shoulder. The scent of fresh laundry, a faint tang of sweat with a hint of Taehyung and Jimin's stupid cat, and something almost green underneath all that (green apple, rosemary, and something almost peppery but also sweet and so undeniably *Hoseok*) washes over Yoongi. He smells like *home*. "I'm so fucking sorry, I'm such an asshole—"

"Let go of me," Hoseok murmurs. Yoongi releases him at once, stricken, but Hoseok just takes Yoongi's hand in his and pulls him to

his feet. "Go brush your teeth. You look exhausted, hyung. Let's go to bed." He leans in to kiss Yoongi's cheek and Yoongi catches a whiff of mint on his breath. "We'll talk about it more in the morning," he says, squeezing Yoongi's hand before letting go.

*

May 29, 2015 (Yoongi)
Yoongi's halfway to the kitchen from his office when he hears Hoseok let out a sudden frustrated shout from inside the bathroom. "Hoseok-ah?" he calls, edging warily closer to the door. "Is everything alright?"

"Hyung, for fuck's sake. You forgot to change the bathroom tissue roll *again!*" Hoseok snaps. "And you didn't add it to the grocery list *again!* how many times do I have to fucking ask you to just—" he breaks off with another frustrated sound. "Can you please run to the corner store and get more bathroom tissue? It's, uh... Urgent."

Yoongi laughs, even as he walks over to the door to shove his feet into his shoes and grab his keys and wallet from the table by the door. "Right away, your royal highness."

Hoseok cracks the bathroom door open to peer out. "I hate you," he says, pouting when Yoongi blows him a kiss in reply.

*

June 3, 2015 (Yoongi)
"This is the last box," Hoseok exclaims, sitting on the floor in the middle of their bedroom. Yoongi glances up from his textbook, a faint smile turning up the corners of his lips. Hoseok's cheeks are flushed an adorable shade of pink, eyes bright with excitement. "Don't you know what this means? We're almost all officially moved in!"

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi mutters, "We've been moved in for an entire month, Hoseok-ah."

"And it won't be official until I unpack this last box," Hoseok says, waving a hand at Yoongi. "Keep up, hyung." He rips off the strip of tape holding the box shut and lifts the flaps to peer inside. "...More DVDs," he says, glancing at the neat row of DVD cases lined up on the bottom-most shelf of the entertainment unit. "I wonder if there are any repeats in here..."

Somehow Hoseok consolidating their respective film collections turns into a Disney movie marathon (that Yoongi studies through, with

Hoseok curled up against his side). Hoseok sings along to each and every musical number, making up his own lyrics and tune when he runs into a part he doesn't remember that well. It's cute, and Yoongi keeps having to duck his head away so Hoseok can't see his fond smile.

They're only a few minutes into the start of Finding Nemo when Hoseok starts to sniffle. Yoongi looks up from his notes at the sound. "Dude, are you crying?" he asks.

"Shut up," Hoseok mutters wetly, dabbing at his eyes with the hem of his t-shirt. "You know how I get about father-son movies..." Yoongi shoves his books onto the floor and turns. With his back pressed to the arm of the couch, he pulls Hoseok close until Hoseok curls against his chest, his hands curled in the sides of Yoongi's t-shirt. Hoseok buries his face in Yoongi's shoulder. "I really miss my dad," Hoseok mumbles between hitching breaths. "I want to go h-home."

Yoongi keeps stroking along the length of Hoseok's spine, resting his cheek against the top of Hoseok's head. Slowly Hoseok's gasped breathing evens back out again and he relaxes against Yoongi's chest, his hands unclenched from Yoongi's shirt. "We could go visit your family," Yoongi says. "My semester's over in a few weeks if you can get time off work..."

Hoseok sniffs. "I don't know, it's always so much busier at the restaurant in the summer... I have to participate in some workshop next month, too." He lifts his head. "Thank you for offering," he murmurs. "I'll see if I can trade shifts or something, even just for a weekend..."

Smiling, Yoongi reaches up and brushes Hoseok's hair back from his forehead. "I can't believe you just *cried* on me, because of *Finding Nemo*."

Hoseok smacks his shoulder. "Shut up," he says with a tired laugh, rubbing his face dry with his hands. "Like you've never cried over a movie. I was with you when you watched Grave of the Fireflies for the first time, okay. I *know*."

Yoongi winces and leans forward to kiss Hoseok's forehead. "You promised we'd never talk about that." Hoseok's mouth quirks into a smile, and Yoongi catches his bottom lip between his teeth. "Let's take a break from movies and studying," he suggests, smiling when Hoseok nods. He pulls his shirt up over his head before helping Yoongi out of

his. Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue, letting his hands slide over Hoseok's chest. "Come here," he murmurs. Hoseok smiles and closes the distance between them.

Chapter End Notes

wow i know i said i wouldn't update this until i finished florist au, but i didn't expect i'd (be so busy and) take so long! i'm sorry, i know this isn't the greatest but i don't have anything else finished rn ;--;

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

the incredible exes

Chapter Notes

this one takes place a week after chapter 12. warnings for (assumed, but i promise it's not!) infidelity.

when you think of love, do you think of pain?
you can tell me what you see
i will choose what i believe
hold on, darling
(mess is mine, vance joy)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[12:04:01] **Yoongi:** hey hyung, i want to surprise hoseok with something. do you know where he is?
[12:04:49] **Seokjin:** the library? he should be at tutoring. if he's not on the second floor, try the sixth.
[12:05:17] **Yoongi:** thanks

Yoongi gets off as the train pulls into the station. It's a fifteen-minute walk from the station to Hoseok's campus, and another ten from the southern entrance of the grounds to the library. After picking out a playlist, he slips his phone into his bag and shoves his hands into his pockets against the cold winter weather. With his midterms over at last, Yoongi plans to take Hoseok out for lunch, as an apology for pulling his disappearing act the past few weeks. He knows he worried Hoseok while he shut himself away to study, and hopes to start making it up to him now that he has more time.

At the library, Hoseok isn't on the second floor. Yoongi continues up the broad, spiraling staircase to the sixth. After pulling out his earbuds, he walks along the cramped tables in the middle of the floor, with seemingly endless shelves of books stretching out in either direction. His footsteps seem muffled on the thin carpet. Hoseok is nowhere to be found, but Yoongi keeps looking, glancing down rows of bookshelves with no luck. Finally, Yoongi spots Hoseok's familiar, bright green backpack hanging off the back of an empty chair before he sees the owner himself. It's a small table near the windows overlooking the student hall across the street, with weak sunlight illuminating the textbooks spread across the table's surface. A man Yoongi doesn't recognize is sitting in the chair next to Hoseok's.

"I found it," Yoongi hears Hoseok's voice say a breath later, and he steps into view carrying a pair of books in his hands. "Now you have no excuse, you *have* to do well on this paper." He slides into his chair, his back to Yoongi, and sets the books down in front of the other man. "Remember, if you don't pull your mark up to a B, you owe me dinner." Yoongi bites his lip, half-hiding behind a bookshelf. Hoseok sounds almost... *flirty*.

The man laughs a little, opening the topmost book and flicking through the pages. "You know, saying things like that almost makes me want to flunk on purpose," he responds distractedly, after a moment. "Was this the paragraph you mentioned, Hoseok-ah?" His tone is a little too familiar for Yoongi's comfort. He peers around the shelf to see Hoseok lean closer. Hoseok flips a few more pages in the book and taps the page. "Ah," the man says. "I see what you meant, this is perfect."

Wy is he just hiding here, spying? It's *weird*. Yoongi edges around the bookshelf, but just as he opens his mouth to make his presence known, the man turns in his chair to kiss Hoseok.

Yoongi stumbles back further into the aisle, his heart pounding in his throat. What the fuck. What the *fuck*. His hands clench into fists at his sides. Yoongi really wants to hit something, preferably that man's dumb face — but then his breathing hitches and he bites down hard on his bottom lip to smother the sound. He rubs the heels of his palms over his eyes; he hasn't felt this stupid in a very long time. God, he should have seen this coming.

"What the fuck are you doing, Donghyuk-ah?" He hears Hoseok's voice, low and hissing. "You know I have a boyfriend."

"Still?" The man laughs. He sounds derisive, and Yoongi feels another hot flare of anger in his gut on Hoseok's behalf. "*You?*"

There is a very long, tense silence. Yoongi can't hear anything except for the distant rustling of papers and the harsh beat of his own heart. "Yeah," Hoseok mutters. "Me." Yoongi hears a zipper being roughly tugged. "Your session's up," he says, in a flat, monotonous voice that doesn't suit him. "I'll see you next week."

After a moment, Hoseok passes Yoongi's hiding spot. He freezes, before doubling back and approaching with his hands held up, palm first. His face is pale, his eyes shiny and wide. "Hyung?" he asks, hesitant, and sniffs. "What are you—?"

Yoongi backs away. "Who the *fuck* was that?" he demands in a whisper. "Why did he kiss you?" His voice breaks and he closes his eyes, drawing in a slow, trembling breath. "What the fuck," he says, louder, opening his eyes as he hears Hoseok sigh and take a step closer. He reaches out for Yoongi's hand and Yoongi jerks away.

Hoseok flinches. "Come on," he murmurs, his shoulders slumped. "We should talk about this." Yoongi follows Hoseok, wordless, down six flights of stairs and out of the library. Hoseok leads the way to a quiet coffee shop a few blocks away. It's warm and cozy inside, a pleasant change from the cold late-February air, and packed with students. "The coffee is crap, but it'll keep you up when you're trying to study," Hoseok explains, stepping up to the counter. "Two tall coffees, please."

Yoongi leaves to grab a small table near the bathrooms that just opened up, and settling down at it. He flicks at the crumbs left behind on the tabletop, before swiping the lot off with his sleeve. Hoseok joins him a few moments later, carrying two paper cups in his hands. He drops down into his seat with a sigh.

It's very quiet for several minutes. Yoongi stares into his cup of black coffee, waiting for Hoseok to explain everything away, to alleviate his concerns and tell him he has nothing to worry about, for Hoseok to assure him that he'd never cheat. Seconds tick past in silence and Yoongi's gut twists itself into knots. He doesn't want to *be* here, listening to the murmur of voices, the occasional shriek of the steaming wand, the shitty indie playlist piped over the speakers. He doesn't want to do this. Every instinct he has is screaming at him to get out. "Who the fuck was that?" he repeats when he can't stand the stillness any longer. "Start talking, or I'm fucking leaving."

Hoseok warms his palms on either side of the paper cup, his lip caught between his teeth. "His name is Shin Donghyuk and I tutor him in music history once a week." Yoongi watches out of the corner of his eye as Hoseok leans forward, resting his elbows on the table. He looks tired. "He's my friend," Hoseok adds, after a moment. He ducks his head with shoulders hunched and takes another breath before continuing, "We used to date. Kind of."

Yoongi feels sick. "Kind of," he echoes, weakly.

"It wasn't even dating," Hoseok says. "It was friends with benefits, but more benefit than friend, sometimes. I'm not proud of what we were. It didn't really *mean* anything, it was just... sex, most of the time." Hoseok scrubs a hand through his hair and exhales. Yoongi's going to

fucking throw up. His arms wrap tighter around his stomach. "I met him when I first moved to Seoul." His voice is very low, almost too soft for Yoongi to hear. "It wasn't healthy, and we didn't treat each other very well. I ended things with him just a few months before I met you, hyung."

Hoseok doesn't speak again for another long pause. "We reconnected and became friends again last summer," he says, sitting straight up and rolling his shoulders back. "Sometimes we have dinner together when our schedules match up. It's not a big deal or anything, there's nothing going on—"

"Obviously that bastard thinks otherwise," Yoongi says, "or else he wouldn't have kissed you." He turns his head to stare at Hoseok, full-on. The nausea hasn't gone anywhere, but that anger from before is flickering back to life, too. "I can't believe you never told me about him."

"There's nothing to *tell*," Hoseok protests. "Nothing happened! Nothing's *going* to happen!"

The lump in Yoongi's throat makes it difficult to swallow. "If I hadn't been here to see it, would you have told me that he kissed you today?" Hoseok closes his mouth, his gaze dropping to the floor. That stings. "Yeah," Yoongi says, his lips curling into an unpleasant sneer. "That's what I thought." He leans against the backrest of his chair with his arms crossed over his chest. "How do I know this is a one-time occurrence?" he says. "How can I trust you to be honest with me, when you've been sneaking around with your ex-boyfriend behind my back—"

Hoseok snorts. It's an ugly sound. "That's fucking hilarious coming from you," he says, "when you're still best friends with Seokjin hyung, and see him on your own all the goddamn time." He tilts his chin up. His eyes are shining in the low ambient lighting of the cafe. "You never told me you two dated for almost a year, if I remember correctly. I had to find that one out from Namjoon."

Shit. Yoongi forgot about that. "I'd never—"

"Yeah? Well, neither would I, you fucking asshole." Hoseok gets to his feet. "I have to go," he says. "I'm going to be late for my dance class." A quick glance at Yoongi's watch confirms that it's only one, and Yoongi knows Hoseok doesn't have class until three. That was the whole reason he came for lunch in the first place because he knew Hoseok

had a decent window of time to fill. Instead of complaining, he lets Hoseok go and lifts one foot off the floor to rest his heel on the edge of the chair, hugging his knee to his chest. "See you at home," Hoseok adds, stopping a foot away. He doesn't look back, and his voice sounds thick. "I'll bring leftovers from work if you want." Yoongi closes his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

NOT WHAT I MEANT TO WRITE BUT OH WELL please come yell at me to finish florist au okay, i'm so close to the end and freezing up lmao

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

interlude (armistice)

Chapter Notes

warnings for consent that turns into dub-con that turns into non-con pretty rapidly (it's just making out and they stop before anything happens, but it's worth mentioning as a potential trigger)

takes place four days after chapter 24.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok's eyes are locked on the curtains drawn over the window, the thick fabric blocking the streetlights from illuminating the room. Tonight, more than ever, he wishes he'd left the window bare — if only for something to look at instead of the dark. Thoughts spin in lazy figure eights in his head, the same over and over but reworded differently each time as he stares at *nothing*. He hears Yoongi cough and shift on the bed, and his eyes dart to the clock on the bedside table. It's half-past four in the morning, and he's still wide awake. He can tell that Yoongi hasn't slept yet either, his movements too restless though Hoseok refuses to turn his head and check for sure. They haven't spoken a word to each other in over eight hours.

He feels the blanket shift and a rustle of cotton, followed by a grunted sigh as Yoongi gets up from the bed. The floorboards creak beneath his weight as he crosses the room, followed by the soft *click* as the bathroom door closes behind him. Hoseok rolls onto his side with an exhaled curse. He hates fighting like this. It's been four days with no sign of relief. *Four days* of circling each other like wounded animals, snapping ferociously whenever the other comes near.

After a few minutes, Hoseok hears the toilet flush and the tap running. The bathroom door opens. Hoseok closes his eyes, listening to the creaking floorboards and Yoongi's slow breathing as he approaches. It takes him only a few moments to settle back down under the covers, but it feels like hours. Then,

his voice comes, very soft in the dark, "Are you awake?"

He shouldn't respond. He shouldn't say anything, just keep his eyes closed and pretend to be asleep. The last thing he wants is to fight again. He's so *tired* of this. Hoseok finds himself shaking his head. *No,*

I'm not awake. He hears Yoongi slide closer across the mattress and sucks a breath deep into his lungs.

"Good," Yoongi murmurs. "Me neither." There is a short pause. Hoseok hears his shaky inhale before he whispers, "Can we call a truce? Just for right now?"

Hoseok digs his teeth into his bottom lip to keep himself from responding without thinking, his hand clenched in the bedspread. He blinks his eyes open and stares at the curtains. Of course he wants to call a truce. Even better, he wants this argument to be resolved and put to an end once and for all.

"Hoseok?" comes Yoongi's voice again. He sounds even more unsure than before.

He's *so tired*. Four straight days of sucker punches and low blows. He wants this to be over, he wants this to be *done*.

Hoseok nods at last, and he hears Yoongi release the breath he'd been holding in a rush. Yoongi shifts closer and closer until he can wrap his arm around Hoseok's waist. His skin is still cold to the touch from when he got out of bed, and Hoseok shivers, curving his back to press to Yoongi's chest. After a moment, Yoongi's hand lifts to rest over Hoseok's heart.

Several minutes pass this way, and they do not speak. Yoongi's breath is warm on the back of Hoseok's neck as he slides a bit closer until his hips are nestled against Hoseok's ass. His body is chilled and he curls around Hoseok's warmth like a leech.

It's so familiar that Hoseok can't help the tired smile spreading across his face, even as his chest feels tight with sadness and hurt. Four days without a trace of this. His hand uncurls from the blanket to cover Yoongi's over his heart. It's nice to be close like this again, and Hoseok can feel himself relaxing further and further into the mattress. Yoongi brushes his lips over the base of Hoseok's nape. He moves up to press gentle, sweet kisses up the side of Hoseok's neck to his jaw, to his ear, wherever he can reach.

Hoseok sighs, contented. As he rolls onto his back, Yoongi's hand slides up from Hoseok's chest to cup his cheek and bring their mouths together. It's *nice*. They're so used to sorting out their issues with their bodies, so used to communicating without needing words, that this just feels normal. Hoseok trails the backs of his fingers along the inside of Yoongi's arm, up to his shoulder until he can curl his hand

around the nape of Yoongi's neck.

Yoongi deepens the kiss, sucking on the tip of Hoseok's tongue. He shifts closer to Hoseok's side until, with a frustrated growl in the back of his throat, he slides up to straddle Hoseok's hips, instead. *Who the fuck was that?* Yoongi's whispered voice echoes in Hoseok's head, rough and *betrayed*. *Why did he kiss you?* Yoongi rolls back down into the kiss, pushing their bodies together, his hands resting on Hoseok's shoulders.

With the weight of Yoongi's body pinning him to the mattress, Hoseok gasps into Yoongi's mouth, his hands curling around Yoongi's hipbones. *I can't believe you never told me about him,* he hears Yoongi's voice again, can vividly recall how small and hurt he looked sitting across the table at that cafe. Hoseok can feel the slight curve of Yoongi's smile against his mouth, and the nips of his teeth around Hoseok's bottom lip seem to be even more intense than usual in the dark. Sharp. Precise. Meant to hurt.

Hoseok whimpers, his fingernails biting into Yoongi's skin hard enough to leave little crescent shapes behind. Yoongi's hand inches down Hoseok's chest, lower and lower. *Sneaking around with your ex-boyfriend behind my back.* Yoongi's free hand slides into Hoseok's hair across the top of his head. He doesn't pull, but Hoseok's breath shudders out of him as if he had. Hoseok tilts his head up, dragging his tongue over Yoongi's lips, trying to gentle it. *How can I trust you to be honest with me?* Yoongi's fingertips are just grazing the waistband of Hoseok's pyjama bottoms. Every inch of Hoseok's skin that Yoongi touches feels like exposed nerve endings. No.

No.

This time needs words.

Faster than he can even think, Hoseok's hands come up to push on Yoongi's shoulders until he's sitting up. "No, stop," he stutters, "get— get off of me, get *off* of me—" His voice hitches into a sob. Yoongi slips to the bed beside Hoseok, his eyes wide with shock. "I can't— I can't do this, I'm sorry—"

Horrified, Hoseok scrambles to free himself from the sheets tangled around his legs and stumbles towards the bathroom. He locks the door behind him and covers his face with his hands, trying to stifle another sob. It's not even his *fault*. He didn't do anything wrong. He never asked for Donghyuk to kiss him.

Hoseok barely has enough time to splash cold water on his face in an attempt to shock himself out of outright crying when he hears a quiet knock on the door. The barest brush of Yoongi's knuckles against the wood. "Please come back," comes Yoongi's voice, so soft Hoseok almost can't hear him. "We don't have to do anything." A pause. Hoseok drifts closer to the door, sniffling and wiping his wet face on the hem of his t-shirt. Yoongi's voice returns even quieter, "I shouldn't have pushed — I just — I miss you."

His hand hovers over the lock, unsure whether he wants to let Yoongi back in or not. Hoseok rests his forehead against the door. Tears slip down his cheeks, hot against his chilled skin, dripping off his face. He swallows, loud in the stillness.

"Please, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi whispers.

Hoseok unlocks the door with a *click*. He pulls it open. As Yoongi opens his mouth to speak, Hoseok shakes his head. He reaches out to take Yoongi's hand to pull him back to the bed, and Yoongi sits on the edge of the mattress when Hoseok pushes on his shoulders. "You don't get to have it both ways," Hoseok says, weak and tremulous, his hands hanging heavy at his sides. "Either you forgive me and we move past this, or—" His voice breaks, and he bows his head, eyes shut against another wave of tears.

Yoongi touches the tips of his fingers to Hoseok's tensed jaw. "Or?" he breathes.

Or we're done. Hoseok swallows back the words. "I'm sleeping on the couch," is what comes out of his mouth instead, as he takes a step back out of Yoongi's reach. Yoongi's hand falls back down to his side. Hoseok gathers up his pillow and a spare blanket from the bed and settles on the couch with the blanket tugged up to his chin.

"I'm thinking of going home," he says thickly, after a few moments of silence, and sniffles. Yoongi doesn't say anything. "My dad and my sister have both been bugging me for weeks to go visit, and since I have my birthday off..." Yoongi lifts his head. Hoseok can't tell if he's looking at him or not. "I think I should go this weekend."

Yoongi doesn't move for several minutes. Hoseok can't even hear him *breathe*. Finally, he intones, "If that's what you want," and lays down on his side of the bed and draws the blankets up to cover his shoulders.

Neither of them gets any sleep that night.

Chapter End Notes

/sad jazz hands

it'll get (worse and then) better in the next chapter, i swear

first | timeline | mix

power out

Chapter Notes

warnings for (an imagined) car accident, a brief anxiety attack as a result of that, arguments

takes place a week after chatper 24, three days after chapter 25.

you're the reason that i feel so strong
the reason that i'm hanging on
you know you gave me all that time
did i give enough of mine?
(mess is mine, vance joy)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi startles awake in pitch darkness and rolls off the saggy two-seater couch that Namjoon bought second-hand and jammed into the corner of their tiny shared campus studio. With his hands stuffed into the front pocket of his hoodie, he has nothing to catch himself with and hits the carpeted floor with a loud, painful *thud*. Yoongi groans and, pulling his hands (and his phone) free, pushes himself up to sit on his knees. he squints against the sudden brightness of his phone screen, grateful of small favours when he notes he has a full battery charge. Turning on the flashlight app on his phone and gingerly massaging the lump on his forehead, he gets to his feet and edges his way over to the door. Honestly, Yoongi's spent so much time in here over the years, he would probably know where and when to step to avoid stumbling over Namjoon's mess strewn across the studio floor, but he doesn't feel up to testing that theory so soon after waking up.

Easing the door open, Yoongi pokes his head out into the hallway, dismayed first to see that the lights appear to be out for the entire floor, and second to hear the wind and rain outside battering the music building. His heart sinks and he sags against the doorframe with a heavy sigh. He's not sure what to do; he shouldn't stay here in the cold, dark studio in hopes that the power will come back on when he has no idea when it cut in the first place, but the thought of trudging home through the storm is not a pleasant one. It's doubly unpleasant to consider the high probability of having to face Hoseok so soon after their stupid fight that morning.

Hoseok. Yoongi's stomach twists. He turns his phone over in his hand

and taps Hoseok's number from the very top of his list of favourite contacts, Hoseok's face smiling up at him from the screen. It rings out, going directly to voicemail. Yoongi catches his bottom lip between his teeth. *Is he still that mad?* Yoongi tries again, with the exact same result. *Or is there some other reason he's not answering his phone?* Yoongi's heart pounds in his ears, and the wind screams outside, slamming into the building. *Shit. When do the doors lock automatically?* he wonders. *It's not until eight on weekends, isn't it?* Yoongi glances at the time on his phone; it's only four. He steps back into the studio, pulling the door shut and sinking down its surface to sit on the carpeted floor. On his third attempt to call, Hoseok finally picks up. Yoongi's breath shudders out of him in a rush.

"—gi hyung?" Hoseok's voice is staticky, hard to hear over the wind and honking car horns in the background. He sounds frantic, loud and unsteady. "Can you hear me? Are you safe?" The call seems to drop, the line going dead. Frowning, Yoongi pulls the phone away from his face to check the call, but it's still going. Abruptly, sound returns and Yoongi jumps, the wind shrieking louder than ever. People are shouting. "—Got stuck underground, I only just got back up to the street. —'m trying to find a bus running that'll take—closer to home."

"Underground?" Yoongi echoes, taken aback. His palms are sweaty, fingers clenched tight around the phone. He pulls his legs up to his chest and rests his arm atop his knees. "Are you okay?"

"I was on the train when the power went out," Hoseok replies, "but I'm fine. We were stuck in the tunnel for a couple minutes before the generator kicked in—to the station. There were workers down there with flashlights to guide—up to street level." He seems a little calmer now, but his voice is still shaking. Yoongi's chest hurts, and he closes his eyes, letting his head tip against the door. Every muscle in his body is tensed, and he shivers. Is it getting colder in here? "Good thing, it was pitch black down there—s scared. I tried to call you a few times, but there wasn't any service in the tunnel—only have three percent battery left. Where—? Are you safe?"

"I— yeah," Yoongi says, and swallows. his mouth is dry. "I'm just at the studio, I'm fine."

The call keeps cutting out every few seconds, disjointed like trying to play a buffering video on an unreliable internet connection. "—Fucking mess out here, there are people everywhere and it's—don't even have an umbrella." Hoseok's laugh is little more than static over the line. Yoongi's gut twists again. "Hyung, how are you going to get

home? I don't know if the buses are still—"

Yoongi hears screaming brakes and a car horn blaring before the call cuts with a series of beeps.

Silence.

A chill rolls up Yoongi's spine, his arms and legs tingling. He pulls his phone from his ear and peers at the screen. Call ended. Yoongi's chest hurts as if imaginary bands are slowly constricting around him until it's impossible to breathe.

When he tries to call Hoseok back, it goes straight to voicemail without even ringing. His breath hitches. *Three percent battery*, he reminds himself. His heartbeat seems to echo in his ears. *Hoseok just ran out of battery, that's all.*

But what if it's *not?* "Shit," he mutters, getting to his feet and groping through the dark to grab the strap of his backpack and his bunched up winter coat from the couch. His legs don't work and he stumbles into the door, bracing himself against the frame, gasping desperate gulps of air into his lungs. His vision swims and a prickling numbness starts at the base of his neck, spreading up to cover his entire scalp. He's drenched in cold sweat, but he feels hot. He forces another deep breath, then another. His shaking hands don't seem like his own. He has to get home. How can he get home when it feels like the world has kept spinning on without him? *What if Hoseok's not okay?*

Yoongi loses track of how long he stands there, his fingertips clenched around the doorframe. Closing his eyes against the overwhelming darkness pressing in on him, he focuses on each choking breath filling his lungs. In, hold, out. In, hold, out.

Slowly, he comes down from it, with his forehead pressed against the door. The painted wood is pleasant and cooling on his sweaty, overheated skin. Yoongi unclenches his hands from around the doorframe. He has to get home.

Somehow he manages to make his way down three flights of stairs on wobbling legs in near-darkness. The sky overhead is steel grey with rolling clouds, rain pouring down in cold, fat drops that drench Yoongi to the skin in seconds. That, combined with the wind, has a sobering effect on him.

After a few minutes of searching, he finds a bus still running that takes him within a few blocks of home, before getting stuck in a gridlock,

the traffic lights flashing red. Yoongi gets off there and alternates walking and jogging the rest of the way, head bowed against the wind, with fat raindrops stinging any bare skin it can reach. He races up the stairs of the apartment building and throws their door open after punching the code into the keypad lock,

to find Hoseok sitting on the floor of the kitchen. Safe and unhurt. He's dressed in his pyjamas, eating ice cream straight from the pint-size container with one of Yoongi's candles sitting on the floor beside him.

Yoongi sags against the doorframe, exhaling. The way relief floods his system, it feels like he's been holding his breath since the call cut an hour earlier. His knees shake and he presses himself more firmly against the doorframe. *He's okay. He's okay. Everything is going to be—*

"Hi," Hoseok says, his voice very quiet.

Yoongi closes his eyes, and takes a few deep breaths. "Hey," he replies hoarsely, blinking his eyes open and dropping his bag on the floor. "I'm gonna—" He coughs and gestures toward the bathroom, stumbling forward on auto-pilot and pushing the door shut behind him. Hoseok left a small votive candle in a glass jar on the counter ledge. After pulling his phone from his pocket, Yoongi strips out of his dripping clothes and hangs them up in the shower with Hoseok's. He towels himself dry and redresses in that morning's pyjamas, left hanging on the hook on the back of the bathroom door. Taking a moment to recompose himself, Yoongi opens the door and comes back out to sit with Hoseok on the kitchen floor. He leans close to brush his lips over Hoseok's cheek, his fingers curling around Hoseok's jaw.

Hoseok's skin feels cooler than Yoongi's used to, but he's still warmer than Yoongi feels. Hoseok tilts his head into the kiss and Yoongi lets his touch linger longer than he might have otherwise. *Hoseok's okay. Everything's going to be okay.* Even though he's tempted to just bury the cold tip of his nose in the crook of Hoseok's neck and breathe him in until his heart rate returns to normal, Yoongi sits back on his heels and takes the ice cream container and spoon from Hoseok's hands. It's mint chocolate chip, and already half-melted. Yoongi's favourite. "How did you get home?" he asks, scooping ice cream out from the carton. His voice is rough. He coughs to clear his throat.

Hoseok tilts his head back against the cupboard behind him, his eyes heavy-lidded. "Mostly walked. There were so many traffic jams—you'd think the traffic lights would be on generators, at least." He

blinks his eyes open. "Do you know if the whole city's power is out or just parts of it?" Shrugging, Yoongi presses his phone into Hoseok's hand. "Looks like it's just parts," Hoseok murmurs after a moment. "A bunch of trees fell down on power lines, so they're repairing those as fast as they can." He locks Yoongi's phone screen and hands it back over. "It was scary when I was on the train, I really thought we were going to be stuck in that tunnel for hours... Did you find a bus? Your campus is even farther away than mine, hyung..."

Yoongi nods and passes the ice cream back to Hoseok. "Took the bus most of the way, got off and walked the rest."

"How was your day?" Hoseok asks around a spoonful of ice cream. He frowns. "You should be wearing more clothes, do you want me to grab something warmer to for you to—?"

Outside, even in their building sheltered by much taller apartment blocks, Yoongi can still hear the wailing of the wind. Yoongi shakes his head, pulling his knees up to his chest. "I'm okay," he lies. His bare toes curl on the cold tile. He doesn't want Hoseok to leave. "My day was shitty. I skipped class to put more work in at the studio and ended up taking a nap instead."

Hoseok smiles. the candlelight flickers, deepening the shadows of his features. "I went to both my morning classes and then had to go do tutoring for an hour," he says, digging out another spoonful of ice cream. Yoongi feels the corners of his mouth droop into a slight frown. "Nothing happened—" Hoseok cuts himself short, staring down at his lap. He licks his lips and tries again, "We didn't talk about anything other than music history. I just helped edit his paper, made a few suggestions, and then left early."

"Oh yeah?" Yoongi asks, snatching the ice cream back from Hoseok's hands. The words slip out before he can stop them. What is he even *doing?* "I hope your Donghyukie got home safe in this storm. Do you wanna use my phone? You should call him to make sure."

There is a very long silence. "Are you fucking kidding me," Hoseok sighs. "Seriously? You want to do this *right now?*" He shakes his head, huffing a laugh that lacks any mirth. "Fine, I guess this is the perfect time to talk this through. Tell me, hyung," he says, leaning forward with his finger tapping his chin, "why are you so hung up on this when I *told you* it meant nothing?" He tilts his head to the side, an image of wide-eyed innocence. "I wonder why you're such a hypocrite, when you see Seokjin hyung alone all the time like it's no big deal?"

Yoongi opens his mouth to retort, but Hoseok sits back against the cabinet door, his expression sad. Any words Yoongi could say seem to dry up on his tongue. He's so sick of this stupid fucking argument. He doesn't want to fight with Hoseok anymore, not after he came so close to losing everything.

Hoseok's eyes look glassy in the flickering candlelight. "It's because it's *not* a big deal. I've never worried about you two because I trust you," Hoseok murmurs, and flicks at Yoongi's leg with the tips of his fingers. "I just wish you'd trust *me*."

"I do trust you," Yoongi mutters, stabbing at the last of the ice cream with the spoon. It's almost entirely liquid now. "It's *him* that I don't trust. He likes you, I saw the way he was looking at you—"

"Oh wow," Hoseok interrupts, sounding disgusted. Yoongi's head snaps up to stare at him. "If a person that I've been friends with for over eight months actually likes spending time with me, he *must* be secretly in love with me. Fuck off, hyung. Seriously."

Hoseok takes a very deep breath and holds up both his hands, palms out. "Okay," he continues in a calmer voice, his expression softening back into a somber neutral. "Let's say for the sake of your argument that Donghyuk ever had feelings for me beyond lust and convenience to begin with, or that he does now. Whatever makes you feel better about yourself, hyung." His eyes are over-bright, teardrops teetering on his bottom lashes. "Even if he tried to make a move on me, I'd still shut him down. It's not like I'd *ever* tell him, 'Oh sure, let's fuck for old time's sake!'" He blinks and the tears roll down his cheek. He swipes them away impatiently with the back of his hand. "So it comes back down to a matter of you not trusting me to say *no*, of you not trusting me to stay faithful to you, and *that's* what I'm fucking mad at you about."

Yoongi swallows, his mouth dry. "Hoseok—"

"And do you know *why* I wouldn't fuck him?" Hoseok continues, his voice starting to waver under the force of his frustration once more as he leans forward. "Do you honestly understand why? It's because I fucking *love you*, you moron, and you mean more to me than he ever could. I guess I just figured you of all people would know that."

He gets to his feet and scrubs his face on the hem of his t-shirt. "Fuck this," he mutters, and walks into the bedroom, returning a few moments later with his hair pushed back off his forehead with a

snapback and boots on his feet, with a coat and umbrella hanging from one arm. "I'm going to go check on Dumpling," he says, pulling his coat on. "I don't think Taehyung and Jimin have been home yet, and I'm worried about her."

"I'm coming with you," Yoongi says, dropping the mostly empty ice cream container and spoon into the sink to deal with later, and following suit. There's no way he's letting Hoseok go out on his own in this storm, with unreliable traffic lights and reckless drivers on the roads. Together they walk down the stairs in their pyjama pants with boots, hats and coats on, and an umbrella to share between themselves. Neither of them says a word as they cross the street, as Hoseok unlocks the front door with the spare key Taehyung gave him, or in the dark stairwell up to the fifth floor. Yoongi turns the flashlight app on his phone on and passes it over to Hoseok.

Hoseok lets himself inside Taehyung and Jimin's apartment, opening the door slowly in case Dumpling is close by and tries to run. He needn't have bothered; the grey tabby perches on the back of the sofa, her tail standing straight up. She chirps a meow as Hoseok approaches her, jumping down onto the couch seat and rolling onto her back with her legs splayed out so Hoseok can stroke her belly. Yoongi stays near the door. He can hear her purring from halfway across the room, and he shakes his head in disbelief. Dumpling might be cute, but she is pure, unadulterated *evil*. The cat follows Hoseok into the kitchen, nuzzling up against his legs as he pulls out the bag of food and fills her bowl.

"Hey, hyung," Hoseok says quietly, as he crouches down to set the cat's filled water dish back down on the floor. He strokes down Dumpling's spine as she winds between his legs. "Can you get me a piece of paper and a pen? There should be some over on that desk. I want to leave a note for Jiminnie and Taehyungie so they know we were here and how they can reach us if they need anything."

Yoongi huffs out a breath, stepping away from the door and crossing to the work desk tucked in the corner of the living room beside the television. Peering through the dark lit by the feeble light of his phone flashlight on the opposite side of the room, Yoongi tears out a piece of notebook paper and grabs a pen from a jar full of them. "Here," he says.

Hoseok laughs. "You *can* come closer than that, hyung," he says, standing up as Dumpling begins to eat. "She won't attack you again," he continues in his most reassuring tone, but seems to reconsider

because he pulls a face and adds, unconvincingly, "Probably."

Yoongi walks to the edge of the living room where carpet turns into tile floor. "This is as close as I'm getting to that little demon," he says, holding out his hand. When Hoseok hesitates beside the counter, Yoongi flaps the paper at him. "I mean it, Hoseok-ah," he says. "Think of my ankles. I still have a *scar*."

Rolling his eyes, Hoseok closes the distance between them. "Alright, you big baby," he murmurs, his lips grazing Yoongi's cheek as he takes the paper and pen from Yoongi's hand. He gives Yoongi his phone back. "Hold it up so I can see, okay?" Yoongi lifts his phone up as Hoseok scribbles a note on the coffee table. He reads over Hoseok's shoulder as he writes: '*It's just after six o'clock. Yoongi hyung and I came by to check up on you. Dumpling has been fed, she's okay. My phone is dead, but Yoongi's is still working if you need to get ahold of us while the power's out. We have leftovers, if you need anything. Be safe. Love, Hoseokie and Yoongi hyung.*'

"There," Hoseok says, walking back into the kitchen to leave the note on the counter beside Jimin's massive plastic jar of protein powder. "Let's go back home, hyung." He holds out his hand as he approaches, and surprised, Yoongi takes it, slipping his fingers between Hoseok's. Once again, they don't speak until they're back across the street.

Hoseok breaks the silence first. "I'm sorry," he murmurs. "About not saying anything about the kiss, I mean." He sighs. "I didn't think that I was being dishonest by not telling you about it. It never went anywhere, and I didn't want you to worry over nothing."

"That sounds like it's happened more than once," Yoongi says, squeezing Hoseok's hand once before letting go so Hoseok can collapse the umbrella and shake off the excess water. "Has anyone else kissed you since we've been together?"

"Yes," Hoseok replies after a moment, opening the back door and ushering Yoongi inside out of the rain. "Just three others. I never kissed them back and told them I was already seeing someone, and they never tried anything again. Honestly, you're the only person I want to kiss." Hoseok reaches out and takes Yoongi's hand again, lifting it to press a kiss to Yoongi's knuckles. "I promise if it happens again, I'll tell you about it. If you really want me to and promise you won't freak out at me."

"Then again," he continues after a moment, swinging their hands

between them. His face looks so pale in the light from Yoongi's phone screen. "I almost prefer it when you're angry and yelling at me, because at least it feels like you still care." His shoulders hunch up around his shoulders. "I hate it when you get distant. It feels like you're punishing me."

That cuts deep. Frowning, Yoongi stops in the landing between the first and second floor. Hoseok's hand slips from Yoongi's as he walks a few steps up without him, and Yoongi immediately misses his warmth. "I'm not trying to," he protests, gripping the stair rail. Hoseok looks back at him. "It's just—" Yoongi ducks his head, catching his lip between his teeth. Whether he meant to or not, that's exactly what he has been doing.

Hoseok gives Yoongi a crooked smile as he turns and keeps walking up the stairs. "I know you aren't trying to," he replies finally, halfway between the third and fourth floors. He sounds so tired. "I can't decide if that makes it better or worse."

Once he gets into their apartment, Hoseok kicks off his boots and hangs his coat and the umbrella up in the bathroom. By the time Yoongi's done the same, Hoseok has disappeared into their bedroom with the door shut tight behind him. Yoongi's hand hovers over the knob. Should he open it? Should he leave Hoseok alone?

He sits down on the floor outside his office and stares at his phone screen instead, thumbing the lock button absently. He needs to apologize. The light flickers on and off. *I'm sorry for being a dick,* he should say. On and off. *I'm sorry it took the thought of you getting hit by a car for me to realize what's important to me.* On and off.

Hoseok pulls the door open after a few minutes, and looks startled to see Yoongi just sitting there on the floor. "Uh, I found some cards," he says, and Yoongi can hear the tentative cease-fire in his voice. "D'you... D'you wanna play something with me? To pass the time?"

Nodding, Yoongi gets to his feet to join Hoseok in the bedroom doorway. Hoseok's been busy; the room is lit in the soft glow of many different candles sitting on various surfaces. It's kind of romantic, actually. Yoongi bites his lip. He loves the way Hoseok looks by candlelight.

As Hoseok turns to move further inside, Yoongi curls his fingers around Hoseok's wrist. "I — I have something to say first," he mumbles. His cheeks warm and he ducks his head, letting his

trembling hand slide down to twine his fingers between Hoseok's. "When that phone call cut earlier, I thought—" His voice cracks and he swallows, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hand. Hoseok squeezes back. "I thought the worst— that something happened to you, and I just— I fucking shut down, Hoseok-ah. I can't lose you."

Hoseok sucks in a shaky breath. "Hyung—"

Yoongi shakes his head. "I should have believed you when you said I didn't have anything to worry about. It wasn't your fault and I acted like it was." He lifts his head up to meet Hoseok's gaze. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lashed out at you like that." Yoongi takes a deep breath. "I'm going to be better. okay? I'm going to do better."

"Okay," Hoseok replies. His eyes are still over-bright in the dim light, but the corners of his lips curve into a small smile. "Come on. What do you want to play?" He pulls his hand free from Yoongi's and walks over to sit on the couch. Yoongi settles on the floor on the opposite side of the coffee table, but drags the throw blanket off the foot of the bed to wrap it around his shoulders. "How about Go Fish?" Hoseok suggests.

Yoongi snorts, snatching the deck of cards from Hoseok's hands and shuffling them several times. "Strip poker," he corrects, and starts to deal out five cards each. "Obviously."

Hoseok starts to grin. "Oh, of course," he murmurs, scooping up his cards.

They both relax as they play, laughing and flirting despite (or perhaps because of) their respective competitive streaks. The argument is pushed clear out of Yoongi's mind as he either wins or loses each round. Hoseok cracks terrible jokes that brings Yoongi to the brink of tears from laughing so hard. Yoongi returns the favour in kind as he comes up with the filthiest, most ridiculous rap lyrics on the fly. Hoseok slips off the couch and curls up on the floor, his laughter hiccuping as he struggles to keep breathing. Yoongi's missed that sound. (God, they haven't had fun together like this since before he started to study for his midterms — a month ago? Two months? Yoongi frowns at his cards. Too long.)

Yoongi's down to his blanket and shivering over a hand he knows he's going to lose with (even with a four to eight straight). Hoseok, with his shirt, underwear, and one sock remaining, has been bouncing on the couch since his hand has been dealt. His grin stretches across his

face, eyes glittering in the candlelight. Yoongi hates to lose, but he loves to see that smile. He's just about to reveal his cards when the power comes on, the whole world seeming to hum back to life around them as the bedroom light flickers on overhead.

Yoongi blinks against the sudden brightness and stares at Hoseok in silence as his eyes adjust. Hoseok meets his gaze, his mouth hanging open in a perfect 'o' of surprise, before he shakes himself, setting his cards facedown on the table. He gets up on his knees to peer through the curtains. "Looks like the lights are on again for everyone in the neighbourhood," he murmurs after a moment, sitting back on his heels. His lips are downturned into a little frown, and he picks listlessly at one of the couch cushions.

"You probably want to go get back to your work, I guess," he says. When he lifts his head to look at Yoongi, though, he has a smile spread across his face. If Yoongi hadn't been sitting here and seen the way his face had fallen, he never would have guessed that Hoseok was upset. "I'll get started on making dinner. I was thinking just a stew or something since it's so cold." Hoseok reaches out for his clothes sitting in a pile with Yoongi's on the coffee table, but stops when Yoongi's fingers curl around his wrist. "Hyung?" His eyes are wide.

Catching his lower lip between his teeth, Yoongi says, "Turn the lights back off." He releases Hoseok's wrist, grabbing his cards off the edge of the table and fanning them out with his lips quirked into a grin. "I'm going to win everything back with this hand, you know."

Hoseok stares at Yoongi for a moment in surprise. The corners of his eyes crinkle as a grateful smile spreads across his face, and he hops up to the turn off the lights. He settles back down on the floor and picks up his cards. "Bring it on," he laughs.

Of course, Yoongi's four to eight straight loses to Hoseok's seven to jack straight flush. Yoongi doesn't much mind, though, because Hoseok leans over the table to kiss him. Yoongi sighs into it, his hands curling around the nape of Hoseok's neck. "Come here, hyung," Hoseok murmurs, tugging on the edges of Yoongi's blanket. "Let me warm you up." Yoongi edges around the table in an awkward shuffle as he tries to keep his blanket wrapped around his body. He lays down on the couch and Hoseok settles half beside and half on top of him.

Yoongi curls his arms around Hoseok's neck, pulling him in close. "You're wearing too many clothes," he murmurs, tilting his head to brush his lips over Hoseok's earlobe. A sudden thought, of Hoseok

pushing him away and running into the bathroom in tears, makes him pause, his heart in his throat. "Is this okay?" he whispers, leaning back and trying to catch Hoseok's eye. Hoseok's not looking at him, tracing absent patterns on Yoongi's bare chest with a fingertip. "Hoseok-ah. Is this what you want? I don't—"

Hoseok nods, finally, after a tense pause. His lips tremble. "I missed you so much," he replies softly, and his voice wavers. He lowers his head down to rest his temple on Yoongi's shoulder. "I tried to be hopeful that we'd make it through somehow, but." His hand smooths over Yoongi's chest to sit over Yoongi's pounding heart. "I really started to think that you were never going to forgive me." Yoongi can feel Hoseok's eyelashes flutter as he closes his eyes with a soft exhale. They lay like that for several moments. Yoongi's hand slips up the back of Hoseok's neck to comb through his hair.

"Yoongi," Hoseok murmurs, lifting his head and blinking his eyes open. Yoongi's breath hitches in the back of his throat at the way the candles light Hoseok's skin, his eyes sparkling and bright in the dark. Hoseok wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue. He leans up to cup Yoongi's cheek in his palm and brings their lips together.

I love you too much, Yoongi wants to say, but doesn't. The words burn like a cipher into the surface of his tongue. *You're the best thing that's ever happened to me.* As Hoseok eases Yoongi's mouth open, Yoongi wonders if he could crack the code. After a moment, Hoseok sits up to pull his shirt off and shove his boxers down and off his hips. He pulls the blanket up over their heads as he slides on top of Yoongi, and leans in to kiss him again in the dark.

When they get each other off, it's slow, taking their time to make each other feel as good as they both possibly can. Yoongi's back arches up off the couch with a little moan, and he can feel the curve of Hoseok's sweet smile tucked into the crook of his neck. It's too warm under the blanket, the air humid and close, but Yoongi doesn't want to break this spell. It feels almost too good to be true. Yoongi tightens his grip around Hoseok's cock and strokes him faster, listening to the needy whines Hoseok makes in the back of his throat as his hips work in little circles. Hoseok drags his mouth over Yoongi's chest, his lips soft and wet. Yoongi gasps, thrusting up into Hoseok's hand.

For once, they almost come at the exact same time, only a few heartbeats apart. Hoseok's panting breaths are hot against the side of Yoongi's neck, his fingers digging into Yoongi's skin so hard he might leave behind a bruise. Yoongi's glad. He curls an arm around Hoseok's

neck and pushes the blanket down. The rush of cool air feels good on his overheated skin.

"Told you I'd warm you up," Hoseok mumbles with his face mashed into Yoongi's shoulder.

Yoongi sighs a tired laugh and ducks his chin to press a kiss to the top of Hoseok's damp, sweaty head. "Thanks," he murmurs. Outside, the sky is an inky blue. All but one of the candles have gone out on their own. "What do you want to do for dinner?"

Hoseok's fingers clench around Yoongi's hipbones. "Chicken?" he suggests. "Let's order in, I'm too tired to move."

"Nap first," Yoongi says, and Hoseok hums in an agreeable sort of way, turning his head to rest his temple on Yoongi's chest once more. "Then food." Hoseok hums again, lazy and drifting. When Yoongi nudges his shoulder, Hoseok grumbles indistinctly. "Hey," Yoongi says. "I love you."

Hoseok lifts his head, his eyes squinted in the dark. He leans up and kisses Yoongi, once, then twice. "I know," he sighs, and settles back down with his head pillowed on Yoongi's chest. "I love you, too."

Chapter End Notes

> GOD THIS WAS HARD TO WRITE. I AM DONE WITH THE ARGUMENTS FOR A WHILE NOW it'll be nothing but fluffy porn for at least five chapters straight, i swear

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

christmas special one: i'll be home for christmas

Chapter Notes

no real warnings, just. cuteness and families.

christmas eve will find me
where the love light gleams
i'll be home for christmas
(if only in my dreams)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok's hands are warm as he cups Yoongi's cheeks in his palms. Yoongi, bleary-eyed and dressed in at least four layers top and bottom, blinks up at Hoseok and tries not to nuzzle further into his touch. Hoseok's eyes are filled with concern. His hands are so *warm*. *Oh, fuck*, Yoongi thinks, trying to wade back through the fog in his mind as he realizes first that he has, in fact, been nuzzling — and second that Hoseok has been speaking for several seconds. Yoongi's missed the entire sentence. Whatever it was. Yoongi shakes his head in an attempt to clear it, and the corners of Hoseok's mouth twitch into a frown. This is the wrong answer, apparently.

Sighing, Hoseok strokes his thumbs across Yoongi's cheekbones over his mask, leaning in to press their foreheads together. "Hyung, you don't have to pull the brave act. If you want me to stay home with you, just say so."

Oh. This again. Yoongi would roll his eyes if moving his face to any degree didn't hurt so much. "Fuck off," he rasps. Hoseok's frown deepens. Yoongi winces, ducking away from Hoseok to cough. "This trip is all you've been talking about for *weeks*," he continues after the fit has passed, and flaps an irritated hand in Hoseok's direction as Hoseok makes an attempt to come in close again. "I'm not going to make you stay home with me just because I caught a stupid cold. Go see your family. Seokjin hyung will look after me." Hoseok's eyes are getting big and sad again. "Stop that," Yoongi wheezes as another fit of coughing overtakes him. "Just fuckin'— go *home*, it's only for four days, you brat."

"I should be saying that," Hoseok murmurs. He leans in to brush his lips over Yoongi's through the mask, so fleeting and light that it only

feels like a slight disturbance of air. Yoongi lets his eyes close as Hoseok wraps him up in a hug. "Are you sure I can't convince you to just come with me?" He whispers even though he ought to know better. "My parents won't care if you're sick—"

Yoongi rests his sweaty, feverish forehead in the crook of Hoseok's neck. "That cough your dad had lasted for almost three months, and he still hasn't fully recovered from it," Yoongi murmurs flatly. "I'm not going to selfishly risk getting him sick again just because I want to spend Christmas with you." Hoseok's body is so *warm*, and he smells like home. Yoongi wants to go home. "I'll be *fine*, so just," he struggles to free himself from Hoseok's hold, his strength significantly less than usual. "Just *go*, before you miss your train. idiot."

"*You're* an idiot," Hoseok retorts, but it's weak. Yoongi feels Hoseok's lips brush over his temple before Hoseok lets go. He blinks his eyes open as Hoseok takes a step back and scoops up his backpack from where it rests against the base of the train schedule board. "I'll be back on Monday," he says. "If you need me to come back at any time, promise you'll let me know." He waits for Yoongi to mumble in acquiescence before he continues, "I'll call you when I get there, I guess." Though he manages a smile, it's subdued. "I love you, hyung," he says, taking a step back towards the train station.

"Yeah, yeah," Yoongi replies, flapping his hand through the air again. "Tell your parents I said 'merry Christmas'."

Hoseok's lips twitch into a more genuine smile. "You can tell them yourself, I'm calling you first thing on Christmas morning — and you'll be on speaker, so you better watch your language. There'll be children present." Hoseok's gaze shifts over Yoongi's shoulder and Yoongi looks back to see Seokjin approaching with two paper cups of something steaming hot in his hands. "Hey, hyung — make sure Yoongi rests, okay? And don't let him anywhere near his laptop."

Seokjin comes to a halt beside Yoongi and passes over one of the cups. "It's tea," he says to Yoongi, "honey and lemon, it should help with your throat." Turning to face Hoseok, he salutes with his free hand. "I'll keep him in one piece, I promise."

With one final, lingering look, Hoseok turns and walks through the station's automatic doors. Yoongi sighs once he's out of sight, clutching the cup of tea to his chest. The steam makes his sinuses feel a little less congested, at least. Seokjin bumps Yoongi's shoulder. "Come on," he says. "You look like you're about to fall asleep standing

up."

Yoongi's smile is crooked. "That'd be a fun party trick," he murmurs.

*

Christmas eve is spent in long stretches of naps broken up by cups of tea, bowls of rice porridge, and messages from Hoseok. On Christmas Day, Yoongi wakes to the dulcet tones of Hoseok's ringtone: *If you're horny, let's do it / Ride it, my pony–* He scrambles to answer his phone before Seokjin hears, but doesn't quite get there in time. Seokjin ducks his head to peer at Yoongi through the space between the counter and the upper cabinets, his eyebrows raised so high they've disappeared behind his hair. Yoongi flips him off as he lifts the phone to his ear. "Hello?" he rasps.

"Merry Christmas," chimes Hoseok and his family in near perfect unison. "How are you feeling, hyung?" Hoseok continues on his own. In the background, Yoongi can hear rustling wrapping paper and the twinkling laughter of Hoseok's older sister, Dawon.

"I'm feeling okay," Yoongi replies, sitting up to lean his back against the armrest. He plucks a tissue from the box at his side and blows his nose. "I'm doing better. Thank you for calling. It's good to hear your voice."

Seokjin makes a choked sound in the kitchen, and Yoongi feels his cheeks heat up. Yoongi clears his throat before he tries to say, "Merry Christmas to you all, too," before a coughing fit overtakes him. Everyone on the other end of the line (even Hoseok's younger cousins) starts clucking at him to get off the phone immediately and drink some fluids, he is so unwell, what is he *thinking* — as if they hadn't been the ones to call him in the first place. Yoongi laughs, which sets off another bout of coughing. "Thank you," he wheezes. "I'll go get some rest."

The sound on the other end of the line softens as Hoseok moves into another room and turns off the speakerphone. "Merry Christmas, hyung," he says softly. "I wish you were here."

Yoongi smiles and sniffles. "I do, too." He drops his voice, hoping Seokjin won't overhear. "I love you."

"I love you too," Hoseok says. "I'll try to call again tonight, okay? Rest well."

They murmur their goodbyes together, and Yoongi ends the call just as Seokjin approaches with yet another cup of tea. "Really?" he asks, settling down on the opposite end of the sofa. "Pony. *Really?*"

Yoongi feels his lips twitch into a smile, and he ducks his head to try and hide it. "It's an inside joke and a good song, so you can fuck off with your judgemental ass," he mumbles and blows on his tea to cool it before taking a sip. Hoseok changed his ringtone after that day all those months ago that he kept dancing up on Yoongi for no reason other than to see Yoongi smile. Yoongi always meant to change it (especially when his phone rang while he was speaking with his TA one afternoon), but he's kind of attached to it now.

The rest of the day is spent drinking more tea than he ever has in his life, eating rice porridge, and watching movies that he mostly sleeps through. his Christmas day is fairly uneventful, until fifteen minutes past ten, when there comes a knock at the door. Seokjin gets up from the couch to go answer it. Yoongi closes his sore, tired eyes with a sigh. His Christmas day is fairly uneventful, until sixteen minutes past ten, when he hears Hoseok's voice,

"Ah, hyung,"

and Yoongi's eyes pop back open. He spins on the couch so fast he almost falls off. "What are you doing here?" he demands, getting to his feet as Hoseok drops his bags by the door and walks closer. "You were supposed to stay with your parents."

Hoseok wraps Yoongi up in a hug. "I know," he says. "I was going to, but the second I got off the phone, my parents told me I had to go back home and make sure you were taken care of." He laughs, and Yoongi curls his fingers into the hem of Hoseok's hoodie. He smells like home. Yoongi wants to go home. "They bought me a ticket as soon as everyone was finished opening presents and dropped me off at the train station after dinner." An intense rush of fondness warms Yoongi from the inside out, and he buries his blushing cheeks in Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok rubs Yoongi's back, gentle sweeps of his hands up and down Yoongi's spine. "Do you want to come home with me?" he whispers.

Yoongi snorts a laugh and pulls out of Hoseok's embrace to blow his nose again. "Of course I do," he mumbles. "Get a cab, I'm not taking the subway like this."

As Hoseok calls the cab service, Yoongi helps Seokjin straighten up his

living room, despite Seokjin's protests. It's not until Yoongi points out that Seokjin shouldn't have to touch used tissues if he doesn't have to, that Seokjin concedes. After, Yoongi dresses in multiple layers, thanks Seokjin for his hospitality and gives him a hug goodbye, and follows Hoseok out into the hall. Hoseok's warm fingers twine between Yoongi's cold ones, and they walk down to the elevator together. It's only then that Yoongi notices the extra luggage Hoseok has with him. "What the fuck?" he mumbles.

Hoseok rolls his eyes. "I'll tell you all about it when we get home," he says.

Thankfully, the cab is waiting for them when they get back down to street level so they don't have to wait out in the cold. Yoongi climbs into the backseat while Hoseok puts a rolling suitcase, a duffle bag, and his backpack into the trunk of the car. Once Hoseok settles on the seat beside Yoongi, Yoongi snuggles up against his side with his head resting on Hoseok's shoulder, his coughing fits calmed for the first time all day.

When they arrive, Yoongi carries Hoseok's backpack up the four flights of stairs to their apartment. He unlocks the door and pushes it open. "Home again," he murmurs, flicking on the kitchen light and kicking off his sneakers. He goes into the bedroom to drop Hoseok's bag down on the bed and start stripping off his extra layers. He changes into his pyjamas. By the door, Yoongi hears Hoseok set down his luggage and struggle with untying his shoelaces. They meet again in the bathroom to brush their teeth.

"So when I showed up on my doorstep the day before yesterday," Hoseok begins, "my parents literally pushed me out of the way because they thought you were hiding behind me. They didn't believe me when I told them you were too sick to come — when they realized it was just me, they were so *disappointed*." Yoongi bites his lip to keep from laughing out loud, and Hoseok nudges him in the ribs with his elbow. "Don't fucking laugh. My own mother, who birthed me, loves you, my boyfriend, better than me, *her only son*." He heaves an overdramatic sigh, and Yoongi cracks up, reaching up to ruffle Hoseok's hair.

Hoseok leads the way out of the bathroom and ducks down unzip both the duffle bag and the suitcase. The duffle is full of soft-looking blankets, and the suitcase is packed with plastic containers of food. He drags the suitcase over to the fridge and starts putting everything away. There's enough to last them a month at least — or even longer

if they freeze some of it. "Look at all this shit my mom made me bring home," Hoseok whines after he's finished, turning to fake-cry against Yoongi's belly. "She loves you so much more than me."

Yoongi strokes his hand through Hoseok's hair, fingers curling around the nape of Hoseok's neck. "You have to admit, she has good taste," he says, digging his nails into Hoseok's skin when Hoseok bites at his hip through his t-shirt. "Fuck off," he laughs, and Hoseok grins up at him. He gets up off the floor and takes Yoongi's hand, flipping off light switches as he goes. They pile the bed high with the extra blankets and climb in. It's delightfully cozy, and Yoongi sighs, contented. It's so *good* to be home.

"Ah, wait," Hoseok says, suddenly. "Shit, I almost forgot— I have to take a proof shot." Yoongi makes a soft sound of sleepy disbelief. Hoseok rolls over to grab his phone from where he left it to charge on the nightstand and rolls back to pull Yoongi closer. "C'mere," he murmurs, holding his phone up over them. He presses a kiss to Yoongi's forehead, and Yoongi can't help the way his eyes flutter closed, or the small, pleased smile that turns up the corners of his mouth. The resulting picture is disgustingly cute, and Hoseok sends it off to his mother before Yoongi can even think to protest.

Only twenty seconds later, they get a response from Hoseok's mother: she wishes Yoongi to feel better soon; to rest up and regain his strength; and for him to come visit again with Hoseok the next chance he gets. Yoongi buries his face in Hoseok's shoulder, warmth and gratitude radiating throughout his entire body. Hoseok sets his phone back on the bedside table and wraps his arms around Yoongi's waist. "Merry Christmas, hyung," he whispers.

Yoongi sniffles. "Merry Christmas, Hoseok-ah," he replies.

Chapter End Notes

> i did it, i finished a thing!!! i have. like. five? drabbles that i planned to write (that i started... last year... orz), but only managed to get some free time last night! i might get some free time tomorrow to finish and post another two, but i can't promise anything! at least i managed to get one christmassy fic up!
>
> happy holidays if you celebrate! ♥ ;--;

first | timeline | mix

christmas special two: all i want for christmas is you

Chapter Notes

warnings for alcohol consumption, sex, rimming

takes place a month after they start dating officially

i just want you here tonight
holding on to me so tight
what more can i do?
oh, baby, all I want for christmas is you

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unconsciously, Hoseok's cold toes seek out Namjoon's warm skin. Namjoon swats Hoseok's feet away from his lower back without glancing up from his book. "No, I am not your personal heater," he says. "Go put socks on if you're cold, man."

"But that requires *effort*, Joonie," Hoseok coos, pushing his toes back into place with a contented sigh. Though he flicks through television channels, he lacks the interest or attention to watch anything. He pauses on a music show broadcast, all bright lights and flashy colours. "Don't be stingy."

"Get fucked," Namjoon replies absently, nudging Hoseok's feet away from his back with his elbow. He curls into a new position so his vulnerable, bare skin isn't as easily accessible.

This, of course, does little to deter Hoseok. He wiggles his feet between Namjoon's cozy, denim-covered thighs and smiles sweetly as Namjoon scowls. He only has a few moments of blissful comfort, however, because the next thing he knows, Namjoon's shoved him right off the couch entirely. Hoseok hits the tile floor hard, his tailbone throbbing right up the length of his spine. He curls up with a whimper, cupping his ass with both hands.

There is a pause. "...Are you okay?" Namjoon asks, his voice slow and almost cautious.

"Get *fucked*," Hoseok parrots, his voice muffled into his knees and the corners of his eyes prickling with tears. "You literally broke my ass."

"I'm sure it's not that extreme," Namjoon says. "Just go grab a blanket or something, you know we can't afford to turn the heat up this month."

That's true. With a heavy sigh, Hoseok pushes himself up off the floor and, rubbing at the sore spot, makes his way to Namjoon's room to pilfer warmer clothes from Namjoon's closet. Even though they share the closet and dresser, Hoseok still prefers to wear Namjoon's clothes when he can get away with it. It's cozier, somehow (and a habit from when they used to hook up, but Hoseok doesn't want to examine that too closely). He picks out a pair of socks that probably belonged to Seokjin at some point (the green Super Mario 1-Up Mushroom pattern fuels that assumption), and a baggy old university sweatshirt of Namjoon's.

When he comes back out, Namjoon stares at Hoseok for a few seconds without saying a word, his mouth hanging open and his cheeks dusted with the faintest pink. Hoseok plucks self-consciously at the sweatshirt hem that hangs halfway down his thighs. "You look cute," Namjoon says, but his attention is back on his book when Hoseok lifts his head to look at him.

"Fuck you," Hoseok laughs, going into the kitchen to grab another couple beers from the fridge. He curls up on his half of the couch, hissing whenever he puts too much pressure on his bruised tailbone. "What do you think I should I get Yoongi hyung for Christmas?" he asks, twisting off the bottle caps.

Namjoon sets his book aside and takes a bottle when Hoseok offers it to him. "I don't know, your hand in marriage?"

Hoseok chokes. "What?" he manages to croak out between coughs.

"Holy shit, I was *kidding*," Namjoon says, leaning over to smack Hoseok on the back. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Hoseok wheezes. "What the fuck, where did that even come from?"

Namjoon laughs and shakes his head as he rubs the nape of Hoseok's neck. It's soothing. Hoseok starts to relax again, tension draining out of his shoulders. "I was just teasing you." He offers Hoseok a wry smile and drinks from his beer bottle as he settles back against the couch cushions. "What were you thinking of getting him? Do you have any ideas yet?"

"Not marriage, that's for sure," Hoseok mutters, and grins when Namjoon smacks his arm. "I want to get him the latest expansion for the music program he uses, but it's so expensive, and we've only been dating for a month, you know? Even though I've known him for almost a year, it'd still be kind of... I mean, I know he'd love it, but I can't justify that kind of money right now."

"Get him something simple, then," Namjoon suggests, turning to face Hoseok on the couch and leaning back against the armrest. "Something you know he likes. Don't overthink it."

Hoseok flops back against the cushion and pouts at the ceiling. "So I should just stick a bow on my dick and call it a day, then?"

Namjoon spits beer everywhere.

*

"Oh hey," Yoongi says, a few weeks later. His lips quirk into a ghost of a smile. "You got me a tree."

Hoseok ruffles a hand through his hair. "The last time I was here I noticed you didn't really have any decorations up or anything, so I thought, maybe... I don't know. Do you hate it?"

"Nah, I like it," Yoongi says, leaning over to kiss Hoseok's lips. It's sweet and chaste, and Hoseok smiles even before Yoongi starts to pull away. "I was going to try and do something this year, but I never had the time or the energy... I really like it, Hoseok-ah, thank you." He gets up off the couch and sets the tiny tree down beside his television. "What do you think about here?" he asks, taking a step back to inspect it critically. "This is the perfect size, it won't get in my way when I'm stumbling around in the morning before coffee."

Hoseok's grin widens. "I figured it was a safer bet than one of the bigger trees. I've seen that pre-coffee zombie shuffle often enough."

Yoongi grins as he sits back down and lifts his present for Hoseok up off the coffee table. "Here," he says and hands it over. The box is rectangular and wide, somewhat weighty in Hoseok's hands. "I'm pretty sure you'll like it, but I kept the receipt if you want to return—"

Ripping the paper off the box, Hoseok feels his jaw drop when he sees a familiar logo. "No *way*," he breathes, lifting the lid to reveal a new, not falling apart, pair of green and black sneakers, almost identical to the pair sitting beside Yoongi's door. These cost a lot more than a

dinky little Christmas tree. "Oh, hyung, you shouldn't have—"

"It's fine," Yoongi says, ducking his chin into the collar of his hoodie. "Your shoes have been falling apart since we met, it just seemed obvious."

Hoseok carefully slides the shoebox back onto the coffee table before he pounces. Yoongi curls his arms around Hoseok's neck and laughs as Hoseok peppers his face and neck with kisses. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," Hoseok whispers between kisses.

*

Later that night, while Yoongi's in the bathroom cleaning up and getting condoms and lube, Hoseok grabs the length of red ribbon he'd shoved into the back pocket of his jeans. He takes his time, carefully tying the ribbon into a tidy bow around the base of his dick. When Yoongi finishes in the bathroom and comes back, Hoseok curls up to hide the bow from view as best he can. He doesn't want to ruin the surprise.

Yoongi drops onto the bed beside Hoseok and leans over to kiss him. "What are you doing?" he asks, resting his hand on Hoseok's knee. His skin is still cool from washing up, and Hoseok shivers. "Are you cold?" Hoseok shakes his head. Slowly, he stretches his legs out as he rolls onto his back. His cock, half-hard from making out earlier, lays on his thigh. Yoongi almost falls off the edge of the bed from laughing so hard. Hoseok grins and curls his arms around Yoongi’s waist, pulling his body closer. Yoongi buries his face in Hoseok’s neck, still laughing breathlessly.

"You’re unbelievable," he says after he's calmed some, reaching down to trail his fingers over the satin ribbon. "Can I have my present now?" His lips brush over Hoseok's skin, and Hoseok shivers for an entirely different reason this time. Yoongi pushes himself up, alternating kisses and bites on his way down Hoseok's body. His gaze flicks up to catch Hoseok's eye, and Hoseok nods, sucking in a breath as Yoongi traces the length of ribbon around the width of Hoseok's cock. Dipping his head lower, Yoongi catches the end of the bow between his teeth and tugs. The smooth length of ribbon unties itself, falling away as Yoongi sits up with the end still in his mouth. He sets the strip of fabric aside.

"Wait," Hoseok breathes, stopping Yoongi just as he's about to slip into Hoseok's lap. "Turn around. Sit up here, instead," he says, patting his chest. "It'll be easier this way, trust me." Yoongi raises his eyebrows

but moves where Hoseok indicated. Hoseok grabs the bottle of lube and slicks up his fingers. As he rubs his thumb over Yoongi's hole, Yoongi makes a strangled noise in the back of his throat. Hoseok can tell he's already played a fair bit with himself while he was in the bathroom, and Yoongi relaxes around two of Hoseok's fingers as he slides them inside his body. He sucks bruises on the backs of Yoongi's trembling thighs as he works Yoongi open. Yoongi sighs, digging his nails into Hoseok's waist.

Hoseok's breath shudders out of him as Yoongi takes Hoseok's cock into his mouth a few moments later. Yoongi doesn't take him deep, just focuses most of his attention at the head, like he's too distracted for anything fancier. Smiling, Hoseok fucks Yoongi faster with two fingers, before adding a third. Yoongi makes another little noise and presses his hips back into it.

"Are you ready?" Hoseok asks after a few minutes of this, and pulls his fingers free. Yoongi whines, and Hoseok's hips twitch as Yoongi sucks his cock down with renewed vigour. In retaliation, Hoseok lifts his head to drag the flat of his tongue over Yoongi's hole. Yoongi lets go of Hoseok's cock to moan, his hips working like he's not sure if he wants to pull away or press closer. Hoseok grips Yoongi's hips and runs his tongue over him one more time before a series of sweeter, shorter little kitten licks that has Yoongi's head drooping to rest on Hoseok's thigh. His open-mouthed, panting breaths are hot and damp against Hoseok's skin.

"Hoseok-ah, I'm gonna come if you keep doing that."

Though he tries to keep his voice flat and uninterested, Hoseok can still hear the slightest waver of *want* just underneath it. Hoseok smiles. "That's okay," he murmurs, "you can if you want to," before trailing the very tip of his tongue around Yoongi's rim.

Yoongi's nails bite into Hoseok's thighs. "Hoseok-ah," he repeats, more insistent. "I want to fuck you. *Now*." One more lick and Yoongi barely muffles his moan against Hoseok's thigh, then:

"Sure, hyung," Hoseok says, letting his head fall back against the pillows. "Whatever you want."

After Yoongi rolls the condom on, he slicks up Hoseok's cock with lube and sinks down on it slowly, his hands braced on Hoseok's chest. He lifts and lowers himself a few times, breathing through it, sinking further and further down until his hips rest snugly in Hoseok's lap.

God, he feels good. Hoseok runs his hands up and down Yoongi's thighs, murmuring praise, but it doesn't take Yoongi long to adjust.

He rides Hoseok as hard as he can for as long as he can, the bed frame creaking and sheets rustling, the air around them filled with breathless moans and grunts. When his rhythm starts to falter, Hoseok holds his hips and helps to lift him up. It's both slower and shallower that way, and Yoongi leans down to cup Hoseok's jaw in his palms and kisses him. The kiss is languid, his head tilted as he sucks Hoseok's tongue into his mouth.

"Can I fuck you now?" Hoseok asks, biting at Yoongi's bottom lip. At Yoongi's nod, Hoseok plants his feet on the mattress and fucks up into him at a faster pace. Yoongi lets out a sobbing moan and buries his face in Hoseok's neck.

Hoseok comes first, with Yoongi's hand curled in his hair and Yoongi's teeth bared against his throat. Yoongi follows only seconds later as Hoseok strokes him off. he clenches around Hoseok's cock, digging his teeth even deeper into Hoseok's skin to muffle a cry as they work each other through it.

Yoongi lifts up and drops back down onto the bed. Hoseok watches through heavy-lidded eyes as he lifts a trembling hand to push his sweaty fringe out of his eyes. His chest heaves with each panting breath, his mouth open and wet and red. Hoseok drags his gaze away, rolls off the mattress to deal with the condom and get a cloth for clean up.

As the afterglow plateaus and begins to fade, they climb under the covers. Yoongi's fingers curl around Hoseok's wrist. "Hey. How long are you staying with your family, again?"

Hoseok sighs. "Just two days," he answers after a moment. It's not enough *time*. His older sister was able to get an entire week off work to spend at home in Gwangju. Hoseok was lucky to get Christmas eve and Christmas day off. "I have to work the day after Christmas."

Yoongi licks his lips. "Do you want to come over after your shift?" he asks.

Huffing a laugh, Hoseok rolls over and cups Yoongi's jaw in his palm. He strokes Yoongi's cheekbone with his thumb before leaning down to kiss him sweetly. Yoongi twines his arms around Hoseok's neck to keep him close, and Hoseok settles against Yoongi's side. "There's nothing else I'd rather do," Hoseok replies.

Chapter End Notes

I FINISHED ANOTHER ONE!! i don't think i'll manage to finish the third in time, so i hope this is enough. happy holidays (or... happy friday)! ♥

first | timeline | mix

in focus

Chapter Notes

warnings for: um, kind of exhibitionism and voyeurism? KIND OF? IDEK WHAT THIS IS HELP

now let me see the way you work it
you've got me right here where i need it
i'll hold out just as long as you
we're weak in the knees and i can't take this
(don't hold back by the sleeping)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On the walk home from the restaurant after lunch with Seokjin and Namjoon, Yoongi keeps his camera in his hands. He makes frequent stops to take photos of whatever catches his eye: The enthusiastic dog who pokes his snout through a gap in the fence to say hello; a fancy car that he'll never afford; the way the spring sunlight filters through the tree branches overhead; a blurry shot of a cat jumping up onto stacked crates in an alley; of Hoseok walking a few feet ahead of Yoongi, his hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans. "Babe, wait up," Yoongi calls. He snaps several as Hoseok turns around, catching his expression of surprise, the way his eyes have lit up, the corners of his mouth lifted in a smile.

"*Hyung*," Hoseok complains, his face falling when he notices the camera in Yoongi's hands. "Delete those, I probably look stupid—"

Yoongi laughs and takes another few photos. "No, you look like your dad," he mutters, staring at the viewfinder as he flicks through the pictures. "Hey, remind me to send these to your parents when we get home, okay?"

Hoseok rolls his eyes. "Fine," he sighs, slinging his arm around Yoongi's shoulders and pulling him closer. "You know, I like that you get along so well with my family, but I don't think it's ever going to stop being *weird*."

As they turn into a backstreet footpath, Yoongi lets his camera dangle from the strap around his neck in favour of slipping his hand into Hoseok's back pocket. "That's okay," he says. "I'd feel just as weird if you were friends with my parents." He glances over in time to see

Hoseok's smile go a bit crooked and sad, hearing the unsaid, '*Well, they hate me, so I guess we'll never find out*.' Yoongi's heart aches.

In an attempt to lighten the mood, Yoongi squeezes Hoseok's ass through his jeans, grinning as Hoseok's surprised yelp hitches into a laugh. "Come here," Yoongi murmurs, nudging his camera out of the way before tilting his chin up to kiss Hoseok. He keeps it soft and slow, and Hoseok sighs into Yoongi's mouth, his arms coming up to wrap around Yoongi's neck. Yoongi cups Hoseok's cheek with his free hand, trying to pour everything into this one moment. *Fuck them. None of this was your fault, none of this was ever your fault. Don't you dare blame yourself, I made my choice. I'll always pick you.* It's little more than a reminder of the past three years. *This is worth it — you're all that I need.*

As they part, Hoseok rests his forehead against Yoongi's, his eyes closed as he just takes a moment to breathe. He licks his lips, and Yoongi strokes his thumb across Hoseok's cheekbone. "Let's go home," Hoseok murmurs, with one last kiss, his arm sliding from Yoongi's neck to rest across his shoulders. They continue walking in silence, but it's not uncomfortable. Yoongi keeps his hand tucked into Hoseok's back pocket.

When they get home, Hoseok goes straight to the bedroom to trade his jeans for a pair of sweatpants and collapses on the couch. Yoongi leaves him to his video game, heading into his office to take another look at the photos he'd taken. He plugs his camera into his laptop and begins the editing process, uploading them to his Instagram, Flickr, and Facebook.

Though Hoseok hadn't said anything else about it, Yoongi remembers to email the cutest photos of Hoseok to Hoseok's parents. He smiles and scrolls further back in his photo library for anything he might have missed: A few photos from lunch, of Namjoon and Seokjin either smiling, laughing at Hoseok's jokes, pulling faces, or looking bored on the opposite side of the table; a week ago when Yoongi had gone to the cafe where Jimin and Taehyung work on his way to school and caught Taehyung dipping Jimin behind the counter while Jimin threw his head back with a laugh; from earlier last month when Jungkook had come to spend the night after his dickhead roommate kicked him out again, of Hoseok and Jungkook sitting on the couch playing video games together; several photos of Hoseok sleeping, in bed and on the sofa and on the train (these are some of Yoongi's favourites; he has a growing collection that he will never share with anyone else and guards them jealously), his face gentle and soft; and a few Yoongi

didn't take of Hoseok's dick.

Yoongi leans back in his chair, his mouth hanging open in shock. From a professional photographer's perspective, the pictures turned out *decent* — taken in a tasteful black and white with soft lighting. Hoseok was half-hard when he'd taken the photos, with a shining bead of precome gathering at the head. The room behind Hoseok's hipbone is blurry, but Yoongi recognizes the placement of the furniture. Hoseok had taken the photos right in front of their bedroom windows. *God*, Yoongi thinks, leaning back in his chair. What is this? Did Hoseok mean for Yoongi to find this as some sort of sexy surprise?

"Hoseok-ah, can you come here for a second?"

A brief pause, then,

Hoseok lets out a loud sigh, followed by a clatter as he sets the controller down on the coffee table. His footsteps grow nearer and he peers around the doorframe. "What's up?" he asks. In wordless response, Yoongi lifts his laptop enough for Hoseok to see the images on the screen. Yoongi watches the blush rise in Hoseok's cheeks. "Oh, fuck," Hoseok mutters. Yoongi sets his computer back down on his desk. "I guess those didn't delete after all. Your camera's confusing, hyung."

Yoongi snickers. "I can't believe I love you," he murmurs, unplugging his camera from his laptop and getting to his feet. An idea is brewing in his head. "You're such an idiot."

"I can believe it," Hoseok laughs, but Yoongi can tell he's a little embarrassed. He shouldn't be. "You're an idiot too."

Walking over, Yoongi curls his hand in the front of Hoseok's t-shirt and pulls him in close enough to kiss. "Do you want to fool around a bit?" he asks.

Hoseok slides his hands around Yoongi's waist with a grin turning up the corners of his mouth. "Always. What did you have in mind?"

Yoongi runs his thumb over Hoseok's bottom lip. "Go wash up," he murmurs, meeting Hoseok's eyes and smiling. "Take your time — make yourself pretty for me, okay?"

While Hoseok's busy in the bathroom, Yoongi casts a critical eye over their bedroom. He wants to recreate that soft, diffused light Hoseok had stumbled upon in those photos he'd taken, but Yoongi knows he

won't get that same effect with the bed so far from the windows. Yoongi briefly considers the couch, but dismisses the idea. He'll need more room to move around.

Yoongi pulls the drapes open, fiddling with the settings on his camera as he perches on the edge of the bed. Yoongi supposes he could always get his spare lights out from storage if it really comes down to it, but he doesn't want to freak Hoseok out. He wants this to feel *natural*. Pulling a face, Yoongi sets his camera down on the bedside table, grabs the lube from the drawer, and sprawls out on the bed. For it to be natural, it can't be perfect. He can't try to control every little detail.

Hoseok returns from the bathroom and leans against the doorframe with his t-shirt bunched up in one hand. He's already hard, so he must've played with himself while he was washing up. Good. Yoongi licks his lips. "What do you want to do?" Hoseok asks.

"Come here," Yoongi answers, his fingers gripping the sheets. "Lay down with me." He sits up as Hoseok tosses his shirt into the laundry hamper and approaches. Yoongi slips his hands around Hoseok's bared hipbones and licks a stripe up over Hoseok's belly from the waistband of his sweatpants to just beneath his navel. He rubs his unshaven jaw over Hoseok's skin and Hoseok's fingers fold over Yoongi's shoulders, his breathing shaky. Yoongi tilts his head just enough to meet Hoseok's eyes. "Come here," he repeats in a whisper, pulling on Hoseok's hips as he lays back. Hoseok climbs onto the bed with his knees spread on either side of Yoongi's thighs and fumbles with the fastenings of Yoongi's jeans as he bends down to catch Yoongi's mouth.

Yoongi sighs into the kiss, one hand slipping up over the smooth skin of Hoseok's back to curl around the nape of his neck and keep him close. Hoseok's fingers brush through Yoongi's hair, pushing the strands back off his forehead as he licks into Yoongi's mouth. He cups Yoongi's cheek in his palm as his hips roll down against Yoongi's. His dick is a hard, hot line in his sweatpants. Hoseok slips his free hand down the front of Yoongi's jeans to rub at his cock through the front slit in his underwear, and Yoongi moans, his hips jerking upwards. Smiling into the kiss, Hoseok nips at Yoongi's lip, his thumb stroking over Yoongi's cheekbone.

"Do you wanna take your clothes off for me, babe?" Yoongi whispers, tilting his head to suck a trail of kisses down the side of Hoseok's neck.

Hoseok sits up and rolls his hips in Yoongi's lap. His eyes are dark as

he stares down at Yoongi, his parted lips spit-slick and pink. "I'll do whatever you want if you keep calling me that," he says after a moment, voice hoarse, and climbs off Yoongi to slip his sweatpants and shorts down. His cock is heavy and dark between his thighs, his hair neatly trimmed.

Yoongi reaches out and takes Hoseok's hand, pulling him back onto the mattress even as he slips off the edge. He crouches on the floor and reaches underneath the bed, groping blindly until his fingers catch on the edge of a box. Smiling in response to Hoseok's raised eyebrows, Yoongi pulls the box out and flips open the lid. nestled inside, each wrapped in their own individual drawstring bags, are Hoseok's collection of his favourite toys.

"Oh." Hoseok's toes curl against the floorboards. They don't use the toys together often. As a result, it always feels more special when they do. "Oh, hyung," he breathes, his hand sliding down his chest to curve around his cock.

"Hey," Yoongi says, reaching up to touch Hoseok's wrist. "Not yet. Babe, can you wait for me?" Hoseok shivers, but nods. Yoongi strokes his thumb over the back of Hoseok's hand before he starts to rifle through the toy box, opening up the little satin bags to peer inside. He sets the ones he likes aside, but he's not quite sure exactly what he's looking for; he just knows that he hasn't found it yet. Finally, he spots it: A simple green glass plug with an interesting base shape that should photograph beautifully. Yoongi tilts his head to one side, holding it out for Hoseok to see. "Why the fuck did you get one with a bow on it?" he asks.

Hoseok snorts. "Obviously because my ass is a *present*. Keep up, hyung."

Yoongi stares at him before ducking his head and snickering. "Remember that time you put a bow on your dick," he mutters, and Hoseok falls back on the bed with a loud laugh, clapping his hands. "Looking back on it now, that's probably the moment I really started to fall in love with you." At that, Hoseok's laughter softens, his hands resting on his chest as he turns his head to watch Yoongi.

Getting to his feet, Yoongi warms the plug in his hands before slicking it up with lube. "Can you get on your hands and knees for me?" he asks, settling on the edge of the bed. Hoseok moves into position, pushing his ass up into the air without Yoongi even having to ask. Yoongi rubs the rounded tip of the plug over Hoseok's hole, huffing a

pleased laugh as a shiver rolls down Hoseok's spine. *Cute*.

"Relax," Yoongi murmurs, running his hand over Hoseok's ass. When he presses the plug against Hoseok's hole, the glass slips into Hoseok's body in one smooth glide. He adjusts the plug so the bow is the right side up, and smiles as Hoseok lets out a contented sigh. For how simple it's designed, it looks beautiful. Yoongi bends down and kisses the base of Hoseok's spine. "Hoseok-ah," he murmurs. After a moment, Hoseok rolls over onto his back. Yoongi rests his hands on Hoseok's knees and leans down to kiss him. Hoseok's arms slide around Yoongi's shoulders. "I want to watch you get yourself off and take pictures," Yoongi whispers against Hoseok's mouth. "Will you do that for me?"

Hoseok inhales sharply, and he blinks his eyes open to meet Yoongi's gaze. "Sure, I can do that," he says, his fingernails biting into Yoongi's skin. His lips quirk into a smile. "I guess you liked those pictures I took, huh?" Nodding, Yoongi leans back in to kiss Hoseok one more time. Hoseok starts to laugh, and he lets go of Yoongi to scoot further up the bed. "Get ready, hyung."

Yoongi grabs his camera from the bedside table, turns it on and takes a few test shots to make sure everything will stay in focus. While he waits for Yoongi to finish preparations, Hoseok strokes his hands over his chest and abdomen, pausing every now and then to rub and pinch at his nipples. His cock is hard and leaking against his belly, and the plug shines between his thighs. "God, you're so fucking hot," Yoongi mutters, shifting further back on the bed. "Do you even know?" Hoseok laughs again, bright and pleased, and Yoongi takes another picture to capture that moment. "I'm ready when you are," Yoongi continues, watching Hoseok scoop up the bottle of lube and pump a bit onto his fingers.

He starts snapping pictures as soon as Hoseok starts touching himself: Hoseok's free hand clenched in the bedsheets; the bend of his knee, his leg splayed and sliding down to lay flat; the toes of one foot curling against the wrinkled bedspread; the taut muscles and veins standing out beneath the skin of his throat; the pink flush spreading down his chest.

"Hyung," Hoseok gasps, running the flat of his palm over the head of his dick.

"does it feel good?" Yoongi whispers. Hoseok nods, the flush in his cheeks darkening as he catches his lip between his teeth. Yoongi leans forward to kiss Hoseok then. he holds the camera awkwardly trying to

take the photos one-handed. The contrast between Yoongi's fully-clothed body and Hoseok's nakedness makes his head spin. Hoseok moans into Yoongi's mouth, his back arching up off the bed to press against Yoongi's chest. Yoongi rolls his hips and hard cock against Hoseok's bare ass, and Hoseok shudders, making a weak whining sound in the back of his throat.

After he sits back up, Yoongi resumes taking pictures: The blur of his hand blocking out all but the vaguest shape of his dick; the two fingers he sucks into his mouth; one of his eyes screwed shut tight and the side of his face as he throws his head back with a low groan; the glistening sweat at his temples; his messy dark hair on the light gray sheets.

Hoseok whimpers Yoongi's name over and over like a prayer, his feet digging into the bed as he fucks up even faster into his fist. Yoongi holds onto the camera and keeps pressing the shutter button, but doesn't watch through the viewfinder. Hoseok's body stiffens just before he comes with a drawn out moan. Yoongi gets a photo of the come splattered across Hoseok's chest, and out of focus shot of his own fingers spreading the mess further across Hoseok's skin.

Sucking the come off his fingers, Yoongi sets his camera aside and bends down to lick up the rest of it from Hoseok's skin. Hoseok squirms with another weak moan of Yoongi's name, his hands raising to clench in Yoongi's hair. Yoongi kisses up the centre of Hoseok's chest. "Want to watch me now?" he asks. Hoseok nods eagerly, and Yoongi sits up between Hoseok's thighs to pull his shirt off and tug his jeans down.

As Yoongi wraps his fingers around his cock, Hoseok scoops up Yoongi's camera and beams up at Yoongi. "My turn," he murmurs, curling his legs around the backs of Yoongi's thighs until Yoongi catches the hint and shuffles forward on his knees until he's closer. "Put on a show for me."

"This angle is not going to be flattering," Yoongi mutters, and tucks his chin down towards his chest.

"Ah, there's the man I love," Hoseok snorts. "So beautiful."

"Fuck off," Yoongi laughs, letting his free hand trail over his chest. The rhythmic click of the camera shutter fades into the background as he closes his eyes, letting his head fall back. "I wish you were doing this," he says, stroking himself faster, twisting his wrist and rolling his hips

into it. "Wish you would push me down, and—" Hoseok's breath hitches and Yoongi blinks his eyes open to see Hoseok's gaze following every movement Yoongi's hands make. Hoseok drags his teeth over his bottom lip and Yoongi tightens his hand around his cock, thumb rubbing over the head to gather up more precome. "I want you to ride me," Yoongi says, tightening his grip on himself with a moan.

The blush in Hoseok's cheek deepens, and he looks up from the camera to meet Yoongi's eyes. "You close?" he asks, his voice gone rough and low. His eyes are dark, cock still red and half-hard like he could go a second round. He sets the camera aside on the bed and curls his fingers around Yoongi's hips. His hands are damp with sweat, palms trembling against Yoongi's skin. "Come for me, Yoongi-yah," he whispers, and Yoongi fucks his fist even harder. "I want to feel it." Hoseok's fingertips dig into Yoongi's hipbones and Yoongi pitches forward, catching himself on the bed as he comes all over Hoseok's thighs and belly with a shuddering groan.

"Hyung," Hoseok says, his hands sliding along Yoongi's spine as he sits up. "hyung, that was hot." He pulls Yoongi close enough to kiss. "Why the fuck don't we do that more often?" he mumbles against Yoongi's lips.

Yoongi closes his eyes as he catches his breath, his come-covered hand resting on the top of Hoseok's thigh. "It's more fun to touch each other," he answers. Hoseok huffs out a sigh and falls back onto the mattress. He looks up at Yoongi through his damp and messy fringe, his eyes heavy-lidded. "Don't you think?" Yoongi asks. The plug catches the light as Hoseok shifts on the bed, and Yoongi lets his hand slide over Hoseok's thigh to trace the base of it with a fingertip.

"No, keep it in," Hoseok whispers, and he catches his lip between his teeth. "I want you to fuck me later."

(Nobody else ever sees the photos. Yoongi prints each of them — even the ones that didn't turn out very well. It's a moment caught in time, and he wants to remember every last detail. He gathers the photos up in an old shoebox that he stores on the top shelf of their closet.)

Chapter End Notes

hiiii... sorry it's been such a long time, i never meant to take a break this long. (i've been (and continue to be) very sick. i'm not really making progress, but i'll do my best to write when i feel well enough to do so!) i hope that this silliness was worth the

wait.

first | timeline | mix

in stereo

Chapter Notes

takes place two months after they start fooling around (seven months before they start dating officially), two weeks (or so) after chapter 16 when yoongi saw hobi dance for the first time - "you showed me a glimpse into your world, now let me show you mine"

warnings for semi-public (fully-consensual) sex while under the influence of alcohol, denial of feelings

this one's for emily who gave me the idea in the first place, lol...

it’s gonna leave its marks somewhere
you wanna show me something new?
do what you want tonight, it’s alright
if you want to get used, then get used
(take shelter, years & years)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their footsteps echo in the narrow stairwell as they make their way up to the third floor. Yoongi keeps his hands tucked into his jeans pockets. He hates coming in to the campus studio on Sunday nights, the music building is always cold. He walks down the hall with Hoseok a few steps behind him, peering in through door windows or admiring the concert posters and general information pinned to the notice boards between studios.

"Hey, do you want the last of this?" Hoseok asks.

Yoongi turns. Hoseok holds out the last piece of the tteokbokki he'd purchased from that street vendor a block from the bar. Yoongi rolls his eyes. "Why'd you get a second order if you weren't going to finish it?"

Hoseok's eyes grow large and plaintive. "They're so delicious, hyung, I had to," he says, and beckons Yoongi with the chopsticks. "Come here."

"What?" Yoongi starts to laugh. "What, are you going to feed me?" His laughter dies in his throat as Hoseok nods. "No fucking way," Yoongi mutters, backing up a step as Hoseok comes towards him with the last

piece held between his chopsticks. "*No*."

"Better hurry, hyung, or I might drop it," Hoseok wheedles, and Yoongi heaves a sigh. He opens his mouth just enough for Hoseok to place the rice cake on his tongue. Yoongi chews and swallows, staring up in Hoseok's eyes as Hoseok licks the remaining chilli sauce from the chopsticks. Hoseok's tongue is stained orange, and Yoongi still wouldn't mind if it were inside his mouth right now.

As he rocks forward to make that concept a reality, Yoongi notices first, that they're standing right in front of a studio door window and second, that this studio is currently in use. A pretty girl has paused in the middle of tuning her cello to stare at them through the glass, a stunned little smile turning up the corners of her lips. Yoongi swears under his breath and turns away to keep walking, his cheeks prickling with embarrassment.

Before he can get too far away he hears Hoseok laugh, and Yoongi glances back to see him wave at the girl. Her smile broadens and she waves back with the hand holding her bow. "Huh, she's cute," Hoseok murmurs. "I wonder if I could get her number."

Yoongi bristles with indignation. *What kind of guy tries to pick up a girl when he's already on a date with someone*, he wonders, patting his pockets for his keys. *Wait, fuck.* He falters in the middle of the hallway, almost dropping the keyring onto the floor. *What? This isn't a fucking date, he can do whatever he wants.* "Go for it," he says in as disinterested a tone as he can muster while screaming internally at himself, his keys dangling from the Kumamon plushie keychain clenched in his fist. *This is not a date.* Yoongi stops in front of the studio space he shares with Namjoon and slips the key into the lock, trying to shake the tension in his shoulders. He stares at the girl group poster Namjoon taped over their window a few months ago. *I don't even fucking like him.*

Hoseok laughs and throws the empty tteokbokki container into the trash. "Nah," he says, as he follows Yoongi, his hands sliding into the pockets of his sweatpants. The tension lessens, somewhat. "But if she's still in there when we're done, I'm gonna ask her out." Hoseok can be really charming when he wants to be. She'd probably say yes. Yoongi's stomach feels like it's been filled with angry hornets.

As Yoongi pushes the door open, it's to find the studio suite already occupied. Namjoon looks up in surprise, his eyes squinted against the light from the hall. A wave of potent stench rolls out of the tiny room

and smacks Yoongi right in the nostrils: Fish and garlic, with hints of body odour masked by copious amounts of deodorant spray. Stacked empty ramen bowls, energy drink cans, take-out containers, and crumpled candy wrappers litter every available surface, with clothes and crumpled bits of paper all over the floor. Yoongi's nose wrinkles. This definitely isn't how he left the place on Thursday. "Fuck, have you been cooped up in here all weekend?" he demands, all thoughts of Hoseok charming the cute cello girl pushed clear from his mind. "What the fuck, you trashed the place."

Shrugging, Namjoon pushes his headphones down so the band rests around his neck. "Yeah, but at least I finally finished my project for comp, hyung," he answers with a crooked grin. The hand he runs through his hair shakes, his jaw dark with patchy stubble and the bags beneath his eyes smudgy, like he hasn't slept in days.

"You look like microwaved shit," Yoongi intones, edging around Namjoon's chair to start sorting through the empty containers and light a candle to try and battle the fucking stink. He feels like a hapless father trying to wrangle an unruly toddler. *Do not leave Kim Namjoon unsupervised under any circumstances.*

"What's up," Hoseok says, laughing. "You finished your project?" at Namjoon's nod, he gives Namjoon a high-five and pulls him up out of his chair. "Yoongi hyung's right, you do look like shit. Go home. Take a shower and get some sleep in a proper bed, alright? Eat a fuckin' vegetable, maybe. Ball hard, my man."

Yoongi snorts, shoving most of the mess over to Namjoon's side of the studio, and lighting another two candles. Fuck, the smell is *unbearable*, how could Namjoon even stand it? Near the door, Namjoon and Hoseok talk to each other in voices too low for Yoongi to hear. Namjoon's standing very close to Hoseok, his hand curled around Hoseok's elbow, head tilted to speak right next to Hoseok's ear. Yoongi hears Hoseok's response,

"Ah, I'll be fine, Joonie. I'll see you at home, okay? Make sure you don't fall asleep on the bus — I won't come pick your ass up from the depot this time, I fuckin' mean it,"

before Namjoon gathers up the last of his stuff and leaves with a distracted wave over his shoulder. Hoseok hovers by the door awkwardly as Yoongi unpacks his laptop from his bag and sets everything up. When Hoseok reaches out to pull the door shut, Yoongi flaps a hand at him.

"Leave it open," he says, sitting down in front of his computer and searching through old files for a song he'd completed for his composition final last semester. "It'll help air this place out a bit faster. All the rooms on this floor are soundproofed anyway, so it's not like we'll be disturbing anyone." He pats Namjoon's chair. Hoseok drops down into it and wheels closer to Yoongi's side. With three candles lit and with the room infuser doing its magic, it's already starting to smell less offensive.

Finding the song at last, Yoongi queues it up and passes his headphones over to Hoseok. "You ready?" he asks. It's a project that he'd gotten very high marks on and he knows it's good; it's one of the best pieces he's ever written. He wants to see if Hoseok will be able to recognize that. He must, being a dancer, but Yoongi wants to know for sure.

Grinning, Hoseok takes the headphones and puts them on. Yoongi presses play. Hoseok leans back in Namjoon's chair with his eyes closed, a smile turning up the corners of his mouth and making little dimples appear in his cheeks. His hands curl over the headphone cups, almost as if he's trying to hear the song better, and his fingers tap along to the bass line. Almost halfway through the song, Hoseok hums. "Oh, that's interesting..."

What does that even *mean?* Yoongi's heartbeat echoes in his ears, the palms of his hands prickling and cold with sweat, his cheeks *burning*. What the fuck does that mean? He tries to keep his attention focused on the computer screen, but his gaze is drawn back to Hoseok's face again and again to try and gauge his reaction. His stomach flutters, and he frowns, rubbing a hand over his belly. Maybe that street food was a little off...

At the end of the song, Yoongi watches Hoseok blink his eyes open as if coming out a trance, that smile spreading across his face as he pushes the headphones back to rest around his neck. "Hyung, you're *really* good," Hoseok whispers, and rolls his chair in even closer. The fluttering in Yoongi's stomach gets more intense. Is he gonna be sick? What the fuck was in that tteokbokki? "It's super chill and not really my style to dance to, but it has so many complex layers. I feel like I could listen to it a dozen times and still hear some other little thing I'd missed each time, it's amazing. I love the way you built up to that last refrain." His eyes seem to sparkle in the flickering light from the candles. "Do you have others? Can I listen?" He really has such a nice smile, warm and welcoming.

Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue and drags his eyes away from Hoseok's mouth to face his computer screen. "There is this one thing I've been experimenting with," he mutters, clicking through to his folder filled with works in progress. "It's not for school, so I haven't had a lot of time to play around with it... Maybe after I'm done with finals..." He queues it up and flicks his fingers at Hoseok. Taking the hint, Hoseok slips the headphones back on just as Yoongi clicks the play button.

Hoseok's response to this new song is immediate, his eyes lighting up. "Oh yeah," he says, much louder this time as he does this ridiculous little shimmy with his shoulders. "Wow, hyung, this is so good!" The song is much more upbeat and heavily funk-influenced. Hoseok dances along in his chair. Yoongi's heart pounds faster in his ears. "I can't believe this isn't finished yet, it sounds amazing so far," Hoseok says, reaching out to touch Yoongi's wrist, his eyes wide with wonder.

Before he even realizes when he's doing, Yoongi reaches over to cup Hoseok's jaw in his hands and kisses him. Hoseok leans in without hesitation, pulling Yoongi closer by the scarf draped around his neck with a soft, encouraging sound in the back of his throat. Yoongi rolls his chair as close to Hoseok as he can get and catches Hoseok's bottom lip between his teeth. Though Hoseok tries to shuffle closer, the armrests keep impeding their movements, the chairs spinning away from each other.

Finally, and with a frustrated little noise, Hoseok pulls back from the kiss to abandon his chair in favour of climbing into Yoongi's lap instead. Yoongi wraps his hands around Hoseok's narrow waist as Hoseok deepens the kiss, sucking Yoongi's tongue into his mouth. He still tastes like beer and tteokbokki and it should be kind of gross, but somehow... Yoongi can't get enough.

Yoongi's chair squeaks with every movement they make. The song has since finished, abrupt and sudden because Yoongi hasn't worked out how he wants to end it yet. Hoseok snickers into Yoongi's mouth with each squeak and creak of the old chair. He throws his head back with a breathless laugh as Yoongi sucks a trail of bruises down the front of his throat.

They're never going to get anywhere at this rate. "On the floor," Yoongi mutters against Hoseok's collarbone.

Hoseok leans back on Yoongi's lap to stare into Yoongi's eyes. "No, the floor is disgusting," he begins to say, but his voice hitches into another

laugh as the chair squeaks when he shifts his weight.

"Yeah, but at least the floor doesn't fuckin' *squeak*," Yoongi insists with raised eyebrows.

"Shit, alright, *fine*," Hoseok sighs, clambering back off Yoongi's lap with some difficulty.

Tugging off his scarf, Yoongi gets to his feet and crosses to close the door and, after a moment's consideration, he locks it. Just to be safe. Setting the headphones down on the soundboard ledge, Hoseok reaches out to hook his fingers between Yoongi's and pull him closer. Yoongi smiles as Hoseok's fingers curl underneath the hem of Yoongi's hoodie and pulls it up over his head. His hands slide around Yoongi's waist until they're pressed right up against each other.

Hoseok slips hands up underneath Yoongi's shirt with a little moan as Yoongi bites at the base of Hoseok's neck. He drags his tongue up Hoseok's throat to suck Hoseok's bottom lip into his mouth. Fumbling with the fastenings of his jeans one-handed, Yoongi slides his free hand under the waistband of Hoseok's sweatpants to squeeze his cock through his boxers. Hoseok's knees buckle as Yoongi's teeth dig into his flesh, and he drags his nails down Yoongi's back. They sink down to the floor together, and Hoseok settles on top of Yoongi.

Yoongi grabs Hoseok's hips tight as Hoseok grinds in Yoongi's lap. He bites at Yoongi's lip, his hands curled over Yoongi's shoulders. Yoongi slips his hands underneath Hoseok's shirt to drag his nails down Hoseok's back, and Hoseok moans into Yoongi's mouth, his grip tightening on Yoongi's shoulders for a moment before relaxing again. The fluttering feeling in Yoongi's stomach hasn't gone anywhere, just turned into a constant, low level buzz. He kisses Hoseok back, growing more breathless and light-headed with each flick of Hoseok's tongue inside his mouth.

It's hard to concentrate on anything but the slick press of Hoseok's lips, the warmth of his skin bleeding through their layers of clothes, and the hot, tight press of their bodies as Hoseok undulates his hips in sensual, slow rolls. Yoongi groans, his fingertips trailing feather-light down Hoseok's spine until his fingers meet the waistband of Hoseok's sweatpants. He grabs Hoseok's ass and grinds his hips up against him. He can feel the hot, hard line of Hoseok's cock through his sweatpants. Hoseok shudders and breaks away from the kiss to moan into Yoongi's ear. He works a hand between them to rub at Yoongi's cock through the front slit of his boxers and mouths at Yoongi's earlobe. He tugs at

the piercings there between his teeth and Yoongi's breath hitches in this throat.

Yoongi squeezes Hoseok's ass again. "Do you have anything?" he gasps. He doesn't even *care* if Hoseok does — he knows Namjoon has some lotion or *something* stashed away somewhere (Yoongi's not judging... *much*), if it comes down to it. Yoongi could just roll Hoseok over onto his back and suck him off, even. He just wants to make Hoseok squirm. He wants so much he can barely stand it.

Hoseok manages a nod, sitting up. He lets go of Yoongi's cock to pull his wallet out from his pocket and flips it open on Yoongi's chest. He rummages inside it for a few moments, before pulling out a condom and three little pillow packets of lube from one of the little compartments. Yoongi stares at the lube before raising his gaze up to Hoseok's sheepish but pleased face, his cheeks flushed pink. "It's good to be prepared," Hoseok murmurs with a smile as he tosses his wallet aside. He pulls his shirt up over his head, and Yoongi yanks Hoseok back down with his arms wrapped around Hoseok's neck to kiss him again. Hoseok laughs, his tongue sliding slick over Yoongi's bottom lip.

Yoongi tightens his hold around the nape of Hoseok's neck, sucking Hoseok's tongue into his mouth. "Wait, hold on," Yoongi mutters between kisses. Hoseok blinks down at him, his lips spit-slick and his hair a mess. "I, uh," Yoongi clears his throat. "I didn't get a chance to clean up or anything, before we met up."

Shrugging, Hoseok says, "That's okay, I did." He says it so offhandedly that Yoongi almost forgets that this could be the first time Hoseok will bottom since they first started hooking up. Almost, but not quite. It takes Yoongi's breath away, but that also might have something to do with the way Hoseok tilts his head and bends down to drag his tongue over Yoongi's earlobe.

"Bit presumptuous of you," Yoongi laughs as his hands slide down Hoseok's back. He can feel Hoseok's lips stretch into a grin against the side of his face.

"You gonna fuck me or not?" Hoseok whispers, catching Yoongi's ear piercings between his teeth and pulling.

"Fuck," Yoongi groans. He grabs palmfuls of Hoseok's ass and squeezes so hard Hoseok's hips buck. "Fuck, yeah, I will." Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his hand and leans in to catch his mouth again, deep and

hungry. "How do you want to do this?" Yoongi breathes into Hoseok's mouth between kisses.

Hoseok leans up with his hands planted on either side of Yoongi's head. "Depends," he murmurs, his eyes flicking between Yoongi's eyes and his mouth. Yoongi drags his tongue over his bottom lip before biting down on it, and he doesn't miss the way Hoseok's eyes darken. A pleased little thrill rolls down his spine. Hoseok takes a deep breath, rocking his hips against Yoongi's. "Do you want to watch me prep myself, or do you want to do it for me?"

Oh, fuck. Yoongi's grip tightens on Hoseok's ass. "If you asked me any other day, I'd want to watch," he whispers. His gaze drops to the hickey already starting to bloom on Hoseok's skin. *Shit.* It's going to get *dark*, might even last all week. "But right now I just want to touch you." Yoongi sits up as Hoseok clambers off his lap. Hoseok grabs his shirt and Yoongi's hoodie and spread both out on the floor. Yoongi scoops up the lube packets, examining them more closely. "How much is in these things, anyway?"

Shrugging and wiggling out of the rest of his clothes, Hoseok says, "I've never needed more than two. Maybe three, if you're gonna be boring and so go so slow you need to reapply."

Yoongi snorts, watching Hoseok settle on his hands and knees. he's using their combined layers of clothes as a barrier between his bare skin and the studio floor, which is fair, Yoongi reasons, considering Namjoon's been sharing this studio for the past year. "Not fucking likely," he says, and pulls his shirt off as he scoots closer to Hoseok. "You ready?" he asks, tugging his jeans and boxers down just enough for his cock to slip free.

"Yeah," Hoseok sighs and arches his back invitingly. "Come on, hyung. while we're still young, huh?" In response, Yoongi runs his hands down Hoseok's back. He makes sure to drag it out, keeping his touch light and teasing as he follows the length of Hoseok's spine. Hoseok shifts his weight, his breath hitching into a gasp as Yoongi finally curls his hands around Hoseok's hipbones. Yoongi tightens his grip and he pulls Hoseok's body back sharply, nudging the head of his cock against Hoseok's hole. He leaves a smear of precome behind on Hoseok's skin and Hoseok shudders, head dipping low between his shoulders. "Hyung..."

Yoongi rips one of the lube packets open with his teeth, and slides one of his slicked fingers into Hoseok's body. His finger glides in with so

little resistance, it's almost as if Hoseok had already... Yoongi bites down on his lip as Hoseok moans, his hips jerking. "Sorry," Yoongi murmurs, "was it too cold?" Hoseok shakes his head. Yoongi adds a second finger as he feels Hoseok's muscles further relax around him, and speeds up until Hoseok's moaning and pressing back against Yoongi's hand. "Did you get off before you came to meet me?" he asks, swearing under his breath when Hoseok nods.

By the time he's up to a third, Yoongi gets a bit distracted by the drag of his fingers in and out of Hoseok's body, his slicked skin glistening in the low light. Hoseok keeps trying to stifle himself, and Yoongi fucks him with his fingers a little faster. "Hey, it's okay if you're loud," he says, "it's soundproofed in here, remember?" Hoseok digs his teeth into his own forearm to stay quiet. Narrowing his eyes, Yoongi picks up the pace, fucking Hoseok hard and fast. This time Hoseok doesn't bother attempting to muffle the way he cries out, more concerned with meeting each thrust to get Yoongi's fingers deeper than keeping himself quiet.

"Fuck, that's enough, I'm gonna come if you keep—" Hoseok's stuttering voice breaks as Yoongi twists his wrist again, rubbing his free hand over Hoseok's balls. "Oh *fuck*, hyung—"

Yoongi teases him for another few minutes before slipping his fingers free and reaching for the condom and lube packets. "Shit," he mutters as he struggles with the condom wrapper, his slicked fingers sliding right off the foil packet. "Hoseok-ah, fuckin' help me. My fingers are too greasy, I can't get this shit open," he complains. With a sigh, Hoseok sits up on his heels and turns to rip the condom and one of the lube packets open. "Thank you," Yoongi murmurs, leaning up to kiss Hoseok's mouth. Then he shoves Hoseok's shoulder a little, and Hoseok laughs, getting back into position.

Yoongi rolls the condom on and uses the second sachet of lube to slick himself up. He sits up on his knees behind Hoseok, and slaps his cock on Hoseok's ass. Hoseok shudders and Yoongi smiles, rubbing the head of his cock between Hoseok's cheeks until he starts to moan impatiently and push back against him. "You want it?" he asks, his voice gone a bit hushed in the quiet. Hoseok really is a sight to behold this way, his ass up in the air, skin shiny from the lube. Yhe low lights play across the defined muscles of his back, his arms and his thighs. "Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok nods, and lets out a strangled, "*Finally*," as Yoongi starts to press inside. Spreading his knees apart wider, he works himself back

on Yoongi's cock with these sweet, whimpering little moans.

Yoongi digs his nails into Hoseok's hipbones, his lip caught between his teeth so hard he runs a risk of breaking skin. He's never *heard* Hoseok like this, and now he never wants to do anything else. Yoongi tries to go slow, but Hoseok keeps rolling his hips and taking more and more until, abruptly, Yoongi bottoms out. "Oh, fuck," Yoongi gasps, feeling Hoseok's muscles shift and relax around his cock. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, forcing himself to think of the least sexy things imaginable (popping pimples; public toilets as a concept; that time he walked in on Namjoon jerking it over a shoe catalogue) to keep himself from immediately nutting. "You okay?" he asks.

"Yeah, 'm good," Hoseok sighs. "Move."

Anchoring his hands on Hoseok's waist for leverage as he fucks into Hoseok, Yoongi finds a slow, measured pace. Hoseok rocks back to meet every few thrusts, glancing back over his shoulder to meet Yoongi's eyes. "Stay still for a bit," he murmurs. "I want to try something, okay?" Yoongi stops, his mouth falling open as Hoseok spreads his knees further on the floor and starts working himself back onto Yoongi's cock again. He starts out rolling his hips and grinding back slow.

Yoongi watches the wave of Hoseok's spine and smooths his hands over Hoseok's ass. He massages the cheeks with his hands, spreading them apart to watch his cock slide in and out of Hoseok's body. Hoseok's breathing gets harsher as he increases the pace, setting an almost brutal rhythm as he fucks himself back against Yoongi even harder and faster. With the slickness of the lube, Yoongi's little groans, and Hoseok's hiccuped moans, it sounds obscene. Yoongi digs his nails into Hoseok's skin.

"Oh fuck, *fuck*," Hoseok gasps, slowing right back down as he undulates back against Yoongi with a groan that shudders all the way down his spine. "God, hyung— I didn't think you were this big."

Yoongi feels his cheeks heat. "Thank you," he says, laughing when Hoseok shoots him a crooked grin back over his shoulder. "Can I move yet?" he asks, rocking his hips forward to meet each of Hoseok's slower thrusts.

"Yeah," Hoseok hums. "Give me more, hyung," he says, catching his lip between his teeth even as he smiles. "I want it hard." Yoongi tightens

his grip and speeds up. Hoseok slides down until his cheek is pressed against his shirt on the floor, his hands curling into fists as Yoongi fucks him deep and hard with shallow dips of his hips. A cute flush has spread across Hoseok's skin, his eyelashes fluttering, mouth open and wet and pink. His body rocks forward with each thrust. He angles his hips up, crying out when Yoongi must graze his prostate more directly. "Oh, fuck, that's good," he gasps, reaching back with one hand to grab Yoongi's hip, and he clenches down on Yoongi's dick. "Hyung, fuck— more—"

"Roll over," Yoongi finds himself saying. *Wait, what?* after a moment, Hoseok releases his hold on Yoongi's hip, blinking his eyes open as Yoongi slips out. His hole clenches down on nothing, and he shifts his hips with a whine. "Come on, roll over," Yoongi repeats. "I think I know how to make it really good for you." Hoseok raises his eyebrows, and flips over onto his back. Hoseok's so wet, for having gone so long without touching himself, precome dribbling down the side of his cock and pooling around the base.

Yoongi licks his lips, lining his cock up and pressing back inside the moment Hoseok's settled. He keeps himself balanced on one hand while his free arm hooks into the cook of Hoseok's knee as he fucks into Hoseok really deep and hard, their bodies pressed tightly together to give Hoseok more stimulation. His hips slap against Hoseok's ass. Hoseok moans right out loud, slipping one of his arms around the nape of Yoongi's neck to keep him close.

It takes Yoongi a moment to realize Hoseok's fingers are curled between his on Hoseok's thigh. He lets go as soon as he notices, his breath hitching, but Hoseok catches him once more to twine their fingers back together. His palm is trembling. *Shit.* Yoongi leans in to kiss Hoseok and Hoseok's moans seem to get even louder, somewhat muffled into Yoongi's mouth. He curls his other leg around Yoongi's waist and rolls his hips down as much as he can to meet each thrust.

Hoseok breathes into Yoongi's mouth, squeezing his hand as his back arches up off the floor, body tense against Yoongi's chest. "Hyung, please," he whimpers. Yoongi hitches Hoseok's hips up higher and Hoseok gets even lounder, clenching down on Yoongi's cock. "Fuck." Yoongi tightens his grip on Hoseok's hand and kisses him again, licking deep into Hoseok's mouth.

They're both so close, breathing harsh and loud as they pant into each others mouths more than kiss. Yoongi's light-headed, heart pounding in his chest, so close he can't seem to draw enough air into his lungs.

He fucks into Hoseok even harder and Hoseok jerks down to meet each thrust, throwing his head back to moan. Hoseok's free hand slips down Yoongi's back, his nails gentle as he follows the path of Yoongi's spine.

Yoongi's hips jerk, his orgasm sneaking up on him, and he muffles a moan against Hoseok's shoulder, his teeth bared against Hoseok's skin. He rides it out, pulling his hand free from Hoseok's to curl around Hoseok's cock, instead. He jerks Hoseok fast until Hoseok cries out, coming all over Yoongi's fist, his hips bucking. Yoongi kisses Hoseok's neck, his mouth, gentling him through it as Hoseok comes back down with a whine muffled into Yoongi's mouth. Yoongi can feel Hoseok's heart pounding just as fast as his in his chest.

Hoseok relaxes against the floor beneath Yoongi with a sigh and nuzzles in close, his arms wrapped around Yoongi's shoulders and waist. He seems reluctant to move, even though the floor is uncomfortable and they kind of slipped off the clothes barrier. The carpet is scratchy and rough and cold. Hoseok smooths his hands over Yoongi's skin, damp with sweat.

Yoongi lifts his face from the crook of Hoseok's neck, his hips still pressed tight up against Hoseok's ass, and leans up to kiss Hoseok. The kiss is slow and gentle, tongues sliding slick against each other. Yoongi can feel his dick starting to soften inside Hoseok's body. *Fuck*, he thinks dazedly. That feels way too fucking intimate. He stops the kiss and pulls out. Hoseok makes a weak little noise in response, tightening his hold around Yoongi's shoulders to rest their foreheads together before Yoongi can slip away, his eyes closed. After a moment he sighs and releases Yoongi, staring up at the ceiling as Yoongi backs up to deal with the condom and grab a box of tissues from Namjoon's desk.

They use a ton of the tissues to clean themselves up, crumpling them up and tossing them into Namjoon's overflowing desktop garbage can for him to deal with later. Payback for fucking up the studio over the weekend and leaving Yoongi to straighten things out again. Hoseok keeps laughing tiredly as he shoots wadded up tissues onto Namjoon's side of the soundboard, and Yoongi grins at him, fond.

As they pull their clothes back on, Yoongi notices Hoseok's wince as he pulls his sweatpants up over his legs. He reaches out to touch Hoseok's elbow. "Are you okay?" he asks, frowning. He *was* a little rough, maybe too rough.

Hoseok just smiles at him, bright as ever. "Yeah, I'm fine," he says, waving a hand and bending down to tie his sneakers with a shaky breath. The shoes are even more destroyed than the last time Yoongi had seen them, Hoseok's socked toes peeking through the ripped leather. "I just need to take a shower or something when I get home, it's not a big deal. I'm not that fragile, hyung."

Yoongi shrugs, packing his laptop back into his bag and gathering up the last of Namjoon's trash to throw away on their way out. "You ready to go, then?" he asks. "I'll take you to the bus Namjoon usually takes home." Hoseok nods, scooping up his wallet from the floor and sliding it into his back pocket. They walk out of the room together. Once again Hoseok follows a few steps behind Yoongi, but when Yoongi glances back over his shoulder at him, Hoseok stares out the bank of windows on the opposite side of the hallway, rather than into any of the studios. He doesn't stop outside cello girl's room, even though she's still practicing.

Down the stairs and out the door, Yoongi leads the way to Namjoon's usual bus stop. The bus isn't there yet, and Yoongi should just continue on to the station. It's cold. Hoseok didn't bring a jacket; Yoongi briefly considers lending Hoseok his scarf at least to battle the chill night air, but thinks better of it. Still, he hesitates, touching his fingertips to Hoseok's wrist. "Do you want to come over," slips out of his mouth without his permission.

Hoseok sucks in a breath, and Yoongi's eyes dart up from the toes of their sneakers to meet Hoseok's gaze. His lip is caught between his teeth, and he stares back at Yoongi with an unreadable expression. "I do want to," he says, after a moment. "But I promised to help my noona with her toddler ballet class first thing tomorrow morning."

"Oh," Yoongi says, blinking. "Right, whatever." he slides his hands into his jeans pockets. "See you around," he continues, backing up a step. Hoseok smiles and offers Yoongi a little wave, pulling his phone and headphones from his pocket. Yoongi turns his back and makes his way to the train station, burrowing his chin into the scarf wound around his neck.

It's not until Yoongi is on the train, staring at his reflection in the window, that he realizes what showing Hoseok his studio, what asking Hoseok over to his *home* might mean. His lips are swollen and chapped from too much time spent kissing, and he curls his arms tighter around himself. *I don't like him*, he thinks. *We're just fucking. He's just a good fuck, that's all it is. That meant nothing.* His gut churns

uncomfortably. *That meant nothing.*

Chapter End Notes

yay, i finished it in time \o/ just fyi, i'm going to be taking a break from domestic au for the next little while so i can work on finishing florist au by early april, and work on a few birthday presents for two very dear friends and fellow april babies. i'll come back to domestic au when i can!

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

interlude (clarity)

Chapter Notes

> THIS IS REALLY SHORT, I'M SORRY. written for meghan who put the idea in my head last night when she sent me an ask about this gifset of hobi. i had to do a quick little something.
>
> no warnings, just some mushy mushy feelings. takes place during that week hobi stayed at yoongi's studio apartment before they officially moved into the new place together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Yeah! Take that, you fuckers!"

Startled, Yoongi rolls over on the bed just enough to see Hoseok with his arms thrown up in the air in triumph, PS3 controller clutched in his hand. The gamer headphones have fallen off his head to rest at the top of his shoulders. Yoongi feels his lips curl into a smile. With only a week left before the real move, Hoseok had brought all of his stuff and came to live with Yoongi as a sort of "test run". Yoongi had thought it was dumb when Hoseok suggested it, but after a few days, Yoongi's really grown used to having Hoseok around.

After only a few days, he's gotten used to waking up each morning with Hoseok beside him, the electric fan on the bedside table blowing air cool enough to make Yoongi want to snuggle in closer to Hoseok's warmth. He's gotten used to falling asleep every night with Hoseok's arms wrapped around him, his lips pressed against the nape of Yoongi's neck. He's gotten used to coming home after school or work to find Hoseok there waiting for him, to cuddle up on the couch until everything feels less overwhelming. He's gotten used to Hoseok's random bursts of energy, to waking up in the middle of the night as Hoseok sneaks out for a run or visit his dance studio to practice. He's gotten used to Hoseok sharing the apartment, to Hoseok keeping the place cleaner than Yoongi's seen it in over two years, and helping to pack up Yoongi's stuff with utmost care. He's gotten used to Hoseok's presence in his life, a comforting feeling not unlike sinking into a hot bath after a long day.

Yoongi's fingers curl into his bedsheets. It's embarrassing and he would never admit any of this out loud, but this is something he's already gotten used to. This is for real. He gets up off the bed and

steps around the open boxes to curl up on the couch beside Hoseok.

Without taking his eyes off the screen, Hoseok leans over to bump his lips against Yoongi's cheekbone. He's playing Diablo 3, and Yoongi rolls his eyes. Hoseok flicks off the microphone attached to his headphones. "Hey, hyung," he whispers. "Sorry, was I too loud?"

"No," Yoongi sighs, shifting on the couch until he can rest his head on Hoseok's shoulder. His fingers play with the hem of Hoseok's tank, the white jersey fabric soft and worn. "I don't care. You know I don't really mind it when you're loud." Hoseok snickers. Yoongi glances up from the television to catch the blush colouring Hoseok's cheeks as he drops the game controller into his lap and pushes his hair back off his forehead. *Adorable.* "How much longer are you going to play?" Yoongi asks.

"I just need to finish this raid and I'm all yours," Hoseok answers. "Why? Do you want to test out how loud I can get again?"

Yoongi lets himself smile as Hoseok brushes a kiss over the top of Yoongi's head. "The walls here are thin," he replies, and his smile broadens as Hoseok starts to laugh. "Let's really give the neighbours something to remember us by, huh? They're all assholes anyway."

Chapter End Notes

> okay, still not here/working on birthday presents (both yoonseok, which is nice! i like writing other hobi ships, but yoonseok. yoonseok is True) but i will return with more (domestic and hopefully florist au) updates in may, i promise
>
> hope you're having a good day, ilu
>
> (also! recently domestic au surpassed 25k hits, which is absolutely boggling to me. thank you so much? this is so ridiculous.)

first | timeline | mix

official (or: spiders, again)

Chapter Notes

takes place just after chapter six, the morning they decide to be official boyfriends.

nothing to warn for aside from another little spider? it's just cute, idk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

("I can't believe I lied to myself about my feelings for so long," Yoongi mumbles against Hoseok's thigh. He hears Hoseok huff a laugh, and glances up the length of Hoseok's body sprawled across his bed. His naked skin glistens with sweat, his chest a gentle rise and fall with each breath. He's smiling, even though his eyes are closed.

Yoongi sits up to examine the bruise he'd left on the inside of Hoseok's thigh. He rubs his thumb over the spot, pressing down on the darkest red of it, just hard enough for Hoseok to let out a low moan and shift against the sheets. "I can't believe I wasted so much time, and for what?" Yoongi sighs. "We could have been doing this so much sooner."

With a scoff, Hoseok sits up to kiss Yoongi. His hand slides through Yoongi's hair to cup the back of his head. "Yeah, you're an idiot," he murmurs, his eyes twinkling as he meets Yoongi's gaze. Before Yoongi can take offence, Hoseok continues, "But we got here in the end. That's what matters, right? Now," his smile broadens. "Do you want me to suck you off before I have to go to work, or are you gonna do me?"

Yoongi hums, considering. "Flip a coin?" he suggests after a moment, grinning when Hoseok laughs. Hoseok's arm curls around Yoongi's shoulders to pull him closer, but Yoongi wobbles off balance as Hoseok falls back onto the bed. He catches himself with a hand on the mattress, straddling Hoseok's waist. Hoseok's still laughing, and all at once Yoongi is struck by how very, very lucky he is. With his free hand curling around Hoseok's hipbone, Yoongi swoops down to kiss Hoseok breathless.)

*

The scent of peppermint fills the narrow shower stall as Hoseok scrubs at his hair with shampoo. He was too tired to notice the smell much the night before, but he likes it. There's a giddy, fizzy feeling low in

his gut at the idea of going through his day smelling like Yoongi. (Of course, he knows it will be short-lived: Working the afternoon shift at the restaurant will overpower any other scent clinging to his skin.) He tilts his head back under the spray to rinse the suds from his hair, blinking his eyes open as a small smile spreads across his face.

He sees a black smudge out the corner of his eye, hard to make out through the steam from the shower. The smudge moves. Hoseok blinks again, his vision clearing. Eight legs. Hoseok shrieks. Pulse thudding in his ears, he shoves the shower stall door open, skidding across the tile floor to skid through the open bathroom doorway, losing his balance to end up on the floor beside Yoongi's island counter to lay in a drenched heap. He wheezes like a wounded animal, his heart thumping wildly against his ribs.

From his place on the bed, Yoongi looks up from his laptop. "...Are you okay?" he asks, setting his cup of coffee down on his bedside table.

"No!" Hoseok squeaks, pushing himself off the floor to sit with his back leaning against the counter. "Fucking! Spider, hyung! Spider! Big one!" He holds his arms out to show Yoongi how massive the monster was, exaggerating for sympathy points. Yoongi just cracks up. Hoseok feels himself deflate, shivering in the cold apartment air. The shampoo suds sting as they drip down his forehead into his eyes, and he tries to push the soap back into his hair.

"You're scared of spiders?" Yoongi manages to get out between fits of laughter. "Are you serious? I've known you for nine months and never knew that." He sets his laptop aside and climbs off the bed, coming closer. "That's adorable. What else are you scared of? Moths?"

Hoseok clambers to his feet. water drips off his goosepimpled skin, and he crosses his arms tightly over his chest for warmth. "Yes, and this is why I didn't want to tell you," he sighs. "I knew you'd be a colossal dick about it."

"My dick is colossal," Yoongi says, with an agreeable smirk.

With a quiet groan, Hoseok replies, "Trust me, I've noticed. That's like ninety percent of why I asked you to be my boyfriend." He swipes more of the shampoo off his forehead. "The other ten percent is because for some unfathomable reason I actually like you." He tries to nudge Yoongi closer to the bathroom door with his elbow. "Don't know *why*, since you're just making me stand here naked and wet in

the cold while shampoo slowly blinds me instead of going and catching that monster."

"Ten percent?" Yoongi echoes, sounding a bit hurt. He grabs an empty glass and a greasy take-out menu off the counter behind Hoseok and takes a step towards the bathroom. "I mean, on the one hand, I'm really glad you think my dick is that impressive, but *ten percent*. Damn." he blinks. "Why am I catching it? Why not killing it?"

"It's not the spider's fault I'm scared of it," Hoseok mutters, pushing Yoongi closer to the bathroom. His eyes *hurt*. "I just don't want to drown it by accident." He hooks his chin over Yoongi's shoulder and pecks Yoongi's cheek. "If you catch it so I can finish washing off, maybe I'll like you twenty-five percent."

"I'm scared of heights," Yoongi says, inanely.

Hoseok squints. "So am I?" he says, and Yoongi frowns at Hoseok over his shoulder. "So are a lot of people."

"Fine," Yoongi snaps, "*fine*. I'm kind of scared of cats." His voice is so soft Hoseok can barely hear him over the shower still running. Hoseok snorts in amusement, and Yoongi's lips twitch, his cheeks flushing a sweet shade of pink. "Don't laugh, they hate me. It's like they can sense I'm kind of allergic to them, so they just. Attack." Hoseok slips his hands up underneath Yoongi's shirt to drag his nails over his back. Yoongi shivers. "I've never told anyone else that, so don't go spreading it around, alright?" Hoseok bites his lip, and Yoongi squares his shoulders. "I'm going in."

It takes Yoongi less than twenty seconds to catch the spider. He makes a great deal of noise while he does it, which Hoseok enjoys immensely. It sounds very heroic. Yoongi staggers out of the bathroom, dripping wet from the shower, with the spider (much smaller than it had seemed before) safely caught in the glass. "There you go, your royal highness," he says, setting the glass back down on the counter. Yoongi glances at Hoseok sidelong. "Can we make it fifty-fifty now?" he asks, a smile playing at the corner of his lips. "I won't go under fifty percent for my dick, that's just disrespectful."

Hoseok ducks his head with a little laugh. "I would never go under fifty percent for dick appreciation," he says.

"With great power comes great responsibility," Yoongi says, coming over to stand right in front of Hoseok, and Hoseok starts to laugh even harder. His smile broadens as their eyes meet. "You sure I can't fuck

you right now? You're wet, I'm wet. We could try it in the shower. It's less slippery in that stall than it is in Namjoon's bathtub."

Despite himself, Hoseok curls his arms around Yoongi's waist to pull him even closer. "I have to be at work in an hour and it’s a half-hour bus ride," he murmurs. "Do you really think you can be that fast?" Yoongi's hands slide over Hoseok's hipbones to palm at his ass, spreading his cheeks. Hoseok shivers.

"No," Yoongi sighs, tilting his head up to brush his lips over Hoseok's. "Tonight then," he says, squeezing Hoseok's ass once more before letting him go and pushing Hoseok by the hips towards the open bathroom door. "Go finish your shower."

Hoseok goes, though with great reluctance. It's a relief to wash the shampoo from his hair and rinse his eyes. After he's finished, he dries his hair and changes into the clothes Yoongi laid out for him. He only has ten minutes left, and it's a five minute walk to the bus stop. Sliding his phone into his jeans pocket, Hoseok leans against the kitchen counter. Yoongi's curled up in bed once more, cradling a cup of coffee to his chest and looking at something on his laptop. His hair is kind of rumpled from the blanket he has wrapped around his shoulders and head like a cloak. Hoseok can't help but smile.

"Hey," Hoseok says, knocking his knuckles on the counter. The spider runs in circles around the bottom of the glass. "Come kiss your boyfriend before he leaves because he'll probably die of embarrassment at work."

Yoongi looks up at Hoseok, and another small smile spreads across his face before he can bite it back. He sets his coffee and laptop aside before getting up off the bed. He holds his arms out as he approaches and Hoseok steps in close, letting Yoongi wrap the blanket around Hoseok's back. "Try not to die," Yoongi murmurs, between kisses. "I've gotten rather attached to the idea of having a boyfriend, you know."

Hoseok nips at Yoongi's bottom lip, grinning. "It's because you like my ass, isn't it."

"At least fifty percent why I said yes," Yoongi agrees readily, hands sliding down to tuck into Hoseok's back pockets. "The other fifty percent, if you were curious, is for your hips." Hoseok feels Yoongi's lips curve into a smile against the base of his throat as he laughs. "Come back tonight, alright? I wanna do something special."

Nodding, Hoseok cups Yoongi's jaw in his palms, lifting his head just

enough to meet his eyes. "I wouldn't miss it," he promises.

Chapter End Notes

did not mean to write anything at all, but a spider crawled across my shower ceiling yesterday, so

it was a sign or something, idk. i hope you're having a good day ♥

(yikes, over 100k and 800 kudos! thank you so much!)

first | timeline | mix

interlude (friends)

Chapter Notes

> i meant to write this after the studio chapter, but got too caught up in insignificant details SIGH
>
> oh well, here u go
>
> nothing to warn for? mention of alcohol and yoongi being a bit of a dick (what else is new lol)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the studio, Hoseok goes an entire month without seeing or hearing from Yoongi again. He catches the hint early on as any text or phone call goes unanswered, and stops trying. It stings, of course it does, but Hoseok's used to being treated worse at this point. (Then again, at least his ex had had the decency to be *consistent* — he never once gave Hoseok the impression he wanted anything more than a hole to get off into.) After Seokjin and Namjoon both had spoken so highly of him, Hoseok hoped Yoongi would be different, but whatever. Sometimes things just don't work out. It sucks, but he'll get over it. He always does.

Hoseok goes about business as usual. He sees other people (but never anything that could lead somewhere serious. He doesn't hate being single, and it does offer its own unique advantages, but he wouldn't mind being someone's boyfriend again, maybe). He fools around with Namjoon off and on (because it's always easy and fun. He knows where he stands with Namjoon, and it's refreshing). On weeknights, he waits tables during the dinner rush and teaches at the dance studio. He crams for his final exams when he has a chance, and gets to class when his work schedule permits, which gives him the opportunity to see Jimin and Taehyung, too.

An entire month passes without Hoseok seeing or hearing from Yoongi. One night when he's on his way to a bar with Jimin and Taehyung, he runs into Yoongi with Namjoon and Seokjin heading in the other direction. Taehyung and Jimin bounce between the three of them, offering hugs and delighted greetings. Hoseok hangs back, his hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans.

"Where are you guys going?" Jimin asks, smiling. Taehyung nods

enthusiastically, latching himself to Namjoon's side with their arms hooked together at the elbow. "We're just going to the bar a couple blocks up if you wanted to come with us! We wouldn't mind the company, right—?"

It had just stopped raining before Hoseok had left Namjoon's apartment to meet Taehyung and Jimin at the train station. Lifting his gaze from the wet cement beneath his feet, surprise jolts down his spine as he meets Yoongi's eyes. He's staring at Hoseok so intently, Hoseok feels like it could burn a hole straight through him.

He waits for the hopelessness to overwhelm him; he waits for those first bubbles of anger and frustration to simmer in his veins. Instead, all he can remember is the feeling of Yoongi's hands and mouth on his skin, and how perfect their bodies felt pressed together. Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth, his lashes lowering. He watches Yoongi's adam's apple bob as he swallows, his eyes glimmering in the flashing neon lights of the convenience store they've stopped in front of. Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue.

"—Looks like Yoongi and Hoseokie might not be joining us, but—"

Hoseok hears Seokjin's voice as if it's coming from very far away. Tearing his eyes away from Yoongi's, he blinks. "What?" he asks, turning a half-circle. The others have started to walk in the opposite direction together. Seokjin and Taehyung are both smiling, though Seokjin's is much softer than Taehyung's all-out leer. Jimin is squinting up at the overcast night sky.

Namjoon is standing within reach of Hoseok, worry radiating off his body in waves. He's the only person Hoseok told about what happened with Yoongi at the studio. He reaches out and touches Hoseok's elbow. "We could just go home if you want." He keeps his voice deliberately low, quiet enough for only Hoseok to hear. "Or you could with us come to this restaurant Seokjin hyung found, it's supposed to be really good."

Though Hoseok appreciates the concern, he waves Namjoon towards the others. "I'm a big boy, Namjoonie," he murmurs, letting a small smile turn up the corners of his mouth. "I can handle this. I'll see you later." He offers Seokjin, Jimin, and Taehyung a wave, before turning back to face Yoongi. "Hi."

Yoongi's fisted hands shove deeper into his jeans pockets. "Hi," he replies, tilting his head back the way he'd come.

They wander down the street together, without speaking much. It looks like it might start to rain again, and Hoseok is grateful he'd worn a coat with a hood. Undoubtedly it wouldn't keep him dry in a downpour, but it would help shield him for long enough to find cover, at least. Yoongi takes a deep breath, a wet smack as he opens his mouth. Hoseok glances at him out the corner of his eye when he doesn't immediately speak.

They make it two more blocks before the dam breaks. In a rush, Yoongi tells Hoseok about how swamped he'd been with school, studying for and sitting through his finals. He talks about the music projects he'd completed, his shoulders hunched up around his ears. He'd gotten more time to work on that song Hoseok had listened and danced to, and finally finished it. When Hoseok makes an interested noise, Yoongi promises to send it along to Hoseok when he gets a chance.

Yoongi doesn't apologize for disappearing outright, but Hoseok can still kind of hear an apology in his tone regardless. He doesn't actually *need* to be apologized to. Though it was shitty of Yoongi to freak out and disappear without a word after they'd just had sex, they aren't *dating*. Hell, they aren't even friends.

In return, Hoseok shrugs and starts to talk about work and how his own exams had gone, trying to tell Yoongi he's forgiven without saying it out loud. His intention must come across because Yoongi seems to relax the more Hoseok talks, his shoulders slumping into a less defensive posture as he lets his hands swing at his sides. As they turn into a residential area, Hoseok cracks a few tentative jokes and Yoongi laughs at every single one. Hoseok pulls his hands from his pockets, and they walk close enough together for the backs of their hands to brush with every other step.

"Hey, let's go this way," Hoseok says, turning and walking backwards up a footpath. He thinks he recognizes the neighbourhood; Jimin and Taehyung's apartment is a few blocks away. "It'll be quieter."

Yoongi's lips curl into a proper smile as he follows. "Quieter and more private?" he ventures after they've walked far enough along to be more shielded from the street noise, reaching out to wrap his hands around Hoseok's waist and pull him closer.

"That's the idea," Hoseok laughs, letting his arms settle over Yoongi's shoulders. The first press of their mouths together is gentle but slick, lips soft and wet. Yoongi sighs, stepping in until their chests touch. He

tilts his head and drags his tongue over Hoseok's bottom lip, and Hoseok lets his mouth fall open just enough for Yoongi's tongue to slip inside. Yoongi's fingertips dig into Hoseok's waist, his breath shuddering out of him at the first brush of their tongues. Hoseok slides his hand up the nape of Yoongi's neck before curling up into his hair. All he can hear is the wet noises of their mouths, their stuttered breathing, and his own heartbeat pounding in his ears. Yoongi's hands slip down Hoseok's back to cup Hoseok's ass in his palms, smiling into each kiss as Hoseok lets out a soft whine.

*

[01:02:49] **Yoongi:** hey, you still up? this fucking day has been so long please tell me you're still up
[01:03:04] **Hoseok:** i am, but not for long
[01:03:17] **Hoseok:** what's going on?
[01:03:51] **Yoongi:** you will not believe the flaming shit hoops i've had to jump through today. it started this morning when i was heading out for work. i was already running behind because my alarm didn't go off and i woke up late, right. so i forget my damn bag on the bus and didn't realize until i'd gotten off and was halfway to the train station, and screamed FUCK and ran back as fast as i could, but the bus was already gone
[01:04:12] **Yoongi:** so i had to go an extra hour out of my way to the lost and found claims at the bus terminal because my fucking wallet, keys, phone, camera, laptop, like LITERALLY MY ENTIRE LIFE was in that fucking bag
[01:04:35] **Yoongi:** and it took almost three hours to get my fucking bag back, so i ended up being well over four hours late for my awful fucking job at that little computer repair shop in sinjeong
[01:04:40] **Hoseok:** oh fuck, dude
[01:04:46] **Yoongi:** and since i didn't have my phone i had no way to let my boss know what fucking happened, so i got fired
[01:04:50] **Yoongi:** honestly i'm not that broken up about it
[01:04:51] **Yoongi:** fucking hated it there
[01:04:56] **Hoseok:** that fucking sucks, hyung, i'm so sorry
[01:05:03] **Yoongi:** anyway fucking THEN i walked back out to wait for the bus that'd take my pathetic ass home, and got splashed head to toe from a car driving through this huge filthy puddle
[01:05:19] **Yoongi:** and just now i burned my mouth on the pity pizza seokjin hyung bought me, but the beer is good? this day has been absolutely SHIT
[01:05:25] **Yoongi:** but how are you, how was your day
[01:05:32] **Yoongi:** tell me something good
[01:06:00] **Hoseok:** well... my day's been pretty good, actually? i

found some cash on the sidewalk on my way to the restaurant, and even though i had to work the dinner rush, all the customers were pretty chill for once, which was awesome. after that, i brought home leftovers and played some games with namjoon, and now i'm all tucked into namjoon's nice fucking bed because he's staying at his not-girlfriend's tonight? i am fucking STOKED, man
[01:06:12] **Yoongi:** haha, nice.
[01:06:15] **Yoongi:** thank you
[01:06:22] **Yoongi:** that really helped.
[01:06:33] **Hoseok:** good night, hyung.
[01:06:36] **Yoongi:** i hope you sleep well, hoseokie.

Chapter End Notes

hopefully i'll figure out what chapter i want to write next and get that up... maybe yoongi's birthday? what would you like to see? have i missed anything super obvious?

first | timeline | mix

wisdom

Chapter Notes

warnings for: medical procedure (mentioned surgery to remove wisdom teeth), bloody gauze, and hobi revealing some ~~secrets~~ while on pain medication. i think that's everything, please let me know if there's anything i missed!

takes place about a month before their not!cheating/argument arc in chapters 24-26.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey, Hyung," Hoseok begins, leaning against the bathroom doorframe as Yoongi brushes his teeth. Yoongi grunts to let him know he's listening, and Hoseok continues, "Do you have any work lined up yet for those few days you have off school?" Sighing, Yoongi pulls his phone out of his pocket to check his appointments app. He shakes his head and Hoseok exhales, picking at the chipped paint on the doorframe. "If I schedule my surgery on Monday morning, will you come pick me up at the clinic that afternoon? I don't think I'll be able to take care of myself while I'm high on pain medication."

Yoongi bends forward to spit out a mouthful of toothpaste foam. He looks over at Hoseok. "Your wisdom teeth?"

Hoseok nods, chewing on his lip. "I already asked Seokjin hyung, but he has to work and Namjoon has some sort of school thing. I don't want to ask Jimin and Taehyung because I can't trust them not to prank me while I'm in a vulnerable state." He looks up at Yoongi, his eyes bright. "I know you wouldn't risk it since you still want to get laid sometime this century."

Snorting, Yoongi replies, "Yeah, I'll look after you." Hoseok's lips quirk into a bright smile, and he steps into the bathroom to hug Yoongi from behind, murmuring his thanks. Yoongi rolls his eyes, sticking his toothbrush back into his mouth, and finishes cleaning his teeth.

On the day of the surgery, Yoongi goes with Hoseok to the clinic. Since Hoseok filled out all his required paperwork at the consultation a week earlier, all they have to do now is check in before sitting down to wait. Yoongi takes Hoseok's hand, out of sight of the receptionist. "It's going to be fine," Yoongi whispers. Hoseok's skin is clammy, his

fingers trembling. "Do you want me to come in with you?"

Hoseok shakes his head, though his fingers tighten around Yoongi's hand. "No, I'll be okay." He manages a smile that even (almost) looks genuine. "I just hate needles."

"I know," Yoongi replies, pulling Hoseok closer. He casts a glance around the room to check nobody's looking at them before ducking in to kiss the corner of Hoseok's mouth. "I'll be there when you wake up, okay?" He rests his forehead against Hoseok's temple. "I'm gonna take care of you."

Though Hoseok pales when the nurse comes into the waiting room and calls his name, he stands with his shoulders straight and follows her without hesitation. With several hours to wait, Yoongi wastes time by flipping through each of the twenty magazines available. As soon as he gets bored of that, he pulls his neck pillow and noise-cancelling earbuds from his bag and curls up to sleep as best he can in the uncomfortable plastic chair.

The same nurse that came to get Hoseok wakes Yoongi what only feels like minutes later. He tugs the earbuds from his ears, blinking up at the woman in surprise. "Is he done?" he asks, pulling off the neck pillow and stuffing his things back into his bag.

"The surgery was successful, and Hoseok-ssi is waking up from the anesthesia now. He's asking for you — would you like to see him?" she says.

Yoongi nods, getting to his feet and following her through the frosted glass door that leads further into the clinic. They walk down a bright hall and take many turns before coming to a quiet, dimly-lit room near the back of the clinic. It takes several moments for Yoongi's eyes to adjust to the dark. Hoseok is lying down on one of the beds, clutching at the blanket draped over him with tears streaming down his face.

"What the fuck? Is he in pain?" Yoongi whispers to the nurse, reaching out and touching Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok whimpers and Yoongi can see the bundled up gauze inside his mouth. He lets go of the blanket to clutch Yoongi's hand, instead. "Is he okay?"

The nurse nods, a sad smile on her face. "This happens sometimes with some patients after anesthetic. He's not in any pain, and he'll be fine after he gets some rest at home. You can wait with him here until he's ready to move." She pats Yoongi's shoulder and, with a polite bow,

leaves them alone.

Yoongi shuffles forward, perching on the edge of Hoseok's bed. He twists his hand in Hoseok's grip until he can twine their fingers together, and reaches out with the sleeve of his flannel button-up to wipe the tears from Hoseok's face. "Hey, Hoseok-ah," he murmurs, bending down to brush his lips over Hoseok's forehead. "I'm here."

As they sit together for another ten minutes, Yoongi combs his fingers through Hoseok's hair while he waits for Hoseok to stop crying. Hoseok hasn't said a word yet, but his hold on Yoongi's hand is tight. The tears and sniffles begin to slow, and then stop altogether. Yoongi helps Hoseok first sit up, and then get to his feet. "It's okay," he murmurs, ducking under Hoseok's arm. "We'll get your meds, go home, and then you can sleep, okay?"

"With you?" Hoseok whispers, words lisping and thick with the gauze in his mouth, and the drugs still in his system. His fingers clench in Yoongi's shirt.

Yoongi hooks his elbow around Hoseok's waist, pulling him close. "I'm not going anywhere," he promises.

After paying for the procedure, they make their way over to the pharmacy just up the block from the clinic to get the medications Hoseok will need for his recovery. Yoongi lets go of Hoseok's waist as they approach the counter, nodding at the pharmacist. "Hello," he says with a short bow, holding out the aftercare card the receptionist provided them with before they left the clinic. "My friend just got his wisdom teeth removed, we're here to pick up the pain meds and the antibiotic?" The pharmacist takes the card from Yoongi and reads it over.

"Hyung," Hoseok whines, smacking Yoongi's arm. "Don't lie." The pharmacist looks up from the card, her eyebrows raised. Yoongi turns to stare at him. "He's my boyfriend," Hoseok tells her, his eyes solemn. The bottom of Yoongi's stomach drops six feet, but the pharmacist starts to smile, sweet and fond. "He promised to take care of me because he loves me."

The pharmacist leans forward, resting her elbow on the counter. "My girlfriend looked after me when my wisdom teeth were taken out, too," she confides in a conspiratorial tone. "Wait here, I'll get what you need."

Yoongi curls his fingers around Hoseok's wrist as soon as she's out of

sight. "What was that?" he whispers.

"The truth," Hoseok replies, shrugging. "Unless you don't love me?"

"Don't be stupid," Yoongi mutters, stroking his thumb over the back of Hoseok's hand.

Soon the pharmacist returns with two filled prescriptions in her hands, and Hoseok steps forward to pay. He reaches out to take Yoongi's hand once they're done, letting Yoongi lead the way back out to the street. Just as they walk through the door, Hoseok turns to wave back at the pharmacist over his shoulder. Yoongi glances back in time to see her return the wave, a smile on her face.

After removing the gauze, eating some cold rice porridge that Seokjin made for them, and taking his first dose of pain medication when they arrive home, Hoseok falls asleep as soon as he hits the mattress. Yoongi pushes Hoseok out of the crumpled position he landed in, rolling him onto his back and stretching his arms and legs out comfortably. Hoseok sleeps on, oblivious to the world around him. Yoongi sits down on the bed, brushing his fingers through Hoseok's hair. His cheeks are just starting to show signs of swelling.

Yoongi wakes him up every hour to check on the bleeding and helps Hoseok replace the gauze packs. Hoseok seems to have woken up for good after six hours of sporadic rest, and Yoongi looks up from his laptop, taking off his headphones when he feels fingertips graze his thigh. "You stayed," Hoseok mumbles, blinking up at Yoongi from his pillow.

"Did you think I wouldn't?" Yoongi replies, pushing his laptop to the foot of the bed. "How are you feeling?"

"Awake," Hoseok sighs, wiggling closer until he can rest his head in Yoongi's lap, instead. He fumbles free from the blankets, curling his fingers around Yoongi's wrist and dropping Yoongi's hand atop his head. His eyelids flutter with a soft sigh when Yoongi brushes Hoseok's hair back from his forehead. "I'm glad you're here looking after me," he whispers, blinking his eyes open. "Do we have any ice cream?"

Yoongi pulls a face as he attempts to do a mental inventory of their freezer. "I think there's some plain chocolate left. Maybe a few Melona bars, too. Do you want ice cream?"

At Hoseok's nod, Yoongi scoots out from beneath Hoseok's head.

Hoseok's fingers curl around Yoongi's wrist again, stopping him before he can stand. "Hey, no, where are you going?" he mumbles. "*Hyung*, don't leave me—"

Yoongi leans over and brushes his lips over Hoseok's forehead. "Do you want me to get you ice cream and your pain meds," he begins, looking into Hoseok's eyes, "or do you want me to stay here and pet your hair? I can't do both at once."

Hoseok narrows his eyes, his lips pushed out into one of the most devastating pouts that Yoongi has ever seen grace his face. "Can't you clone yourself?" he demands, and winces, his hand slipping from Yoongi's arm and cupping his cheek, instead. He takes the blood-stained gauze from his mouth. "Fuck, nevermind. Just hurry. My whole face hurts."

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi gets to his feet. "Right away, your highness," he grumbles. Rather than make a show of taking his time, however, Yoongi stuffs the bottle of pain medication into his pocket, fills a glass with water, grabs the half-full pint of ice cream from the freezer and a spoon from the drawer, and returns to Hoseok's side in less than a minute.

He sets the carton of ice cream on the bed, handing Hoseok the glass as he pushes himself up on his elbows. Wiggling the bottle from his pocket, Yoongi carefully shakes one pill free and drops it into Hoseok's outstretched palm. Yoongi sets the bottle down on his bedside table for later and takes the glass from Hoseok once he's finished.

Hoseok grabs the carton of ice cream, pressing the cold outside to his swollen cheeks between spoonfuls. "Ah, that feels better," he murmurs and climbs between Yoongi's thighs to rest back against his chest. "Did I mention I was glad you're here?" he asks. "Because I am. I'm so glad I met you, hyung. You're important to me."

Warmth blooms in Yoongi's chest. He slips his arms around Hoseok's waist, hooking his chin over Hoseok's shoulder. After another few mouthfuls of ice cream, Hoseok continues, "I like who I am a little more when I'm with you, you know? Like I can do anything." He lets out a fond sigh. "I don't think I'd be who I am today without you in my life," Hoseok murmurs. Yoongi closes his eyes, letting his hands slide underneath the hem of Hoseok's shirt to feel the warm smoothness of his skin. He feels Hoseok's lungs expand and contract with each breath, and slips his hand up further to feel the thump of his heart beating.

"I fucked Namjoon once."

That startles a laugh out of Yoongi, his eyes opening. "What? When?"

Hoseok snickers, tilting his head back on Yoongi's shoulder, his lips quirked in a mischievous smile. "A month before I met you, maybe?" he murmurs. "We got drunk and he told me that he wanted to know what it was like to get fucked, you know? So a few days later I just— I showed him, right? He came so fucking hard, like, I barely even touched him, it was hot. Of course, then he wanted to try fucking me next, so we did that, too. A lot." He snorts another laugh, his breath warm against the side of Yoongi's neck. "A *lot*."

"Seriously?" Yoongi asks, turning his head to brush his lips over Hoseok's bared throat. He can remember how disgusting Namjoon's apartment used to be before Hoseok moved in and cleaned the place up. "He's fucking filthy, though."

Out the corner of his eye, he watches Hoseok's lips curl into one of his stupidly hot smirks. "Trust me, I know," he murmurs, sounding *very* satisfied. Yoongi winces and groans his disgust, and Hoseok's smirk grows into a delighted smile. "There was this one time, he made me come like, three times when he fucked me. It was so intense, I'm pretty sure I almost died." Hoseok laughs, shaking his head.

Yoongi tightens his arms around Hoseok's waist as Hoseok lifts his head off Yoongi's shoulder, spooning some more ice cream into his mouth. He never said a word until *after* he was drugged up after surgery. Tendrils of uncertainty and jealousy coil up and settle heavy in the bottom of Yoongi's gut, hot and sick. Yoongi presses his forehead against Hoseok's shoulder, breathing out. What else could Hoseok think wasn't important enough to tell him?

"Hey hyung, remember last month when I said Taehyung ruined your new pair of Jordans?" Hoseok asks. Yoongi grunts in response, not bothering to lift his face from Hoseok's shoulder. "Taehyungie was only tangentially involved so I let him take the fall for me. I was the one who actually fucked up, I'm sorry, hyung."

"For fuck's sake, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi breathes, pulling Hoseok back against his chest. "I told Taehyung he wasn't allowed to come over anymore because of that. What the fuck did you do?"

Hoseok laughs, setting the empty ice cream container on the bedside table. "It's a long story... See, it all started with this bet that I wouldn't be able to run on the ice in running shoes, and..."

Chapter End Notes

part one of two! the next one will be porny, i promise :')

first | timeline | mix

seven

Chapter Notes

warnings for alcohol consumption (but they're sober when they start fooling around), unprotected orgasms, scratching, biting, marking in general (u know, the usual), dirty talk, orgasm delay/ edgeplay, coming untouched, multiple orgasms, come eating, felching, snowballing, overstimulation, switching, rimming, dry orgasm... i think that's everything, but please let me know if there's something i missed!!!

takes place a week after hobi got his wisdom teeth out/ch 34, and a few weeks before their not!cheating argument arc in 24-26.

you take my love and my lust
cold clock my mind, ahh
you are, you are, you are to me
like a very, very wild thing
(you are, the punch brothers)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The apartment is dark and quiet when Hoseok pushes the door shut behind him. He sets his drenched sneakers over the air vent to dry before stripping out of his coat and hanging it up in the bathroom. It's just after five, much later than he'd hoped to be home. Even though he only had classes until noon, his tutoring session with Donghyuk ran over, he'd missed his bus as a result and gotten trapped in traffic for over an hour. Now he's left cold and cranky, eager for a hot shower, dry clothes, some food, and (hopefully) a willing and sympathetic boyfriend to pet his hair until he falls asleep.

He's unsurprised to find Yoongi in his studio, hunched over his keyboard. Leaning against the doorframe, Hoseok listens as Yoongi mutters to himself. Yoongi twists in his chair to fuss with something on his laptop and returns to the keyboard. Hoseok can't hear anything but the slightest hiss and thunk as the keys depress and rise beneath Yoongi's long, clever fingers. Once he's sure that Yoongi's finished with the new sequence as he spins his chair to face his computer, Hoseok pushes the door open all the way and steps further into the room, bending over the chair to kiss Yoongi's cheek.

Yoongi startles, ramming his knee into the underside of his desk. "Ow,

fuck— hey!" One of his hands shoots down to rub at the sore spot. Pushing his headphones down to rest around his neck and turning, Yoongi reaches out to smooth his palm over Hoseok's jaw. He rises up in his chair to kiss Hoseok hello, though he seems a little distracted. "When did you get home?"

"Just now," Hoseok answers on a sigh, offering up a crooked smile. "I didn't mean to startle you— is your knee okay?" Yoongi nods and Hoseok rests his elbow on the top of the chair. "What do you want to do for dinner?"

"Besides you?" Yoongi asks. Ah, that would explain the distraction. He shakes his head, stumbling over his words as Hoseok's lips quirk, "I mean, there're leftovers in the fridge. I can go heat them up if you want to shower." Yoongi exhales a breath that's more laugh than air, his hand slipping down Hoseok's neck and onto his chest. "I should take a break from all this, anyway. Everything's starting to sound the same."

Hoseok buries his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck and breathes him in for a few moments, the stress of the day starting to melt off his shoulders. Yoongi hasn't shaved in a few days, but he smells clean and warm, hinting at a recent shower. Yoongi's hand moves further down, curling around Hoseok's waist. "Yeah," Hoseok murmurs into Yoongi's skin. "Yeah, that sounds good." He lifts his head to kiss Yoongi again. Yoongi makes a soft, pleased sound, the tips of his fingers digging into Hoseok's skin through his shirt.

There's plenty of hot water, and Hoseok takes his time in washing up, savoring the soothing heat. The water cascades down his back in a continuous stream, and he tilts his head back with his eyes closed, steam billowing around his body. He takes care to do a thorough clean up and shave, recalling Yoongi's flippant response to his dinner query.

After, Hoseok joins Yoongi in their room to eat. Somehow they end up sitting so close together on the floor they might as well be in each other's laps, Hoseok's knee pinned beneath Yoongi's. Hoseok doesn't mind. At some point while Hoseok was in the shower, Yoongi shaved his face and neck, leaving his skin smooth and soft to the touch. Between bites of food, sips of beer, and occasional strokes of the backs of his fingers over Yoongi's jaw, Hoseok fills him in on his day. It has been **A Day**, deserving of bolds and capitals: Starting with failing a quiz he'd thought he'd been prepared for; botching a simple dance move he ought to have been able to do in his sleep in front of his classmates; the tutoring session running long, causing him to miss the

express bus home; getting caught in rush hour traffic on a bus full of stressed people; ending with having no umbrella during the sudden downpour.

Yoongi places his hand on Hoseok's shoulder, his thumb slipping beneath the collar of Hoseok's shirt to stroke over his bare skin. "Sucks you had such a shitty time," he murmurs. His hand is a warm, comforting weight. "What time do you have to go to the restaurant tomorrow?"

Hoseok curls into the touch, his eyes falling shut as Yoongi's palm slides up to cup the nape of his neck. "Ah, Aeyoungie and I swapped shifts again so I know I have to work until closing, but I think I start at five. I'll have to check my schedule."

"I don't have class until three," Yoongi says. Hoseok blinks as Yoongi's hand slips away, watching him reach across the table to grab another beer and twist off the cap. "Do you want to do something with me tomorrow?" he takes a sip of the beer, leaning back against the couch.

"Okay," Hoseok replies, stealing the beer from Yoongi's hand and downing half of it. As he lowers the bottle, Hoseok takes pleasure in noting the way Yoongi's eyes linger on the line of his throat. "I was going to see if Jiminnie wanted to go to the studio to work on a new routine with me, but that can wait until this weekend. Did you have anything in mind?"

The corners of Yoongi's lips lift into a smile. "How enticing does a series of naps on various horizontal surfaces sound?" he asks, and Hoseok laughs as Yoongi snatches the bottle back to finish it off.

When they've finished eating, Yoongi piles the dishes into a stack, carrying them to the kitchen to deal with later. Hoseok gathers up the couple empty beer bottles to take out with the recycling in the morning. He makes his way to the bathroom to brush his teeth, smiling around his toothbrush when Yoongi joins him.

"Why am I even doing this now?" Yoongi mutters, squeezing toothpaste onto his brush and shoving it into his mouth. "When we both know I'm just gonna have to do it again later."

Hoseok snickers, hooking his finger into the pocket of Yoongi's sweatpants and tugging him closer. He bumps his hip against Yoongi's, jostling him. Yoongi grumbles around his toothbrush, something that sounds a lot like, '*Fuck off*.' Hoseok's smile broadens. He ducks forward to spit out a mouthful of toothpaste foam, rinsing his brush and his

mouth and straightening back up again to peck Yoongi's cheek with a wet *smack*. Yoongi grumbles some more, pushing on Hoseok's face, and Hoseok laughs his way out of the bathroom.

He sprawls out on the bed, arms and legs splayed as he blinks up at the ceiling overhead. In a few moments, Yoongi joins him. Hoseok's breath wheezes out of him in a rush as Yoongi drops half on top of him with one leg hooked overtop both of Hoseok's, his arm thrown carelessly over Hoseok's chest. "Hey, hyung?" Hoseok murmurs after he's recovered, tilting his chin. From this angle, he can only just make out the bent, relaxed tips of Yoongi's fingers. Did he even trim his fingernails? Yoongi hums in response and Hoseok turns his head to look at him. His eyes are closed, lashes fluttering against his cheeks. Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth, wanting to lean over and kiss him. He stays put, though. "Hyung," he asks, "will you pet my hair until I fall asleep?"

The corners of Yoongi's mouth twitch. "How about I fuck you to sleep?" he counters.

Hoseok takes a moment to consider this, watching Yoongi's profile. While that's not quite what he had in mind, the offer is not an unappealing one. "Could you do both?"

Blinking his eyes open as his lips curve into a real grin, Yoongi rolls onto his side. His arm slips off Hoseok's chest, but his other hand comes up to curl around the nape of Hoseok's neck, fingertips sliding into Hoseok's hair. "I can do both," he promises, leaning in.

The kisses start out sweet, little more than pecks and grazes as they inch closer together without moving their bodies much, laughing into each other's mouths. The intensity increases at such a gradual rate that it almost catches Hoseok off guard to have Yoongi pressed right up against his side, his tongue slipping past Hoseok's lips just as his hand slides further up into Hoseok's hair. Hoseok hums into it, letting his palm smooth over Yoongi's ribs and down the centre of his back.

Yoongi rolls himself up on top of Hoseok, both hands buried in Hoseok's hair as he tilts Hoseok's head back to deepen the kiss. Hoseok breathes into Yoongi's mouth, his fingernails skimming along Yoongi's back where his t-shirt has ridden up. That earns him a sharper tug of his hair, and he moans, helpless. Yoongi's breath is hot, damp and close, as he kisses first down the side of Hoseok's throat, and up the opposite to press their lips back together. His fingers slip from Hoseok's hair to push at their clothes in an absent-minded sort of way,

seeming to get sidetracked in favour of running the pads of his fingers feather-light over any bared skin, driving Hoseok to distraction.

"What do you want tonight?" Yoongi whispers against Hoseok's mouth.

Hoseok tilts his head back and drags his tongue over Yoongi's lips, flicking the tip at the highest point of his cupid's bow. Yoongi gazes down at him through heavy-lidded eyes. "Hyung," Hoseok answers honestly, gripping at Yoongi's hipbones through his sweatpants. Yoongi licks his lips and Hoseok's eyes dart down to follow the movement of his tongue. The weight of Yoongi's body pinning him down onto the mattress is at once familiar and thrilling. He looks back up to meet Yoongi's eyes and clarifies, "Just you. Anything you want. Surprise me."

Yoongi's lips curve into a smile before he rocks back down to kiss Hoseok breathless. "Let me look after you, then," he murmurs, stroking his thumb along Hoseok's jaw. Hoseok lifts his head and nuzzles back in for another kiss, his hands sliding over Yoongi's hips to grab palmfuls of his ass instead. Yoongi makes an agreeable noise, rolling his hips back into Hoseok's hold and sucking Hoseok's bottom lip into his mouth. His impatient fingers push at the hem of Hoseok's shirt, thumbs seeking out Hoseok's sensitive spots. Hoseok lets out a soft, shuddering moan muffled into Yoongi's mouth, his back curving off the bed.

With a low growl of frustration, Yoongi pushes himself up in Hoseok's lap, hauling his shirt over his head. Tangling his hand in the collar of Hoseok's t-shirt, he pulls Hoseok to sit upright. Hoseok presses his lips to the underside of Yoongi's jaw, smoothing his hands over Yoongi's back. He kisses down the side of Yoongi's throat and Yoongi makes another impatient sound, tugging on the hem of Hoseok's shirt.

"Stop being difficult," Yoongi mutters, and Hoseok smothers a laugh into Yoongi's shoulder. Hoseok drags his lips, soft and wet, back up the opposite side of Yoongi's neck to catch Yoongi's earlobe between his teeth and trace the piercings there with his tongue. Yoongi makes another sound, less annoyed and more turned on, and he tugs harder on Hoseok's shirt. he keeps pulling until it gets stuck, hooked under Hoseok's armpits. "Come on, Hoseok-ah..." He brushes his thumb over Hoseok's nipple, the edge of his nail catching on the bud. "Let me touch you."

Hoseok shivers and he lifts his arms so Yoongi can pull the shirt off and toss it over his shoulder. He slides his arms back around Yoongi's

waist, pulling him close as he tilts his chin up for another kiss. Yoongi licks into Hoseok's mouth, cupping Hoseok's jaw in his palm.

The press of their bare chests together sends a jolt down Hoseok's spine, his groan muffled against Yoongi's mouth. Hoseok can feel Yoongi starting to get hard through the thick fabric of his sweatpants. He sighs, slipping his hands underneath the waistbands of Yoongi's pants and underwear, pressing his nails into bare skin.

Yoongi's teeth dig into Hoseok's bottom lip hard enough to sting. Hoseok hisses, his hips jerking up against Yoongi's weight pinning him to the bed. As he sits back, he catches sight of the flush high in Yoongi's cheeks. His pupils are blown wide between heavy-lidded eyes, his lips pink and slick. Yoongi grinds down in Hoseok's lap, tilting his head to catch Hoseok's earlobe between his teeth. "Hyung," Hoseok gasps, wrenching his hands free from beneath Yoongi's clothes to rake his nails up Yoongi's back.

Moaning against Hoseok's ear, Yoongi's breath grows more and more shallow. His fingers curl in Hoseok's hair, yanking his head back to nip at his throat. Each flare of pain is soothed by the warmth of his tongue smoothing over each mark. Hoseok couldn't keep quiet if he tried, moaning Yoongi's name over and over as his hips buck helplessly. His fingernails trail over Yoongi's back in slow, senseless patterns, eyes clenched shut tight.

Yoongi ducks his head, sucking bruises over Hoseok's shoulder and down his chest. "I want to suck you off," he whispers, breath hot puffs of air over Hoseok's sensitive skin. Hoseok's heartbeat echoes in his ears. "Then I want to fuck you. I want to take you the fuck apart and put you back together if you'll let me." Hoseok shivers because that sounds like it's exactly what he needs, but... There's something in Yoongi's low and raspy voice, not... not *desperate*, but landing somewhere past eager. There's enough hint of a bite to his words that catches Hoseok's attention. Yoongi slips his hand down between them and rubs at Hoseok's cock through his sweatpants, though, and Hoseok gets thoroughly distracted from investigating any further.

Hoseok falls back to rest on his elbows and give Yoongi enough room to manoeuvre. Yoongi's got his lip caught between his teeth, but Hoseok can still see the smug smile playing at the corners of his mouth as Hoseok rocks his hips into Yoongi's hand. The pressure is almost enough to get him off, just from this. He lets his head droop, mouth open as he gasps for breath, each exhale a choked moan. His eyelids flutter, grinding up against Yoongi's palm. "Oh, fuck. Hyung—"

"Could you come like this, Hoseok-ah?" Yoongi asks, a hint of a laugh in his voice. "Should we forget about everything else?"

"For fuck's sake," Hoseok growls, pushing off the bed, catching Yoongi around the waist and rolling them both over. He grinds his hips against Yoongi's ass, dragging his teeth over Yoongi's collarbone. Yoongi makes a weak noise, his breath hitching. "No, I want you to fill me up," Hoseok whispers, his nails digging into Yoongi's skin. "I want you to fuck me so hard I'm still feeling it tomorrow. Wait." Yoongi's lips quirk into a smile when Hoseok leans back enough to meet his gaze. Something clicks into place. "Is this why you asked me what time I go to work tomorrow?" he demands, a laugh bubbling up his throat. "Hyung, you little shit."

"Can you blame me?" Yoongi laughs, breathless and trembling. "I'm just looking out for you, Hoseok-ah." One of his hands curls in Hoseok's hair as the other slips under the waistband of Hoseok's sweatpants. Hoseok enjoys the way his eyes darken when Yoongi realizes Hoseok did not put any underwear on after his shower. He yanks Hoseok down by the grip he has in Hoseok's hair, catching Hoseok's bottom lip between his teeth and tugging sharply. Hoseok's breath hitches, his hips rolling against Yoongi's ass.

"Get these off, I wanna feel you," Yoongi breathes into Hoseok's mouth, pushing at the waistband of Hoseok's sweatpants. The elastic slips down over the swell of Hoseok's ass easily. Yoongi lets go, pushing at his own remaining clothes, and Hoseok backs up, kicking his pants off and reaching to help Yoongi out of his. Once he's naked, Yoongi flops over near the edge of the bed, reaching out to fumble the bedside table drawer open and grab the bottle of lube.

Hoseok presses his chest to Yoongi's back as he sits up, letting his hands slide down Yoongi's front. He alternates kisses and bites along the nape of Yoongi's neck, and Yoongi sighs, tilting his head to the side to give Hoseok more room to work. "Want me to get you off?" Hoseok whispers, letting his fingertips ghost over the tip of Yoongi's cock. "It'd suck if you nut the second you get around to fucking me, especially if you wanna blow me first." He kisses just behind Yoongi's ear. "We both know how much you like sucking dick."

Yoongi lets out a shuddery sound that's more breath than laugh, leaning against Hoseok's chest. "Yeah," he murmurs, his head falling back onto Hoseok's shoulder. "You make a solid argument." He grabs Hoseok's hand, raising it to his mouth to lick a wet stripe across his palm and guiding it back down to curl around his cock. Hoseok

follows the rhythm and pace Yoongi sets after Yoongi moves to grip Hoseok's thighs, instead. His nails bite into Hoseok's skin, a moan caught in the back of his throat as Hoseok gathers up the precome leaking from the head of his cock to ease the glide of his palm. "Fuck," Yoongi gasps, his hips bucking up into Hoseok's hold. "You're almost too good at this."

Tucking a grin into the crook of Yoongi's neck, Hoseok replies, "What, jerking off?" He laughs, tightening his grip and pumping Yoongi's cock even faster. "I guess I do get a bit of practice."

"I know," Yoongi groans, bucking his hips and tipping his head forward to watch the head of his cock peek through the tight clench of Hoseok's fingers. Hoseok sucks a bruise just behind Yoongi's ear and Yoongi lets out another moan. "You should let me watch sometime."

"Let you watch me jerk off?" Hoseok asks, catching his lip between his teeth when Yoongi nods. Now there's an interesting idea. Maybe he could try filming himself. Hoseok can already tell how much Yoongi would enjoy it, from how hard and thick his cock has gotten against Hoseok's palm just thinking about it. "Come on, hyung," he whispers, twisting his wrist. "Come for me." He drags the nails of his free hand across Yoongi's chest and Yoongi shudders.

It doesn't take much more than that. Yoongi's hips buck up one final time before his dick twitches in Hoseok's hand, come splattering onto the sheets in front of them and dribbling down the backs of Hoseok's fingers. Hoseok strokes Yoongi through it, kissing the top of Yoongi's shoulder as Yoongi comes back down. Yoongi's chest heaves, and Hoseok smiles, lifting his hand to suck the come off of his fingers.

With a whining, needy moan, Yoongi twists around to kiss Hoseok, pushing him back on the bed. The kiss is sloppy, Yoongi cupping Hoseok's cheeks in his palms and licking deep into Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok meets each kiss but gentles it, letting his clean hand stroke through Yoongi's hair. Yoongi sighs into the next kiss, his hands sliding down Hoseok's chest, lips drifting across Hoseok's cheek. As his fingers curl around Hoseok's cock, he nips at Hoseok's jaw. The corners of his mouth lift into a gentle grin as Hoseok ducks his chin to brush his lips over the tip of Yoongi's nose.

"Spread your legs," Yoongi whispers, kissing Hoseok once more. "It's your turn." Hoseok hears the creak of the lube cap flicking open. The first touch of Yoongi's slicked fingers against his hole makes Hoseok shiver. he spreads his knees enough for Yoongi to settle between them,

and Yoongi trails kisses down Hoseok's neck and chest as one of his fingers slips inside Hoseok's body. Yoongi jerks Hoseok's cock slow, with only just enough pressure to keep Hoseok stimulated and hard, his tongue smoothing over one of Hoseok's nipples.

After a few moments, Yoongi adds a second finger, slow and insistent, and Hoseok bites down on his bottom lip. He relaxes, his eyelids fluttering shut. It's little more than a dull pressure now, with no hint of pain. Yoongi's teeth graze Hoseok's nipple, and Hoseok moans, trying to work himself down on Yoongi's fingers as he draws back for more lube.

"You know, I thought about this all day," Yoongi whispers, slipping his fingers back into Hoseok. "Kept getting distracted thinking about how beautiful you'd look like this." He twists his fingers, knuckles spreading Hoseok open *wider*. Hoseok's back arches, his hands gripping the sheets so hard his knuckles turn white. Yoongi's fingers slip back until only the pads of his fingertips are pressing against Hoseok's rim.

Yoongi presses his lips to the bend of Hoseok's knee. His mouth is warm and wet, his eyes soft as he gazes up at Hoseok. "Couldn't focus on anything, just kept wondering how many times I could get you off." Another finger, slick and cold. Hoseok throws his head back on the bed, the stretch a subtle ache as Yoongi slides in past his second knuckles and crooks his fingers. "Oh, my god, look at you. Do you even know what you do to me?"

"Trust me," Hoseok gasps. "The feeling's mutual."

With a smile turning up the corner of his mouth, Yoongi lets go of Hoseok's cock, lube-slicked hand sliding up over Hoseok's quivering abdominal muscles. His fingertips skim Hoseok's ribs until they come to a stop over his chest. His palm brushes against Hoseok's nipple with each ragged breath Hoseok drags into lungs, hardening the bud. Yoongi rubs his thumb around it in slow, firm circles, keeping the same pace of his steady fingers pumping in and out of Hoseok's hole. Hoseok moans again, helplessly, his hips bucking up into nothing. "God," Yoongi repeats, breathless and almost *awed*. A fourth finger flirts at Hoseok's rim but doesn't press inside. Hoseok whimpers, his hands twisting in the sheets. Hoseok half-wishes Yoongi would. "Look at you. You're so good."

Leaning up, Yoongi kisses Hoseok, and Hoseok's moan is muffled against Yoongi's lips. Even this close, he can feel Yoongi's laughter

more than hear it. Yoongi sits back just enough to get his hand back on Hoseok's cock. He increases the pressure and his pace, rubbing his fingers slickly over the head. Hoseok's hips jerk up into his hold, wetting his lips with a swipe of his tongue. He's so *close*.

Just before he can come, Yoongi lets go.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Hoseok hisses, bucking his hips up into nothing, but it's too late. It's gone. "You fucking *fuck*." His chest heaves with each shuddering breath, and he scowls up at the ceiling, disappointment simmering low in his gut.

Yoongi's hand massages Hoseok's thigh. He hooks his fingers behind Hoseok's knee, spreading his legs a bit further apart. "Come on," he murmurs, letting go and cupping Hoseok's lower back in his palm. "Let me see." Hoseok lifts his hips up a bit, watching as Yoongi stares, entranced, at the smooth glide of his fingers sliding in and out of Hoseok's body. The slick, wet sounds of the lube makes Hoseok shudder. "*Fuck*," Yoongi says, dragging out the word on a slow exhale. "You're so..." Hoseok never finds out what he is, as Yoongi's hand slips up to curl around Hoseok's cock to stroke him once more.

"Oh, thank fuck," Hoseok sighs, pressing his head against the mattress and thrusting up into Yoongi's fist. Again, Yoongi lets go before Hoseok can come, his hand sliding up over Hoseok's chest. His slicked fingers circle and pinch at Hoseok's nipples, which feels nice, but getting to come would feel a hell of a lot nicer. "Let me fucking come, you dick!" Hoseok grits out.

Yoongi just laughs at him. "What's the rush?"

He repeats the process twice more, either stroking Hoseok's chest and abs, or down his legs. Hoseok curses him each time, but whenever he moves to grasp his own dick, Yoongi slips his fingers free from Hoseok's hole and settles back on his heels, out of reach. The feeling of emptiness chokes a gasp out of Hoseok, his thighs trembling. "Please give me more," Hoseok whispers, finally, letting go of his pride. He's had enough of all this teasing. "Hyung, please." His voice breaks and he sets his jaw, eyes closed. Yoongi leans up to kiss him, sweet and slow, both his hands smoothing up over Hoseok's waist. Hoseok can feel his cock, half-hard again, brush against his thigh as he sits back.

Hoseok lets himself relax into the mattress, each breath measured and deep. His cock is hard and hot where it rests against his belly, and his

body is tense... But he feels a sense of calm settle over him, almost as if he's floating. He doesn't so much as twitch when he feels Yoongi's fingers slide through the slick mess of lube around his hole.

He doesn't know how long it's been since they started. Though he's aware of time passing, he has no idea how much, and he doesn't care to know, either. Distantly, he can hear the rainstorm outside lashing the windows. The apartment is over-warm, and sweat prickles on his skin. He can feel Yoongi's gaze slide up his body like a physical thing, and his eyes flutter open as he looks down to meet him.

There's a flush high in Yoongi's cheeks, his dark, sweat-damp hair mussed like he'd run his fingers through it and hanging over his bright eyes, almost hiding them from view. Yoongi presses his mouth to the bend of Hoseok's knee as fingers, covered in enough lube that it drips onto the sheets, slip back into Hoseok's body. There's no resistance, not anymore. Hoseok is smooth and relaxed and *ready*. "What do you want me to do first?" Yoongi murmurs against Hoseok's skin. "Want me to suck you?" He kisses further up Hoseok's thigh, sucking a bruise there.

It stings, but in a good way. Hoseok lets out a little whining moan as he feels Yoongi's teeth graze his skin. His hips twitch down against Yoongi's hand, needing him deeper, needing more girth, something, *anything*. "Yoongi-yah," he gasps. "Please—"

Yoongi slips a third finger inside and it's still so *easy*. "Want me to fuck you?" Yoongi asks, and he kisses a bit further up Hoseok's thigh, his lips puckered and sweet. Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth, clenching the sheets in his hands. "Want me to eat you out until you cry?" Yoongi twists his wrist and the pads of all three of his fingers drag over Hoseok's prostate.

Hoseok closes his eyes as his thighs spasm around Yoongi's shoulders, and he can feel the stretch of Yoongi's grin against the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. "How about all three?" Yoongi whispers, and a shiver rustles all the way down Hoseok's spine. His voice is so low and rough Hoseok can feel it right down to his bones. "Could you do three for me, Hoseok-ah?" Yoongi thrusts hard with his fingers,

and it's that, combined with the sharp edge of his teeth set into the meaty muscle of Hoseok's thigh that has Hoseok arching his back, his hips bucking up into nothing. He clenches down hard on Yoongi's fingers with a cry as ropes of come splash up over his chest and abs. "Oh, fuck," Hoseok gasps. "Yoongi-yah, fuck, *fuck*—"

His fingers slip free from Hoseok's body and Hoseok lets out a strangled noise, distressed and flailing. Empty, empty, *empty*. Yoongi stares, his eyes wide and stunned. "Holy shit," he says, voice barely audible through the roaring in Hoseok's ears. "I never — holy *shit*, Hoseok-ah."

"Hyung, please—" His voice hitches, breath edging too close to a sob. *Empty*. Hoseok's vision is blurry. He blinks, feeling hot tears spill down his cheeks. Yoongi swoops forward to swipe the wet away with his thumbs, murmuring sweet reassurances that Hoseok can't make any sense of. Hoseok curls his arms around Yoongi's neck, bringing their mouths together and kissing him, deep and wanting.

Yoongi hums into the kiss. Every now and then Hoseok lets out a soft, hiccuping moan as he comes down from the orgasm. He curls his legs around Yoongi's hips and licks further into Yoongi's mouth, feeling the shift of Yoongi's muscles beneath his skin as Hoseok trails his hands down Yoongi's back. Whenever he tries to draw Yoongi close enough to touch, Yoongi fights it, locking his arms at the elbows and pushing back.

"You okay?" Yoongi whispers between kisses, leaning on his elbow and stroking through Hoseok's hair with his free hand.

Hoseok nods, his eyes falling shut as Yoongi's lips brush over his forehead. His whole body still feels like he's floating, almost distant from inside himself. The rain is a steady rhythm as the droplets hit the windows. "Yeah," he sighs.

"Do you need anything? Water? A break?"

Shaking his head, Hoseok wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue, blinking. The colours seem almost oversaturated for a moment before his eyes adjust, taking in the faint pink flush blooming across Yoongi's cheeks and spreading down his chest. "I'm okay," he replies, brushing his nails over Yoongi's nape. "I'll let you know if anything changes." He breathes a laugh, letting his hands comb through Yoongi's hair, cupping the back of his head. "I told you I could come just from your fingers before, didn't I? You didn't believe me, did you?"

Yoongi grins, shaking his head as he leans in for another kiss, soft and sweet. "That's talent," he breathes, and Hoseok laughs again. His lips drift, tongue sweeping over a drop of come that hit Hoseok's chin, and he continues kissing down Hoseok's throat. He sits back on his heels, ducking down to start from the bottom and work his way up.

Hoseok moans, arching up towards the warmth of Yoongi's tongue. He smirks when he hears Yoongi curse under his breath. He can't help feeling a little smug. Every now and then, Yoongi likes to think he's the one in control when they play like this, but they're both just as fucked. It's rare that either one of them has the upper hand for long.

"One down, three to go," Hoseok thinks he hears Yoongi say, but he gets a little distracted when two of Yoongi's slicked fingers slip back into his body. He pumps them in Hoseok's hole with slow drags that mimic the long laves of his tongue over Hoseok's chest and belly.

Hoseok shudders, jerking away from Yoongi's touch and trying to close his legs, but Yoongi's in the way. It doesn't hurt yet, but it's right on the borderline of too much, too overwhelming. "Too soon, too soon," he whimpers, curling his fingers in Yoongi's hair and tugging. Yoongi's tongue rasps over Hoseok's nipple. "Hyung, not yet, I *can't*..."

Yoongi shakes his head, sitting back up to press his mouth to Hoseok's opposite knee and leave a trail of bruises. At this rate, Hoseok'll have a matching set in the morning. Maybe it's a good thing he's not going to the studio with Jimin tomorrow after all. "You can handle it, can't you?" Yoongi asks, his eyes bright and teasing. Hoseok makes a soft, pleading noise, but his cock doesn't go soft. He's still so hard. "You can do it," Yoongi whispers, and he sucks another bruise further up on Hoseok's thigh. "God," Yoongi breathes, lips moving against Hoseok's skin. "Look at you." He speeds up, but it's still gentle. Hoseok squirms, grabbing at the sheets once more. It starts to feel good, and then *really* good, warmth tingling as it spreads throughout Hoseok's body. "You can do it," Yoongi repeats, his voice hoarse. "You want another, Hoseok-ah?"

Ah, fuck it. Nodding, Hoseok claps a hand over his mouth to muffle a shout as Yoongi's fingers curl around the base of his cock. Hoseok's back lifts up off the bed with another moan and precome dribbles down the side of his cock, pooling with the rest of it on his belly. Yoongi changes the tightness of his grip seemingly at random, alternating between fast, firm strokes and feather-light touches. Whenever Hoseok feels he might be close, Yoongi lets him go to stroke over his chest and thighs, instead.

"This fucking bullshit again?" Hoseok demands between his fingers, his fingernails digging into his own cheek. "Hyung, why are you trying to kill me? Don't you think that's too much?"

"There's no such thing as too much," Yoongi laughs, rubbing the palm

of his hand over Hoseok's balls until Hoseok lifts his hips up off the bed in hopes of more friction.

Hoseok groans. "Fuck me harder, then."

Letting go of Hoseok's cock to brace himself on the bed, Yoongi shifts forward between Hoseok's thighs, using the force of his hips behind his hand to ram into Hoseok even harder. Hoseok grips at the sheets, bucking down to meet each thrust with louder and louder moans of Yoongi's name. "Better?" Yoongi asks, a cocky grin spreading across his face when Hoseok manages to lift his head and look up at him.

"Get over here and kiss me, you dick," Hoseok stutters, curling his legs over Yoongi's hips to lift his ass off the bed and propping himself up on his hands. Yoongi leans forward to press their lips together. It's an awkward fit this way, more panting into each other's mouths than kissing, but Hoseok catches Yoongi's lip between his teeth. Yoongi's breath hitches and Hoseok feels a sense of satisfaction settle down in his bones.

Yoongi twists his fingers inside Hoseok's body, and Hoseok's hips jerk with a whining groan. Frantically, he tries to balance his weight on one hand and wrap his free hand on his cock. Yoongi curls his arm around Hoseok's waist, helping to hold him up as he thrusts his hips and fucks Hoseok hard with his fingers. "Yoongi-yah, please— I'm so —"

"Come on, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi gasps, pressing his mouth the base of Hoseok's throat. "Let go." He sucks a bruise there, and Hoseok's toes curl in the sheets. Hoseok rubs at the head of his cock, his head tilted back as Yoongi's lips drift over his shoulder. Yoongi bites down on a bruise he'd left when they were still making out and Hoseok's hips undulate as he comes with a shout of Yoongi's name. He rides Yoongi's fingers and strokes himself through it, milking out the last few stringy strands of come from his cock.

Dazed and reeling, Hoseok lowers his body back down on the bed. He makes a weak noise as Yoongi slips his fingers free and uses both hands to massage Hoseok's trembling thighs. Yoongi smiles, leaning forward and licking up the come splattered on Hoseok's chest. "Fuck," Hoseok whispers, sounding hoarse and wrecked to his own ears.

He holds up his hand, and Yoongi sucks Hoseok's fingers into his mouth, licking every trace of come from Hoseok's skin. His warm tongue slips down between Hoseok's index and middle fingers, eyelids

fluttering. He hollows his cheeks and sucks hard as he draws back, pressing his lips to Hoseok's fingertips. "Yoongi-yah..." Hoseok curls his hand around the nape of Yoongi's neck and hauls him in close for a kiss, curling his legs around Yoongi's hips until their bodies are pressed tight together.

"You still okay?" Yoongi asks between kisses. Hoseok nods, tilting his head and licking deeper into Yoongi's mouth with a needy little noise. "Do you need anything?" Yoongi asks. Hoseok shakes his head, and he feels Yoongi's lips curve into a smile. "Good. Want me to suck you off now?"

"So you *are* trying to kill me," Hoseok mutters. Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair and Hoseok hums, his eyes fluttering shut. "Why are you trying to kill me? I thought you loved me."

"You know I do," Yoongi's soft voice hitches with a laugh. "I just want you to feel good." Hoseok peers at him through his eyelashes. "Do you want me to suck your dick or not?"

Hoseok groans, burying his face in the crook of Yoongi's shoulder. He still smells pleasant, clean sweat lingering beneath the fresh, herbal scent of their body wash. "Give me a fucking minute, then," he says, biting at Yoongi's collarbones. "I need a little more time to recover."

"Are you sure about that?" Yoongi whispers, sliding a hand down to rub the heel of his palm over Hoseok's balls. Hoseok twitches, still over-sensitive and touching down on the periphery of pain, but his dick somehow hasn't flagged much yet. He spreads his thighs a little further apart, angling his hips up against Yoongi's hand. Yoongi huffs a laugh. "Because it doesn't feel like it."

"I hate you the most. Why are you such a dick," Hoseok grumbles, and Yoongi keeps laughing, tugging on Hoseok's hair until he moans and lifts his head for another kiss. Yoongi's hand curls around Hoseok's cock, stroking him back up to a full hardness. Hoseok's little sighing moan is muffled into Yoongi's mouth, and he digs his nails into Yoongi's back. "*Dick*," he mumbles, and Yoongi laughs.

After another few shorter kisses like he can't help himself, Yoongi draws back and rubs his thumb over the head of Hoseok's cock. Hoseok twitches again, helplessly. Fondness settles in the contours of Yoongi's lips, and he ducks down to leave a trail of sweet, soft kisses down the side of Hoseok's cock. His lips are trembling like he's holding back another laugh. Hoseok catches his bottom lip between

his teeth, the warmth in his cheeks spreading from the top of his head to the very tips of his toes. Yoongi glances back up at Hoseok as he tongues at the head. A shudder rolls down Hoseok's spine as Yoongi takes Hoseok's cock into his mouth and sucks him down. His eyes flutter shut, and Hoseok shudders, throwing an arm over his eyes.

"Oh, my fucking god." Hoseok's entire world narrows down to the hot, wet slide of Yoongi's mouth and the tight stretch of his lips as Yoongi takes Hoseok down as far as he can. Hoseok hears the lube cap flick open and he moans as Yoongi's fingers slide back inside him, fucking him with the same slow pace as his mouth working on Hoseok's cock. "Yoongi hyung," Hoseok whines, arching his back. It's only just on the bearable side of too much to handle. Hoseok lets his hand slide down to curl in Yoongi's hair, tilting his hips and rolling further into Yoongi's mouth and deeper onto his fingers.

Yoongi drags his lips down the underside of Hoseok's cock to mouth at his balls, Hoseok slips his arm down to cover his mouth, digging his teeth into the flesh of his forearm to muffle loud, moaned plea for more. Yoongi pulls his fingers free and spends a few moments there, nuzzling in between Hoseok's thighs. He runs his tongue back up to the tip and laps at the precome leaking from the slit before sucking Hoseok's cock back between his lips.

He takes Hoseok down until the head hits the back of his throat and swallows a few times, taking him further and further in before pulling off to breathe. He jacks Hoseok off as he catches his breath, and then repeats the process, taking Hoseok in further and further in until his nose is pressed against Hoseok's body. He hollows his cheeks as he pulls back, sucking hard and wet and *loud*. Hoseok's breath hisses out between his teeth as Yoongi's fingers slip back inside him, repeating Yoongi's name over and over like a prayer. It's overwhelming, all-consuming, like Yoongi's trying to hit every single one of Hoseok's buttons over and over until either his brain short-circuits or he faints. Whichever happens first.

Hoseok leans up on his elbows. It's indecent how good Yoongi looks like this, naked with sweat glistening down the length of his spine, bent over Hoseok as he sucks him down. He's amazed to see that Yoongi's got one hand reaching around to play with his own ass, fucking himself and Hoseok with the same rhythm. "Yoongi-yah, holy fuck," Hoseok whispers.

Yoongi's eyes flick up, heavy-lidded and gleaming with unshed tears and full of intent to make damn sure Hoseok feels *everything*. Hoseok's

hips jerk up towards Yoongi's mouth. Gagging, Yoongi pulls back abruptly to cough, pulling his fingers free from Hoseok's hole and shooting Hoseok a dirty look. Hoseok feels bad about it for almost three entire seconds before he remembers he's had two orgasms in short order as Yoongi guns for a third without giving him or his aching cock a chance to recover. Just maybe Yoongi should have a little discomfort, too, to make it fair.

Hooking his arm over Hoseok's hips, Yoongi forces him back down on the bed with a growl low in his throat. Well, *fuck*. Alright then. Hoseok falls back on the bed with a gasp as Yoongi starts sucking him even harder, bobbing his head and taking him deep in his throat once more. As soon as he's sure Hoseok will behave, his arm slips off Hoseok's hips and returns to fucking him with his fingers, not letting Hoseok catch his breath for even a second.

"I'm close," Hoseok whispers. "Yoongi-yah, I'm gonna— fuck—!" Moaning, Yoongi redoubles his efforts, sucking harder, bobbing his head faster and swirling his tongue until Hoseok comes right down his throat.

Hoseok shouts, his spine locked and melting all at once as his eyes roll back, the orgasm ripped out of him with such abrupt intensity that it leaves him winded and aching. Yoongi works him through it until every last shudder and broken moan has been wrung from Hoseok's body, sucking at Hoseok's cock and fucking him with his fingers until it's too much. Hoseok gasps, jerking away by instinct to escape the electric, jolting burn of oversensitivity, his legs trying to clamp shut around Yoongi's shoulders. Yoongi licks the tip of Hoseok's cock and sits back on his heels. He's got come trickling down his chin and Hoseok whimpers, hips bucking as he clenches feebly around Yoongi's fingers.

As Yoongi's fingers slip from Hoseok's body, the breath hisses out between Hoseok's teeth, his thighs trembling. Without Yoongi touching him anymore, anywhere, the emptiness is overwhelming, sudden and sharp, almost devastating. Hoseok makes a weak noise, his eyelids fluttering, his throat dry and clicking as he swallows. Over the sound of his heartbeat, he can still hear the lewd, slick sounds of Yoongi's fingers, his little whimpering moans, as he keeps fucking himself. With difficulty, Hoseok lifts his heavy head.

Thighs spread, Yoongi has three of his fingers crooked and ramming up into himself fast and hard. As their eyes meet, Yoongi swipes the come off his chin and licks it off the back of his hand. Hoseok groans,

struggling to sit upright. Yoongi turns, rising up onto his knees to give Hoseok a good view. *Fuck*. Hoseok reaches up to rub his hands over Yoongi's hips, and Yoongi moans, arching his back.

"Will you fuck me? Can you?" he asks, looking back over his shoulder to meet Hoseok's gaze. His voice is rough and strained, eyes bright. "You fuck me, then I fuck you, Hoseok-ah?"

Hoseok lets out a strangled moan, a frantic need shivering through his body. "Yeah, hyung," he replies hoarsely, digging his nails into Yoongi's skin and pulling him back. Yoongi hisses, fucking himself a little harder. "Yeah. Come here." Yoongi turns back around, walking on his knees until he straddles Hoseok's thighs. Hoseok leans in to kiss Yoongi's jaw, and then his lips as Yoongi tilts his head down to meet his mouth. His hands slide around Yoongi's waist, slipping down his spine until his fingertips brush over Yoongi's stretched-out rim. Yoongi's moan is muffled into Hoseok's mouth, hips bucking back against Hoseok's fingers.

Precome dribbles from his cock, dripping onto Hoseok's thigh. "Please," Yoongi whispers, as Hoseok kisses down his neck. Hoseok curls down just enough to suck the head of Yoongi's cock into his mouth, tonguing at the slit. His cock is heavy and hot and hard. It must hurt after going so long without coming. His natural scent is more concentrated here, a subtle musk Hoseok can't help but inhale deeply. He still smells so good. A shudder runs down Yoongi's spine, and he shoves Hoseok back onto the bed. He scoops up the lube, slicking Hoseok's cock, lining up and sinking down before Hoseok can even catch his breath.

Yoongi lifts and lowers himself a few times, sinking further and further down until his ass is flush to Hoseok's bony hips. His breathing hitches, eyes clenched shut. A bead of sweat drips off his chin and lands on Hoseok's abdomen. "Fuck," he mutters, his muscles shifting around Hoseok's cock as he stretches out and adjusts. "*Fuck*."

Concerned, Hoseok rubs Yoongi's thighs. He's trembling all over, damn near vibrating in Hoseok's lap. "Are you okay?" Hoseok whispers. "Did you go too fast, hyung?" Yoongi starts shaking his head before Hoseok even finishes speaking, blinking his eyes open. He sighs,

"No, no," with a crooked smile spreading across his face. "I almost fucking came, just from sitting on your cock. That was close." Oh. Hoseok's breath hitches, hips twitching. Yoongi gasps, catching his lip between his teeth. With his hands braced on Hoseok's chest, he lifts up

and starts fucking himself down on Hoseok's cock. His head tilts back on a moan when Hoseok matches Yoongi's rhythm, thrusting up each time Yoongi sinks down. Yoongi lets his head fall back, showing off the line of his throat, making sweet little sounds with each thrust. He looks fucking *beautiful* like this, almost ethereal, his skin glistening in the low light as a pink flush creeps down his chest.

Hoseok's hands travel from Yoongi's thighs, up his arms to his shoulders and around the nape of Yoongi's neck, the glide of his palms eased by sweat. His fingers trail down over Yoongi's chest, and he rubs his thumbs over Yoongi's nipples. Yoongi's hips jerk and he rocks down into Hoseok's lap even harder, clenching around Hoseok's cock. Hoseok plays with one nipple and lets his other hand drop down to curl around Yoongi's cock, feeling the way Yoongi's abdominal muscles flex and contract with each thrust. Yoongi's groans low in his throat, rolling his hips up into Hoseok's hand. Hoseok gasps at the bite of Yoongi's nails into his skin.

"That's not cute, you little shit," Yoongi mutters, tilting his head to the side as he gazes down at Hoseok through heavy-lidded eyes. "Stop it." Pursing his lips, Hoseok blows him a kiss, twisting his wrist. Yoongi covers his mouth with his hand. It does little to muffle the loud moan or the way his eyelids flutter. "You're so annoying."

Somehow this brings to mind Yoongi murmuring something that sounded a lot like '*One down, three to go*,' and '*Could you do three for me,*' earlier that night. Hoseok plants his feet and fucks up into Yoongi even harder. "Hyung, what did you mean by three before?" he gasps when Yoongi clenches down on him again. "Are you fucking *jealous* of Kim Namjoon? Seriously?" he asks, his voice low and gently teasing. "Is that what all this is about?" Yoongi's eyes pop open in surprise, a flush rising in his cheeks. Hoseok can't help the grin spreading across his face at the sight of it. 'Flustered' is in the top five of his favourite Yoongi expressions.

... But for a fraction of a second, everything seems to go off-kilter. It feels almost as if the world has slowed down around them. Yoongi's rhythm falters, his face falling somewhere between one heartbeat and the next, and then...

And then Yoongi laughs, bending down to kiss Hoseok, his hands curling into Hoseok's hair. "Shut the fuck up and tell me that I'm better than him," he murmurs against Hoseok's mouth, nipping at Hoseok's bottom lip. His tone is light as he sits up just enough to meet Hoseok's gaze, but there's a whisper of an edge to his voice. Hoseok can't quite

put his finger on it, but he knows it's not aggressive, angry, or possessive. Not exactly. It's something softer than that. There's a gleam in Yoongi's eyes, and his nails scrape over Hoseok's scalp as his fingers slide to cup the back of Hoseok's head.

Hoseok laughs, letting his hands curl around Yoongi's nape. "Which one did you want me to do, shut the fuck up or tell you you're better? Those are two very different things, Yoongi-yah, you weren't clear—" Shutting him up with another kiss, Yoongi clenches down on Hoseok's cock. He catches hold of both Hoseok's hands, blocking him from touching Yoongi's cock anymore. Yoongi pins Hoseok's wrists on the bed over Hoseok's head and rolls his hips with soft little moans stifled into the side of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok could free himself if he wanted, it would be easy to distract Yoongi... But Yoongi tightens his grip on Hoseok's wrists, little more than a subtle flex of his fingers, and that sends a shiver down Hoseok's spine.

Rocking in Hoseok's lap, Yoongi rides him as hard as he can for as long as he can. He must be getting tired by now. The bedframe creaks with each shift of their bodies meeting each other, the sweat-slick sheets rustling and sticking to their skin, the air around them filled with breathless moans and soft grunts. Just beyond that, Hoseok can hear the rain lashing the windows, the wind howling as it weaves around and slams into apartment buildings.

As his rhythm starts to falter, Yoongi releases Hoseok's hands, tugging on Hoseok's shoulders until they both sit up together. Breathing heavily, Yoongi sags against Hoseok's chest, his body quivering from the exertion. Hoseok holds onto Yoongi's hips and helps lift him up, fucking up into him as Yoongi sinks down. It's much slower and shallower this way, but Yoongi clutches to Hoseok's shoulders, whispering,

"Come in me. I want you to." He mouths at Hoseok's ear, each heaving breath hot against Hoseok's neck. "Please, Hoseok-ah. Come in me."

Hoseok holds Yoongi up just enough to get his legs folded underneath himself for more leverage. With his arms curled around Yoongi's waist, Hoseok fucks him harder and faster while Yoongi tucks his face into the crook of Hoseok's neck to muffle a loud moan. His hand moves up from Hoseok's shoulder to clench in Hoseok's hair, pulling his head back to bite at Hoseok's throat, sharp little points of pain. He tugs harder and it's overwhelming, pleasure surrounding Hoseok, waves of it crashing over his head to send him reeling into the undertow.

With a drawn out groan, Hoseok comes, shaking apart and it *hurts*, but it's so good. His whole body is shaking, gasping for breath even as Yoongi lifts his head, cupping Hoseok's cheeks in his hands and tilting his head down for a kiss. It's soft, Yoongi's lips trembling as he presses them against Hoseok's. As they part, Hoseok stares up at Yoongi. His pretty mouth is open, pink and wet, his eyes heavy-lidded and glittering with a promise that sends shivers down Hoseok's spine.

After a moment, Yoongi lifts up off Hoseok's cock. Somehow, he didn't come, and pushes Hoseok's hands away when he reaches out to grasp his cock and get him off. Yoongi reaches back behind himself, and Hoseok frowns in confusion until he sees his come on the tips of Yoongi's fingers. He groans again. Yoongi looks up at him, sucking his fingers into his mouth, and Hoseok pushes on Yoongi's hip with weak hands. "Turn around, Yoongi-yah," he whispers, voice rough. He pats his chin and lies back on the bed. "I'll get it for you."

Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue, his eyes very dark. "You want me to sit on your face?" He hesitates just long enough for Hoseok to nod before shifting forward into position. Once he's settled, Hoseok hooks an arm around Yoongi's hips and lifts his head to lick Yoongi's hole. Yoongi jolts in surprise, pressing back against Hoseok's mouth with a soft, pleased sound. It's an awkward angle, his wrist starting to hurt from the cramped position, but Hoseok works him open with his fingers and the tip of his tongue until the come drips into his mouth. It's bitter. He pats Yoongi's thigh, and Yoongi climbs off, spinning and ducking down to kiss him at once. Hoseok pushes the come into his mouth and Yoongi moans, digging his nails into Hoseok's skin, pulling him closer.

Hoseok rolls onto his side, reaching out to tug on Yoongi's hip until he does the same. He curls an arm around Yoongi's waist until they're pressed together and slips a knee between Yoongi's thighs. Yoongi makes a soft sound into Hoseok's mouth, brushing his fingers through Hoseok's hair. His touch is light, comforting in a way that sinks down underneath Hoseok's skin. As they part for a deeper breath, Yoongi rests his forehead against Hoseok's, and Hoseok strokes his hand up and down Yoongi's back.

"You need anything?" Yoongi asks.

"Water," Hoseok replies. He tightens his arm around Yoongi's middle, nuzzling in for another long kiss. Yoongi sighs into it, cupping Hoseok's jaw in his palm, before gently pushing him back onto the mattress. Hoseok keeps his eyes closed as he feels Yoongi slip off the

bed.

The storm outside is beginning to slow. Though the rain hasn't stopped, the wind has since died down. Hoseok sighs, running his hands over his chest and down his stomach towards his cock. He avoids it, skirting the tips of his fingers over his inner thighs and hissing out a breath as his oversensitive skin still tingles even at the lightest touch.

He hears creaking floorboards and, blinking his eyes open, tilts his head up to watch Yoongi upside-down as he approaches. His cock is still hard and standing fully erect between his thighs, flushed dark and shining at the head with precome. Hoseok sits up on his elbows. He accepts the glass, draining it in a few gulps. Yoongi sets the empty cup on the bedside table and sits back down beside him, reaching out and smoothing Hoseok's fringe back from his forehead. "You look tired," Yoongi whispers, and Hoseok hums. "Do you want to go to bed? It's okay—"

"The fuck?" Hoseok's voice comes out more incredulous than he'd intended. He blinks his eyes open and ducks out from underneath Yoongi's hand. "No." Yoongi lowers his hand back down to rest on the mattress between them. Hoseok stares down at Yoongi's parted fingers, frowning. "No, you said you were gonna fuck me, hyung. I still want you to. I wanna feel you—"

"Okay," Yoongi interrupts. When Hoseok looks up at him, he's smiling. "Okay. I'll give you what you need, then. Lie down and push your hips up for me."

Hoseok's heart rate spikes. He closes the short distance between them, catching Yoongi's bottom lip between his teeth. Yoongi's breath hitches, hands coming up to curl around the nape of Hoseok's neck. He tilts his head and licks into Hoseok's mouth, kissing him hard and deep. Hoseok walks closer on his knees, only to stop when Yoongi drop down to rest on his shoulders.

"Face down, ass up, yeah, I heard you," Hoseok grumbles, nipping at Yoongi's lip. Yoongi just laughs and pushes on Hoseok's chest. With a sigh, Hoseok gets into position. He feels more than hears Yoongi come nearer, the warmth of his body radiating off him in waves, a hot puff of breath over Hoseok's ass cheek. *Oh.* Oh, fuck.

Even though Hoseok suspects he knows what Yoongi will do next, it still comes as a surprise when Yoongi runs the flat of his tongue over

Hoseok's hole, soft and hot and wet. Hoseok's toes curl into the sheets with a shivery moan. He reaches back to grasp both cheeks, holding himself open as Yoongi eats him out. Yoongi buries his face there, tongue stiffening and sliding inside of Hoseok. Hoseok's gasp chokes in his throat, digging his nails into his own skin and rocking back against Yoongi's mouth. He alternates long drags of his tongue and sweet little kitten licks.

Hoseok rubs his forehead against the sweat-slicked sheets, biting his lip. Rare treat that this is, he doesn't want to come this way. Not after Yoongi's promise. "Hyung, please." His voice wheezes out of him on a whine as Yoongi sucks at Hoseok's rim, lips puckered and soft. "I'm too close for that now."

When Yoongi's fingers slip back inside Hoseok's body again, he goes slow, often pulling back for more lube. Even with Yoongi being cautious, Hoseok still feels so raw, too stretched-out and overwhelmed. He shudders, his hands dropping to curl in the sheets as Yoongi keeps nudging him further and further through what he'd assumed were his body's limits. With each forward push of Yoongi's fingers, he keeps wringing tremulous, whining moans and little jolts of pleasure out of Hoseok.

With each passing second, each twist of Yoongi's wrist, Hoseok's discomfort melts into a rekindled need, filling him up. His dick is getting hard and he wants it, he wants *so much*. "I'm ready, *please*." He can't help but push back against the blunt pressure of Yoongi's cock pressing against his hole. Yoongi pushes through his natural resistance, so much bigger than a few fingers, stretching him out and filling him up. Hoseok moans, so oversensitive he can't stand it.

It's too much. His arms are already trembling. It's too much, too much, too much, but fucking everything he *wanted*. Pleasure with a sharp edge of pain makes his thighs shudder and his cock twitch. He braces his knees apart wider on the mattress and hisses out a breath as the movement makes Yoongi slip further inside. He bottoms out sooner than either of them expected, and Hoseok's back arches with a high moan.

Yoongi stays still for a few moments, running his hands over Hoseok's hips. He rubs up Hoseok's back with his thumbs pressing in on either side of Hoseok's spine, and Hoseok moans out his name, rolling his hips. Yoongi builds a slow pace that increases gradually until his hips are smacking against Hoseok's ass, fucking him hard and deep. It's overwhelming and so good it hurts. It's everything Hoseok wanted.

Hoseok's arms give out and he collapses forward onto the mattress, but Yoongi doesn't miss a second. He hitches one of Hoseok's legs up and keeps fucking him at the new angle without losing his rhythm. Hoseok's moans get even louder, forced out of him with each forward thrust of Yoongi's hips. Writhing underneath Yoongi's weight, Hoseok's hands scrabble across the sheets for something solid to hold onto as hot pleasure sparks up his spine, desperate and aching. He's so hard, rubbing against the mattress with enough stimulation that any other time he would have already come by now.

Behind him, above him, Hoseok can hear each of Yoongi's gasping breaths as he gulps air into his lungs. Without having to look back at him, Hosseok can hear the sly grin in Yoongi's voice as he speaks: "You like that, babe?"

Fuck. If Hoseok weren't so fucked-out, it would definitely be over. He can feel the snarled heat of his final orgasm pooling low in his gut and tingling in his fingertips as it is. Hoseok moans, helpless, reaching back to catch hold of Yoongi's ass, squeezing tight and pulling so he fucks him even harder. Babe, babe, *babe*. "Please, hyung, I'm—"

Hoseok buries his face in the sheet to muffle his moans, his hand slipping down from Yoongi's ass to grasp at his thigh, instead. Yoongi's fingertips dig into Hoseok's hipbones with each thrust. Hoseok closes his eyes, shuddering as Yoongi pulls almost all the way out before rolling back inside. Hoseok shoves his hips up as best he can to meet each deep thrust.

"Wait," Hoseok manages to gasp out. "Stop. Hyung, stop—" Yoongi halts almost at once, his hands braced on Hoseok's waist and holding Hoseok down on the bed. Hoseok catches his breath, pressing his cheek against the mattress with his eyes closed. "Let me up, I want to see you when I come," he whispers, and Yoongi backs up, helping Hoseok roll onto his back when his sore muscles don't cooperate.

As soon as he's settled, Hoseok reaches out and pulls Yoongi back down. He hooks his knees up over the spread of Yoongi's thighs, back arching off the bed as Yoongi pushes inside him. Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his hand, straining to kiss him even as he fastens a leg around Yoongi's waist and grinds down against his hips.

Yoongi starts up again with slow, measured thrusts, leaning over Hoseok and kissing him. Hoseok's breathy moans are muffled into Yoongi's mouth. He clings to Yoongi's back, rocking down to meet each thrust. When it's too much, he turns his head away to draw in a

deeper breath, and Yoongi buries his face in the crook of Hoseok's neck, his panting breaths puffing hot over the sensitive bruises he'd left there earlier. Hoseok shudders, his hand slipping up Yoongi's back to curl in his hair. Yoongi kisses up the side of Hoseok's neck, teeth grazing his earlobe.

Hoseok's eyelids flutter. "You're better than Namjoon ever was, Yoongi-yah," he whispers, his fist clenching in Yoongi's hair. "He's got nothing on you." This is everything he could want. Yoongi gives an indifferent grunt in response, hitching Hoseok's hips higher, but Hoseok can feel the way Yoongi's lips stretch into a pleased smile against the side of his neck. A laugh bubbles up Hoseok's throat and he jerks his hips down with a strangled sound, half-laughter, half-moan. Yoongi rears up to fuck him harder, deeper, his hands curled over the tops of Hoseok's thighs, pulling Hoseok's body to meet each thrust.

When Hoseok has *this*, how could he ever even think of anyone else? He doesn't want anything but this, for as long as Yoongi will have him. He reaches up, stroking his hands up Yoongi's arms, skimming his shoulders and down his chest, thumbs flicking over Yoongi's nipples. Yoongi groans, his hips bucking and throwing him off his rhythm as he huffs a breathless laugh. Hoseok smiles up at him, shifting against the bedsheets. He's so beautiful, his eyes shining as he laughs, his palms trembling on Hoseok's thighs. All at once Hoseok is struck by exactly how very much he *loves* Yoongi, and it steals the breath from his lungs.

His body tightens around Yoongi's cock with every thrust as he goes faster and faster, speeding up until he's pounding into Hoseok's body once more. "Babe," Yoongi whispers again, voice hitching, and for a moment Hoseok swears Yoongi's eyes are over-bright. It must be sweat, or some trick of the light? Hoseok's vision goes hazy as Yoongi gets his hand on Hoseok's cock, the curl of his fist hot and tight and so close he can almost taste it. So close, so close, *so close*. "Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok curls his arm around Yoongi's shoulders. They're both close now, it's only a matter of moments. He gasps for breath, trying to push back against Yoongi as much as he can but ends up just lying there and taking it, half-curled around Yoongi. Yoongi bites at Hoseok's neck and jagged pleasure shoots through Hoseok's body as he comes so hard he blacks out for a few seconds.

His vision clears as Yoongi pulls out. He clings to Yoongi's back so he doesn't float away again, his nails digging into Yoongi's skin as Yoongi

jacks his cock hard and comes all over Hoseok. The sudden emptiness makes Hoseok shudder, tightening up where Yoongi's cock used to be. He can feel come dripping off his balls, sliding down over his clenching hole. "Fuck," Hoseok gasps, his hands quivering on Yoongi's shoulders. "Fuck, *okay*, that's it. That's *it*, I'm fucking done now, thank you." He closes his eyes, his fingers flexing. "Did anything even fucking come out of me, that time?"

"No, that one was dry," Yoongi laughs, folding forward to press his cheek to Hoseok's shoulder. "You're welcome," he mutters, pleased, and Hoseok can't even fucking believe him.

Slowly, as he comes down from the high, Hoseok becomes aware of how *sore* he is. A good exhaustion has sunk deep into his bones. The sweat cools on his skin and he begins to shiver. Yoongi lets Hoseok snuggle in close, his cheek smushed on Yoongi's bicep. Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair as his weighted eyelids grow heavier and heavier.

"Hey," Yoongi's voice filters through Hoseok's haze what only feels like seconds later. He shakes Hoseok's shoulder. "Come on, wake up, Hoseok-ah."

"No, let me fucking sleep, you dick," Hoseok grumbles, slapping at Yoongi's hand without opening his eyes. "You owe me."

Yoongi laughs, leaning forward to kiss Hoseok's forehead. Hoseok keeps grumbling, pushing on his face. "I let you sleep on me for twenty goddamn minutes, Hoseok-ah," he murmurs, lips kissing Hoseok's fingers. "I can't even feel my arm now. Come on, you're just gonna be mad at me in the morning if I let you sleep like this, and you know it."

"Only twenty minutes?" Hoseok squints up at Yoongi with a frown. He could've sworn he'd only just closed his eyes a few moments ago. "Fuck off, that's not enough time after what you did to me. Look at my face, hyung. Are you looking? *Look*. Is this my happy face?" Yoongi's lips twitch with amusement, and Hoseok feels another flash of cranky annoyance. "No, hyung. It's not."

"We need to wash up or you'll just complain in the morning," Yoongi says, pushing Hoseok towards the edge of the mattress. He turns away to drop the near-empty bottle of lube back into his bedside drawer. "I don't want to have to deal with that shit."

Hoseok catches sight of the vivid red scratch marks he'd left down

Yoongi's back and feels a pang of guilt. He reaches out to trail feather-light fingertips over the marks, but Yoongi's breath still hisses out of him in surprise. "Shit, hyung," Hoseok whispers. "Does that hurt? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—" Yoongi rolls back over and interrupts Hoseok with a kiss. Hoseok sighs into his mouth, hand raising up to stroke over Yoongi's jaw instead.

"It's fine," Yoongi whispers. "I don't mind it. Come on, let's go wash up. Remind me to remake the bed so we don't have to sleep on dirty sheets."

Hoseok grumbles. The top sheet is nearly plastered to his back with sweat (and likely lube and jizz), growing more and more uncomfortable now that he's become aware of it. He hates it when Yoongi's right, sometimes. "Ah, fuck," he sighs and lets Yoongi pull him up off the bed. As soon as he tries to stand, his legs nearly give out under him, and he staggers into Yoongi's side, his knees knocking together. Yoongi catches him, murmuring soft apologies and brushing his hands through Hoseok's hair. Hoseok nuzzles into his arms and allows himself to be lead towards the door. Just before they leave the room, his tired eyes snag on the clock on Yoongi's bedside table. It's almost one in the morning.

Yoongi turns the light on in the bathroom and turns on the water in the shower. Hoseok lowers the lid on the toilet and all but collapses while he waits, his head lolling back with an exhausted groan. Yoongi runs a warm, dripping wet hand through Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok groans again, leaning into the touch. "Hey, come here," Yoongi murmurs, switching the shower on. He helps guide Hoseok up to his feet and into the bath tub, before following him inside and sliding the glass door shut. The hot water falls over Hoseok's back, at once loosening his sore muscles somewhat, and Hoseok moans. "Better?" Yoongi whispers.

Despite himself, Hoseok sighs, pleased and exhausted. "Yeah, hyung," he murmurs, nuzzling his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck and leaving kisses there. Yoongi curls his arms around Hoseok's waist, pulling him closer. "Thank you." *I love you, you dick*. Yoongi trails his fingers up and down Hoseok's spine, sweet and slow like he's saying, *I love you, too, asshole.*

Chapter End Notes

/hides okay bye

interlude (pre-vacation)

Chapter Notes

> the bit about the strip flash cards was insired by the tv show stranger things. no warnings, i don't think? takes place a few months after their third anniversary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok curses under his breath as his character loses another life. Yoongi's feet twitch in Hoseok's lap as he tries to muffle a laugh. "Shut up," Hoseok says, pointing at Yoongi without looking up from the television screen as his character respawns. "You're even worse at this game." Yoongi snorts, the tips of his curling toes digging into the top of Hoseok's thigh, but he doesn't say anything to refute that claim.

It takes him the better part of an hour to get through the quest, due to everything going a bit pear-shaped towards the end with an unexpected surge of enemy forces just before he can get back out of the dungeon. He defeats them all by the skin of his teeth, his heart thumping in his ears. As the task is fulfilled to triumphant fanfare, he sets the controller aside and rolls his stiff shoulders with a satisfied groan.

At the opposite end of the couch, Yoongi flips another page in his textbook. With his final set of midterms fast approaching, Yoongi's been even more stressed and on edge than usual. At least he doesn't disappear for weeks at a time anymore. Hesitating for a moment, Hoseok turns and crawls up between Yoongi's legs. He pushes the textbook out of the way. "Hey," he whispers, "d'you want to take a break?" Blinking, Yoongi nods, letting the textbook fall from his hand onto the floor with a dull *thump*. He curls an arm around Hoseok's neck, pulling him in closer.

Hoseok hums into the kiss, cupping Yoongi's jaw in his palm. He opens his mouth just enough to run his tongue over Yoongi's bottom lip, grinning as Yoongi gives a soft, appreciative sigh in response. "How's the studying going?" Hoseok asks, stroking his thumb over Yoongi's cheekbone.

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi nips at Hoseok's lip. "About as well as you grinding your dumb mage," he grumbles, shifting his arm around Hoseok's nape. Hoseok lets his hand slip up to brush through Yoongi's

hair. "You know you play better as a rogue, anyway," he breathes, tilting his head up and licking back into Hoseok's mouth. "I don't get why you're wasting your time." He spreads his knees further apart, and Hoseok makes himself more comfortable between Yoongi's thighs. Yoongi runs his hands down Hoseok's back to grip Hoseok's ass, and Hoseok rolls his hips back with a pleased little sound, sucking Yoongi's bottom lip between his teeth.

"Want me to help you study?" Hoseok asks between kisses. Yoongi tightens his hold on Hoseok's ass for only a moment before letting go in favour of cupping Hoseok's jaw in his palms, instead. Hoseok grins, leaning back just enough to meet Yoongi's eyes. He rubs a thumb over the furrow between Yoongi's brows until the skin smooths back out again. "We could make flash cards and shit. I'll take off an article of clothing for every question you get right. It'd be fun." His grin broadens. "As an added bonus, you'd probably think of me naked during your midterm, which would be hilarious."

Yoongi laughs, lifting his head off the couch cushion to brush his lips over Hoseok's. "You're such an asshole," he murmurs, hooking a leg around Hoseok's hips and grinding up against him. "But maybe later." His tongue curls into Hoseok's mouth, wicked and hot, and the whole world seems to fall away beneath them.

Hoseok slips his hand back into Yoongi's hair, tipping his head up. Yoongi tastes like the mints he'd been eating earlier, a little too sweet, like he's been waiting for this all night. Hoseok tilts his head and deepens the kiss. Yoongi moans, sharp and breathless.

Pain twinges in Hoseok's shoulder as he twists a little too far and he hisses out a breath between his teeth. Yoongi freezes at once. "Fuck," he says in a strangled whisper, eyes wide. "Fuck, Hoseok-ah, are you okay? How's your shoulder—?"

"Who cares," Hoseok interrupts, ducking back down. There's a pool of something white hot in his chest and he doesn't want to stop for anything, least of all a brief flare of pain. He catches Yoongi's bottom lip and drags his teeth over it. Yoongi shudders, mouth open and wet. He tongues at his bottom lip, the tip grazing Hoseok's mouth. "Who fucking cares, when I've got you like this, hyung."

Hoseok grabs hold of Yoongi's hands, tangling their fingers and hooking their elbows over the arm of the couch. Yoongi's back arches up off the couch like he's about to fight Hoseok's grip, but he only hitches his leg up higher around Hoseok's hips and kisses Hoseok with

an increased urgency that leaves Hoseok trembling and breathless. He's starting to get hard. The movements of their bodies rucks their loose t-shirts up, the press of their bare skin together hot and getting hotter, almost feverish. Hoseok grinds down on Yoongi's thigh, his cock stiffening in his shorts.

Yoongi lets out a soft little sound, almost a whine. He tilts his head and sucks Hoseok's lip into his mouth, teeth digging into his skin hard enough for Hoseok's breath to catch. He keeps squeezing Hoseok's hands, in a rhythmic pattern Hoseok almost can make sense of, a pulse Hoseok could dance to. Hoseok lets his hips snap forward against Yoongi's thigh, and Yoongi chokes back another moan.

An image flashes through Hoseok's mind, a memory almost dreamlike. The hazy, pale pink sky overhead, soft sand underfoot, and the sound of waves lapping gently at the shore. Over a year ago, Hoseok went to Busan for a dance workshop. He'd gotten up before sunrise to take pictures of himself and his friends, and to send Yoongi annoying messages so he got up on time. He'd made a promise to himself, then.

"Wait, hyung," Hoseok gasps. "Hyung, do you want to go on a vacation with me?"

Yoongi frowns at Hoseok like he doesn't quite understand why Hoseok's stopped moving. He blinks a few times, his fingers flexing between Hoseok's, as his brain seems to catch up and process Hoseok's words. With a sharp inhale, Yoongi opens his mouth and says, "Yes?" He sounds hesitant and unsure like he's not sure where Hoseok's going with this. And,

yeah, it is out of the blue. Hoseok knows that. He drags his tongue over Yoongi's pink, split-slick lips. "Where do you want to go?" he whispers. Hoseok, for his part, doesn't care about the *where*. There are certain landmarks and attractions that he'd like to see, but the place itself doesn't enter into the equation for him; not in the way it does for Yoongi.

After staring up at Hoseok for a moment, Yoongi's off, extolling the considerable virtues of New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles. He spends several minutes taking Hoseok through a backpack tour across Europe, at once romantic and exhaustive. Barely pausing to draw breath he begins rhapsodizes over Japan, of going to Tokyo, Kyoto, and Nagoya. He wants to nap in the shade beside sparkling clear oceans, to navigate sprawling urban landscapes, to drift past glaciers on a ship close enough to touch. Music, architecture, and photography

are big draws for him. Every single adventure he describes are well beyond their financial reach, and he knows it because his voice gets very quiet towards the end. He closes his eyes.

Hoseok bends down and coaxes Yoongi's bottom lip from between the vise grip of his teeth. He kisses Yoongi, gentle and slow. "We'll make it happen," he promises, nuzzling the tips of their noses together. Yoongi blinks his eyes open to meet Hoseok's gaze. "We'll save up and do everything on your list someday, I promise." A hesitant smile spreads across Yoongi's face, and Hoseok kisses him again. "Right now, I don't care where we go. I just want to kiss you beside an ocean at sunrise."

Yoongi goes quiet and pliant beneath Hoseok, and he squeezes Hoseok's hands once. "Okay," he whispers, voice hoarse and small. "Busan, then."

"Busan?" Hoseok asks.

The smile stretches across Yoongi's face. "Far enough from home to qualify as a holiday, but not anywhere near as soul-suckingly expensive as flying somewhere. Beaches. Ocean. Sunrise. Busan meets all of your criteria."

Hoseok's teeth dig into his lip as he tries to bite back a smile. He hadn't expected Yoongi to agree so fast. Yoongi tends to be a bit of a homebody at the best of times, and they haven't exactly had the best of times these past few months. "Yeah?" he asks, just to be sure.

Yoongi pulls his hands free from Hoseok's hold, reaching up to brush his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "Yeah," he replies, soft. "Yeah, Hoseok-ah. Come here." He draws Hoseok back down for a kiss.

It starts out slow but builds back up to the same intensity they'd started with. Hoseok hops off the couch to grab the lube from Yoongi's bedside drawer. They push each other's clothes off and Hoseok opens Yoongi up, muffling moans and giddy laughter into each other's mouths. A break, a *breath*, even for just a few days. It's exactly what they need.

(*

The next time Hoseok sees them at dance practice, he pulls Jungkook and Jimin aside to ask about what to do in Busan. Almost at once, their eyes light up and they begin talking over each other, listing attractions, restaurants, and their favourite little shops faster than Hoseok can copy it all down on his phone. When he has a sizeable list,

Jungkook nudges Hoseok's arm. Hoseok looks up from his phone screen.

"If you need a place to stay for cheap, I could talk to my brother's friend. The last time Jimin, Taehyung and I went to Busan together—" He breaks off into a wheeze as Jimin digs his elbow into Jungkook's ribs with a muttered reminder to call him *hyung*. Hoseok feels his lips twitch. "When we went to Busan together a couple months ago, neither of us really wanted to stay with our parents. My brother's friend let us use his apartment," Jungkook finishes.

"It's a shitty little studio he rents out during high season," Jimin mutters. "The bathroom is *tiny*."

Jungkook tucks his hands into his pockets. "Jiminnie is still upset we couldn't have sex in the—"

"Jungkook, for fuck's sake—"

"Taehyung hyung wouldn't have been able to watch, anyway, and you know he'd pout—"

"Oh, so you'll call Taehyung your hyung, but not me—"

Hoseok sighs, tuning out their weird, half-flirting, half-genuine argument in favor of reading through the list one more time. They'll only have five days, and there's no way they'd be able to do all of these things. He adds cute emojis to the activities he'd like to do most and mails it off to Yoongi for his input. By the time he's finished with that, both Jungkook and Jimin are looking at him expectantly. "Um," he says, and scrubs a hand through his hair. "I stopped listening when you started talking about your exhibitionist kink."

"I'll send you Seunghwan hyung's contact information," Jungkook says. "He probably won't charge more than twelve thousand won for a week." Hoseok blinks at the price. Even the cheapest hostels he could find charged more than that for a week, and he and Yoongi would've had to share a room with strangers. Jungkook grins. "Just don't mention you're gay," he advises. "Seunghwan hyung's a gross homophobic fuckface—"

"Try to have sex on every surface you can, don't bother cleaning up," Jimin says. "That's what we did."

That startles a laugh out of Hoseok. "That's disgusting." Jimin and Jungkook both look very pleased with themselves, and Hoseok shakes

his head, warm and fond. "Thanks for the tip, though. I don't know if Yoongi'll feel comfortable staying there, but I'll let him know." His phone buzzes with a message notification and his gaze drops down to see Yoongi's message on the screen: *put a stupid emoji next to the aquarium.* Hoseok smiles, slips his phone into his pocket, and claps his hands together. "Alright, let's get back to work.")

Chapter End Notes

my health is pretty hecked up again but i'll do everything i can to make sure i post the second half of this chapter by the anniversary on the 31st... tho just in case i do miss it: i never expected this fic to turn into what it has, and the support you've all given me is absolutely overwhelming. thank you so much for everything — reading, commenting, bookmarking, reccing, leaving kudos. i don't deserve it but it means more to me than i could ever say.

first | timeline | mix

busan

Chapter Notes

takes place a week after chapter 36.

warnings for unprotected orgasms, come eating, rimming, mild facefucking, mild spanking, finger sucking, intercrural sex, handjobs, blowjobs, attempted shower sex (yes finally you're welcome), alcohol consumption, implied sex while under the influence (only two beers each)

hey handsome, we've got it good
hey mister, we've gone and done it, just because we could
because it's cloudy out, we're staying in like we should
we both know the weather will get better
so let's get lucky, let's go all the way
(get lucky by dragonette)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi stumbles forward as Hoseok rests more of his weight on Yoongi's back. Bracing himself, he comes to a halt and curls an arm around Hoseok's waist. "What the fuck," he mutters, glancing back over his shoulder. He can't see Hoseok's face, just the top of his sleep-rumpled head. "Did you just fall asleep on me?"

Due to a small fire at the restaurant the night before, Hoseok hadn't gotten home until half-past three. This morning Yoongi tried to get out of bed as soundlessly and with as little movement as possible, but Hoseok is a light sleeper and once he's awake, he's *awake* — no matter how tired he is. There was no chance of sneaking out to get the car on his own and coming back so Hoseok could get another hour's worth of sleep, after that.

"Sorry, hyung," Hoseok says on a yawn, nuzzling his face further into the nape of Yoongi's neck. "I'm just so tired." Yoongi pats Hoseok's side and Hoseok gives a pleased, if cranky, hum in response. He doesn't function well on less than six hours of sleep. "Why are we driving, anyway?" he asks, tilting his head and hooking his chin over Yoongi's shoulder.

Yoongi shrugs, wrapping his other arm around Hoseok in an odd, backwards hug. "I feel like driving," he says. "Do you have a problem

with that?"

Hoseok tucks a laugh that's more sleepy nuzzles than anything the crook of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi squirms, ticklish. "No," Hoseok murmurs. "Just curious." His lips graze Yoongi's skin. "I guess it'll be easier to fool around on the way if we take Seokjin hyung's car." Yoongi's lips twitch into a grin, and he bites down on his bottom lip. At the far corner, he can spy Seokjin's car turning onto their street. "We'll just have to pull off onto the side of the road, rather than trying to play make out Tetris in cramped bus toilets without any other passengers noticing."

"Never again," Yoongi mutters, thinking back to that disastrous trip to Gwangju the year before to visit Hoseok's family for the weekend. Hoseok snorts, sounding more awake.

"I was so sure we were gonna end up stranded in the middle of nowhere after we got caught," he murmurs, his arms tightening around Yoongi's shoulders. "Could you imagine if we'd have had to call my *sister* to come pick us up that time?"

Yoongi laughs, turning his head to brush his lips over Hoseok's cheek. "Dawon wouldn't have let us in the car unless we told her exactly *why* the driver kicked us off the bus."

"And then she'd make fun of us and drop inappropriate innuendos for the rest of that trip until my parents found out about it," Hoseok sighs, burying his face back into the crook of Yoongi's neck. "Fuck, she would never have let us live it down for the rest of our lives." He presses his lips to Yoongi's skin. "So this car's a great idea, genius hyung." His voice drops low and husky, "I knew I kept you around for something other than your big, fat d—"

"Shut up," Yoongi snickers. Hoseok smacks a loud kiss right next to Yoongi's ear and Yoongi twitches away. "You're such an asshole." The car comes to a halt beside them, and Yoongi lets his arms fall back to his sides as Hoseok straightens up to stand on his own. "Hey, hyung," Yoongi calls, as Seokjin turns off the car and gets out.

"Good morning," Seokjin replies with a yawn. "Don't fuck up my car or I'll crack your skulls open."

"Damn, hyung," comes Hoseok's voice behind them. "That's a bit extreme for seven in the morning, don't you think?" Yoongi's lips twitch into a grin. He glances over his shoulder to see Hoseok leaning back against Seokjin's apartment building with Yoongi's neck pillow

nestled under his chin, a hand to his chest and a delicately scandalized expression on his face.

Seokjin remains unimpressed. "Don't fuck in it, either, you filthy animals," he says, popping the trunk and slapping the keys into Yoongi's outstretched palm.

Yoongi's grin stretches further across his face, his fingers curling around Seokjin's Super Mario keychain. "Wouldn't dream of it, hyung," he promises.

"Yeah, your car's tiny, hyung. There's no room to move around," Hoseok says, carrying their bags up to the side of the car. "You can expect some heavy petting at most, but that's about it."

"Don't get any jizz on the upholstery or I swear to god," Seokjin says, dragging a finger over his throat as Yoongi starts packing their luggage into the trunk. He takes a step back toward his building and pulls his keycard out of his pocket. "I just had everything professionally cleaned."

"I promise we'll remember to put towels down first," Yoongi says, grinning as Hoseok cracks up laughing. After a moment, he turns toward Seokjin. "Seriously, hyung," he says, "thank you for this."

Seokjin's eyes soften. "Be good to each other, alright?" he says, raising a hand to wave a goodbye to Hoseok. "You both deserve a break."

Yoongi sucks in a breath, his gaze dropping down to the cracked asphalt beneath his sneakers. "Yeah," he murmurs. He looks back up at Seokjin and nods, once. Seokjin nods back, slapping his card against the reader and pulling the building door open. With one final, half-hearted death threat, Seokjin disappears back inside. Yoongi sniffs and turns back around. When Hoseok reaches out for one of their bags, Yoongi waves a hand at him. "Just get in and take a nap already," he says, laughing. "I can handle a couple backpacks on my own."

"Ah, hyung," Hoseok sighs, pulling the passenger door open, instead. He shakes his head, and Yoongi eyes him as he closes the trunk. "You know I can't sleep in a moving vehicle."

Of course, even after Yoongi stops for breakfast and coffee on the way, Hoseok's fast asleep as soon as they pass Seoul city limits. Yoongi doesn't mind. He drinks both cups and listens to music while he drives, his gaze occasionally drifting over to watch Hoseok as he sleeps. He's sprawled across the seat with his mouth hanging open. It's

cute. Yoongi wishes he could take a picture for his collection. Instead, he reaches out for the little container of breath mints resting in one of the little storage compartments under the dashboard and pops a few into his mouth.

They're still three hours out from Busan when the dark rainclouds overhead open up. Yoongi's line of sight is reduced to only a few feet in front of him as he runs the windshield wipers at full speed. Big raindrops hit the roof of the car almost as hard as hail, heavy and metallic. Yoongi shifts in the seat, regretting those two cups of coffee.

Hoseok wakes with a sharp inhale of breath, one hand coming up to cover his head from the onslaught. "Fuck me," he mutters, his voice still scratchy with sleep, and scrubs his hand over his face before leaning forward with his eyes narrowed. "Has it been raining for long?" he shakes a few mints from the metal container into his hand and drops them onto his tongue.

"Just started," Yoongi replies, noting the sign for a rest stop at the next exit. "Oh, thank fuck." He pulls off and into the parking lot a few minutes later, coming to a stop just in front of the covered bathroom doors. "I need to piss, I'll be right back," he says. He takes a moment to brace himself, covering his hair with the hood of his hoodie, before making a run for the men's room.

Even at such a short distance, the heavy rain soaks through the thick fleece to the t-shirt he wears underneath it, fabric sticking cold and clammy to his skin. Yoongi scowls and runs back to the car. He hauls the hoodie up over his head and tosses it into the backseat, rubbing his hands over his arms; he's got goosebumps, what the fuck. He glances over to see Hoseok blinking at him with a soft, sleepy smile on his face. "What?" Yoongi asks, fumbling the keys into the ignition and turning the car back on with the heater cranked up.

"Park further down, Yoongi-yah," Hoseok says, his voice still a bit low and meandering like he hasn't fully woken up yet. "I wanna do something."

Yoongi shoots him a weird look but does as Hoseok requests, parking near the far end of the lot, well away from any other cars. "Okay, now what?" he begins, just as Hoseok rolls his seat back. Yoongi stares. Hoseok unzips his own hoodie, wiggling free of it and slinging it around Yoongi's shoulders. It's gloriously sleep-warm and soft. Yoongi slips his arms through the sleeves, and half-tumbles across the centre console as Hoseok grabs hold of his wrist and pulls hard. He throws

his hands out to catch himself, pain jolting up his forearms. Indignation flares up in his gut, tugging the corners of his mouth into a deep scowl. "What the fuck, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue, smile broadening. "This is why we got a car, right, hyung?" he murmurs, leaning forward and brushing his mouth over Yoongi's. His lips are so soft. Already, Yoongi's annoyance has half-melted away. Fuck, has he always been this easy? Probably. Yoongi hums as Hoseok releases his hold on Yoongi's wrist in favor of cupping his jaw, instead. It's a sweet kiss, still sleepy and slow. Hoseok's thumb strokes across Yoongi's cheek in steady arcs, warm and comforting. The heels of Yoongi's palms still throb, but he chases Hoseok down with a needy noise when Hoseok tries to draw away.

It's awkward, clambering over the centre console, and Yoongi bangs his knees and elbows hard enough to bruise. Hissing out a pained breath at every point of impact, he ends up nestled in Hoseok's lap with his sleeve-covered arms curled around the nape of Hoseok's neck and he brings their mouths back together. Hoseok smiles into the kiss, tucking his hands into the back pockets of Yoongi's jeans.

Yoongi catches Hoseok's lip between his teeth, nipping at him sharper than he meant to. Hoseok makes a sleepy noise of protest, a mumbled request for something more careful. Sighing, Yoongi smooths his tongue over the little indents his teeth left behind, and Hoseok makes a more pleased sound, instead. His mouth tastes minty with a lingering hint of sourness from sleep, but Yoongi doesn't mind; his probably tastes like mints and stale coffee.

He sits up and hovers over Hoseok, dragging his lips over Hoseok's mouth, tongue catching at the bow of his top lip. Hoseok's hands curl around Yoongi's ass, almost possessive. Yoongi tilts his head, catching hold of Hoseok's earlobe and sucking it into his mouth. Hoseok lets out a soft, startled gasp, his hands sliding up Yoongi's back. As Yoongi lets go of Hoseok's earlobe and kisses him again, Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheeks in his palms. His hands are freezing, his arms cold.

Pulling back, Yoongi slaps at Hoseok's hands. Hoseok hisses a pained breath as the movement jostles his still-healing shoulder. "What the fuck are we doing," Yoongi sputters on a laugh, burying his face in the crook of Hoseok's neck. "You're going to get sick without a coat on, and you're still hurt."

"Hyung," Hoseok sighs, hooking his arms around Yoongi's shoulders.

"I'm a little cold but I'm okay. Come on, please?" He wiggles on the seat, rocking Yoongi from side to side on top of him. "Please? I want to keep kissing you. My shoulder is *fine*, hyung, honestly." Yoongi grumbles, his lips brushing Hoseok's skin, and Hoseok shivers. "Nobody will see us while the rain's so heavy, and you shouldn't be driving with such shitty visibility anyway." Hoseok's fingers card through Yoongi's hair. "Come on, hyung," he wheedles. "Kiss me again. Warm me up."

Yoongi rolls his eyes and shifts his weight in Hoseok's lap. "Put your arms under the hoodie and stop moving around so much," he says, and kisses up Hoseok's neck to catch his lips.

Hoseok laughs into Yoongi's mouth and does as directed, his cold skin leaching through the thin fabric of Yoongi's shirt. Yoongi finds himself laughing, too, pulling back just enough to rest his forehead against Hoseok's as they both adjust in the passenger seat and make themselves more comfortable.

Bending back down, Yoongi combs his fingers through Hoseok's hair, tilting his head up for another kiss. Hoseok sighs, his arms tightening around Yoongi's waist, pulling him close as Yoongi licks further into Hoseok's mouth. Yoongi's knees hurt where they dig in the seat on either side of Hoseok's hips. He arches his back when Hoseok's teeth close on his bottom lip, a shudder rustling down his spine as Hoseok's tongue swipes out to soothe the sting. Yoongi sucks Hoseok's tongue further into his mouth, his hands dropping down to curl around the nape of Hoseok's neck.

Hoseok's hips buck up against Yoongi's ass, nearly jostling Yoongi off his lap. Yoongi catches himself before he topples back over the console. "Fuck," Hoseok gasps, clamping his arms more tightly around Yoongi's waist. "Fuck, hyung, I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Yoongi whispers, rolling his hips as he settles down again. "Come here." Hoseok props himself up on his elbows to close the distance between their mouths, brushing their lips together. He tilts his head to the side, trailing kisses down the side of Yoongi's neck, and Yoongi sighs, grinding down into Hoseok's lap again. "That's good," he whispers, digging his nails into Hoseok's skin. Hoseok bites and Yoongi moans, breath rattling out of him in a rush. He pulls Hoseok even tighter to his body, turning his head to press their mouths back together.

The pounding of Yoongi's heart and their ragged breathing nearly

drowns out the sound of the heavy raindrops pelting the car. Yoongi rocks in Hoseok's lap, his fingers tangling in the hair at the back of Hoseok's head. Hoseok gasps for breath, his hands slipping beneath Yoongi's t-shirt to drag his nails over Yoongi's bare skin. They get their jeans open and their hands on each other, rocking together in the seat.

After, they rest together, listening to each other breathe. Hoseok's heartbeat is slow and measured, content, thumping against Yoongi's ear. Tilting his head, Yoongi brushes his lips over Hoseok's, gentle. *Thank you*. Hoseok kisses Yoongi the same way, soft, barely-there purses of his lips saying, *You're welcome*. Or maybe, *Thank you for being here with me*. Or simply, *I love you. I love you. I love you.* Yoongi paws clumsily at the glove compartment to grab the packet of wet wipes Seokjin keeps there in case of emergencies, and Hoseok sighs, sprawling and boneless in the passenger seat with a pleased, worn out smile on his face.

The rain is loud but slows to a trickle. Yoongi sits up in Hoseok's lap and Hoseok starts to laugh, reaching out to drag his hand through the condensation fogging up the car windows. Yoongi smirks, brushing his clean fingers through Hoseok's hair and kissing him just one last time before crawling back into his own seat.

Though the sky remains overcast, the rain stops by the time they reach Busan. As promised, Seunghwan meets them outside the building where they will be staying, and directs them around the back alley where Yoongi enters the underground lot to park. After they gather their bags, Seunghwan leads them up to the seventh floor.

The apartment, while small and cramped, is clean with big windows that let in a lot of natural light. It's little more than a narrow strip of a galley kitchen with an island counter to sit and eat; a cramped bathroom with a shower stall; a blended living room/bedroom with a small couch, television and entertainment centre, and a bed. It even has a view of the water, the building within easy walking distance to one of the many beaches.

Stepping forward, Seunghwan reaches down and, with a few complicated steps, folds the couch out into a sofa bed. It takes up any remaining space in the living room. Yoongi frowns. If they had been planning on sleeping in separate beds, whoever took the actual bed would have had to climb over the other if they needed to get up in the night.

Hoseok drops down on it and stretches out. "Oh wow, hyung," he says,

grinning at Yoongi and propping himself up on his elbows. "This will be great for your back."

"I'm sure." Yoongi rolls his eyes and pulls Hoseok to his feet. "How do we fold it back up?" he asks. As Seunghwan shows them, Yoongi doesn't even bother trying to pay attention because Hoseok keeps bumping his bony hips against Yoongi's ass, his hands slipping up around Yoongi's hipbones beneath his t-shirt. Is he... is he hard? Yoongi swats at him, glancing back over his shoulder when he hears Hoseok huff a laugh, low and pleased. Hoseok's eyes are bright. Seunghwan leaves soon after with a promise to return on the fifth day for the key.

As the door swings shut behind him, Hoseok pushes Yoongi onto the real bed. "I thought he'd never leave," Hoseok mutters, tilting his head and brushing their mouths together. Nodding, Yoongi curls his arms around Hoseok's neck and pulls him in even closer.

It doesn't take very long at all to pick up where they left off at that rest stop a few hours ago. Hoseok's dick *is* half-hard already. Yoongi lets his hands slip down Hoseok's back, catches hold of Hoseok's ass and squeezes him through his jeans. Hoseok gives a little sigh that edges on a moan, rolling his hips down against Yoongi's thigh. His tongue curls into Yoongi's mouth, slick and hot.

Hoseok works a hand up underneath the hem of Yoongi's shirt, trailing his fingers over Yoongi's abdomen. He flirts with the waistband of Yoongi's jeans, curling the fabric under his fingertips and letting it snap back into place as they make out, and sucks on the tip of Yoongi's tongue. Yoongi lets out an involuntary whine, his head spinning as he pulls Hoseok even closer and bucks up to meet each thrust of Hoseok's hips so hard he nearly topples them both over. He's getting harder and harder by the second.

"Wait, fuck— hold on," Yoongi gasps between kisses, planting his feet and pressing his hips up against Hoseok's thigh. "I don't wanna come in my pants." He smiles at Hoseok when pulls back just enough to meet Yoongi's eyes. "Wanna see you naked, anyway."

Huffing a laugh against Yoongi's mouth, Hoseok bites Yoongi's bottom lip, worrying the flesh between his teeth. Yoongi whines again, louder and Hoseok rises to haul his shirt up over his head and flick the button of his jeans open. Yoongi has an entire second to appreciate Hoseok's bare chest before Hoseok surges in for another kiss, deep and lingering. His hand slips down between them to cup Yoongi's cock

through his jeans.

Yoongi moans, tangling his hand in Hoseok's hair and squirming on the bed to get Hoseok's hand to move. Somehow, he doesn't care as much that he's still mostly clothed now. Hoseok presses down against Yoongi's cock a little harder. Fuck, if it comes down to it, he can *buy* new clothes if he has to. Yoongi tugs Hoseok's hair, biting down on Hoseok's bottom lip to muffle another moan. He tilts his hips up and licks into Hoseok's mouth.

Wait, what? What is he doing? He can just buy new clothes because he's too turned on to undress? That's phenomenally stupid. Hoseok makes him so stupid, sometimes. Yoongi shakes his head, shoving at Hoseok's shoulders. He sits up just enough to pull off his shirt and attempts a pathetic shimmy out of his jeans and boxers, giving up before they're even halfway down his thighs. Spitting into his hand, Yoongi reaches out to grab Hoseok's cock. The shaft pulses against his palm, the velvety smoothness of his skin hot and slick. Hoseok moans, hips bucking forward.

It only takes a few minutes for Hoseok to reach full hardness, precome dribbling down the side of his cock. Yoongi's always amazed by how *wet* Hoseok can get from so little stimulation. Pulling Hoseok closer, Yoongi brings their cocks together in his hand and kisses Hoseok again. He throws his head back on the bed as Hoseok's kisses grow sloppier and sloppier, slipping down Yoongi's chin to weave a drunken trail down the front of Yoongi's throat. His teeth nip sharply at Yoongi's Adam's apple and again further down in the hollow between his collarbones. Yoongi chokes on a gasp, his toes curling as a jolt of pleasure zips down his spine.

Hoseok tangles his fingers with Yoongi's around their cocks, speeding up the pace and twisting their hands more roughly on the upstroke. Yoongi moans Hoseok's name, even louder than before, maybe even loud enough for their neighbours to hear. Hoseok laughs, kissing Yoongi to try and muffle any of the grunts and soft groans falling from their lips as they draw closer and closer to the edge.

Their breaths grow more ragged and desperate, skin dewed with sweat as they rock together into each other's hands. The kiss is sweet and deep, Hoseok's free hand curled around the nape of Yoongi's neck. His nails scrape over Yoongi's shoulder and Yoongi comes with a low groan, teeth dug into Hoseok's bottom lip. Hoseok tumbles over after him with a surprised moan, hips undulating as he rides it out.

They collapse back onto the bed beside each other as they come down from it, hands still tangled and sticky as the come dries on their skin. Yoongi's chest heaves, his eyes shut and heart pounding in his ears. As his breathing slows, he pushes himself up and stumbles to the bathroom to wash up.

"Come on, get up," Yoongi says, pausing in redressing in his clothes to lean across the bed and smack Hoseok's thigh. Hoseok doesn't even respond, hasn't moved an inch, sprawled across the centre of the bed with his dick still hanging out from his boxers. His eyes are shut, palms upturned towards the ceiling. He looks peaceful. Grabbing his phone off the dresser, Yoongi takes a picture.

As the loud, fake camera shutter sound effect fills the quiet room, Hoseok's eyes pop open. His head jerks in Yoongi's direction, and Yoongi lowers his phone almost as an afterthought. "Hyung, you *didn't*," Hoseok whines, scooting up off the bed. Yoongi backs up and breaks into a run, laughing and clutching his phone to his chest as Hoseok gives chase. "Delete that!" Hoseok keeps yelping. Finally cornering him in the kitchen, Hoseok catches hold of Yoongi around the middle and lifts him up off the floor. "Delete it or I'm never sucking you off ever again!"

Yoongi laughs, breathless. He holds up his phone so Hoseok can see the screen, and the selfie he'd just taken. Hoseok lowers Yoongi back down until his feet touch the floor. In the photo, Yoongi's hair is mussed, cheeks still flushed pink from the orgasm and dark eyes shining in the light spilling through the windows with a hint of a smile playing at the corners of his mouth as he gazes past the lens at where Hoseok had been lying. "Still want me to delete it?" Yoongi asks, keeping his tone indifferent, thumb hovering over the trash can icon.

"No," Hoseok murmurs, tightening his arms around Yoongi's waist and nuzzling Yoongi's neck with his nose. "Your post-sex selfies are some of my favourites, send it to me?"

After promising, Yoongi shoves Hoseok towards the bathroom to clean up. The sky overhead is still dreary, so Yoongi suggests wandering around and get to know their new neighbourhood for the next four days. Hoseok agrees, albeit reluctantly. Yoongi pulls his camera out from his bag and slings the strap around his neck. They come across a little cafe a few blocks from their building, and stop in to get a few coffees and something portable to eat while they explore. Yoongi takes pictures of anything that catches his eye while Hoseok walks beside

him.

Hoseok sighs. When Yoongi doesn't glance over at him, Hoseok sighs again, even louder and more dramatic. "Hyung, come on, we're not doing anything we don't also do at home. What kind of vacation is this?" he pouts, his arms crossed over his chest. Yoongi tries not to smile, but something about the way Hoseok's pout deepens makes him think he didn't quite manage to maintain an entirely neutral expression. "We could still be fooling around, hyung, come *on*."

Yoongi casts Hoseok a sidelong glance before continuing up the sidewalk, drawling, "Right, like we don't fool around all the time when we're at home, or anything."

With a few short strides, Hoseok catches up to Yoongi and throws an arm around his shoulders. Yoongi stumbles, jostled as Hoseok pulls him in close. "Okay, you got me," he breathes, nipping at Yoongi's ear piercings with sharp teeth. "But you've got to admit, fooling around's a lot more fun than this." Yoongi laughs and shoves Hoseok off. Though he tries to keep whining, Hoseok can't keep his own laughter out of his voice.

A few hours later, they stumble across the seafood restaurant that Jimin recommended to them by accident. It's small but cozy, in a way that's almost reminiscent of home-cooked meals, even though Yoongi never ate much seafood growing up. Each dish they order is delicious, and the entire bill is relatively inexpensive. Hoseok stops fake-complaining after that, turning towards their waiter to offer his compliments to the chef. ("Best food I've ever eaten," he says, eyes very wide and solemn. The waiter grins in response and promises to relay the message to his auntie.)

Even though it's dark and much colder as they leave the restaurant, they make their way back to their building on foot rather than navigating the subway, entwined hands tucked into Yoongi's coat pocket. When they arrive, Hoseok starts to unpack their clothes and put them in the small chest of drawers that doubles as a nightstand while Yoongi washes up in the bathroom. Yoongi makes the bed a bit more comfortable while Hoseok showers and cleans his teeth.

Hoseok snuggles up to Yoongi in the bed after, arms snaked around Yoongi's waist and pulling him in close until their bodies are nestled together. Hoseok tucks his head underneath Yoongi's chin. Just before he falls asleep, Yoongi brushes his lips over Hoseok's forehead, his hand curled around the nape of Hoseok's neck.

*

In the morning, Yoongi wakes with a semi and the sound of rain tapping at the window. He doesn't know what woke him up, but it feels too early and it's cold. Groaning, he buries his face in Hoseok's shoulder and pulls the blanket up over his head. "Just our luck if we picked the rainiest days of the year to go on vacation," he grumbles, wrapping the rest of himself up in the blanket. Hoseok makes a sleepy noise of protest when Yoongi steals most of the blanket from his side of the bed.

"It's just the universe's way of telling us to stay indoors and have a lot of sex," Hoseok replies, voice scratchy and low with sleep. He rolls over onto his side, whining and trying to wiggle his way back under the blanket.

Yoongi can't help but laugh at that, pressing his lips to the hollow at the base of Hoseok's throat. He relinquishes some of his hold on the blankets and smiles in the diffused light beneath the blanket when Hoseok joins him underneath the covers. "Morning," he whispers, slipping his arms around Hoseok's waist and pulling him close. "Did you sleep okay?" Nodding, Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his hand and leans down to kiss him. Yoongi sighs, and his hands slip down to curve over Hoseok's ass. "How about morning sex, then?" he mumbles against Hoseok's lips.

Hoseok laughs, slipping a thigh between Yoongi's legs. Yoongi slides forward, rolling his hips and deepening the kiss. "Someone's eager," Hoseok murmurs, rubbing thigh against Yoongi's cock. Yoongi gasps, nails digging into Hoseok's ass through his boxers. "Did you have a good dream or something?"

"Yeah, I did," Yoongi sighs, fumbling with Hoseok's underwear to get his hands on bare skin. "You were there and naked, for starters."

"Oh?" Hoseok asks, slowing the movement of his thigh. Yoongi clicks his tongue impatiently, pulling back to squint at Hoseok. "I was there *and* naked, huh." He keeps his voice soft, hushed beneath the cover of the blanket over their heads. "I'm a man of many talents." Hoseok's grinning, the little shit. He's enjoying every second of this. "What else, hyung?"

Yoongi can play along. He lets go of Hoseok's ass. "We were in a bed, I don't know where. There was an empty bunk bed on one side of the room," Yoongi replies, pushing his hands underneath Hoseok's shirt

and trailing his fingertips up Hoseok's back. "I could hear other people, distant like they were in different rooms and I was prepping you all slow... Kind of like that last time we visited your parents and couldn't move too fast because that damn bedframe kept squeaking, remember? You were so fucking scared your parents might hear us."

Hoseok nods with a fond smile, and he starts moving his thigh again. Yoongi's nails dig into Hoseok's back to keep himself from rutting off on Hoseok's leg. He continues, voice one a bit ragged, "We weren't back at your parents' place in the dream, but we did have to be quiet and I don't know why. It didn't matter; we didn't say anything about it, but there was this unspoken promise between us that we couldn't get caught." Hoseok sucks his lip between his teeth, stroking a thumb over Yoongi's cheekbone. "But you weren't good at being quiet, so you took one of my hands and sucked my fingers into your mouth."

"*Fuck*," Hoseok whispers, with feeling.

"Yeah, that's what I said. We were about to start fucking," Yoongi murmurs, drifting off as he finally recalls what had woken him. "We were about to start fucking when that delivery truck with the squeaking breaks woke me up. *Fucker*."

Hoseok stares at Yoongi for a few moments, hand slipping around to curl in the hair at the back of Yoongi's head. "Well," he whispers, "you could just fuck me now." His lips quirk into a smile, and Yoongi feels his heart speed up in his chest. "That's better than some dream, isn't it? I'll even suck on whatever you want if you still want me to stay quiet."

Yoongi's hips jerk against Hoseok's thigh. "Nah, I love it when you're loud," he breathes. "Means I'm doing it right." He tilts his head up to press their mouths back together. Hoseok pulls Yoongi in even closer, and Yoongi rocks his hips against Hoseok's thigh and sucks on the tip of Hoseok's tongue. Pausing just long enough to spit into his hand, Yoongi works a hand between their bodies to rub Hoseok's cock through the front slit of Hoseok's boxers. He's catching up to Yoongi's hardness now, precome just starting to bead at the tip. With a muffled moan, Hoseok's nails dig into Yoongi's skin.

"Where's the lube?" Hoseok gasps between kisses, rolling his hips into Yoongi's hold. "Didn't you pack it in your bag?" He brings their mouths back together for another kiss, deep and hot in a way that makes Yoongi's toes curl, a moan catching in the back of his throat. He pulls away without warning, leaving Yoongi wanting as he rolls off the bed.

Pushing the blanket off his head, Yoongi licks his lips as he watches Hoseok shimmy out of his clothes and pick Yoongi's backpack up off the floor. "Inside pocket, I put it in the inside pocket. The little one in the back with the zipper," Yoongi grumbles, eyes fixed on Hoseok's cute ass. Hoseok doesn't say anything for several seconds. "Hoseok-ah," Yoongi says, leaning up on his elbows with a scowl. "Did you hear me? I said the inside—"

Hoseok looks back at Yoongi over his shoulder. "There's nothing in here except a couple spare phone chargers and bunch of used tissues. Ugh, hyung, when did you clean your bag out last? This is disgusting."

"What?" Yoongi asks, sitting up all the way. "I'm sure I—" his voice falters as Hoseok sets the bag back down on the floor. "Oh, fuck, when you told me to gather up the recycling and empty the trash before we left, I just fucking left the lube and condoms on the kitchen counter. *Fuck*."

"Wow, way to go, hyung," Hoseok whines, shoving his way back onto the bed and under the covers. He's covered in goosebumps from that half-minute out of bed, and Yoongi pulls him close. "We brought two extra phone chargers and nothing *useful*."

"...On the upside," Yoongi murmurs after a moment's pause and kissing Hoseok's shoulder, "we *were* running low on lube, so now we have a nice, full bottle to look forward to when we get home."

Hoseok sighs, slipping his chilled arms underneath Yoongi's t-shirt. Yoongi flinches, a breath hissing between his teeth, but he lets Hoseok cling to him. "Yeah, but that won't help me get nice and filled right *now*," Hoseok grumbles. "I was looking forward to sleepy morning sex, hyung."

Yoongi snorts, nipping at Hoseok's ear. "I could still fuck your thighs if that'll make you stop whining," he offers, recalling that bottle of lotion he'd spotted in the bathroom the night before. Hoseok makes an interested noise in response, and Yoongi kisses him once more before climbing out of bed. His toes curl against the cold tile floor, so he doesn't waste time putting on any sort of show as he strips out of his boxers and t-shirt on his way to the bathroom to get the lotion and a towel.

A few seconds later, he returns, smoothing the towel out over the sheets and drops the bottle of lotion. Hoseok tugs on Yoongi's hand, and Yoongi laughs as he trips up onto the bed and into Hoseok's

waiting arms. He's still laughing even as Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his palm and leans in to kiss him. Smiling against Hoseok's mouth, Yoongi curls his arms around Hoseok's neck and shifts in close until their bodies are pressed together.

Hoseok rolls over onto his back with Yoongi on top of him, and they both make soft, pleased sounds as their cocks rub together. Reaching down, Hoseok curls his hand around them both, working their cocks together until they're both fully hard. Yoongi gropes blindly for the bottle of lotion he'd dropped on the bed, meeting each of Hoseok's kisses eagerly and groaning whenever Hoseok twists his wrist or bucks his hips. His fingers close on the bottle at last.

"How do you want me?" Hoseok whispers against Yoongi's mouth. Yoongi grinds down on Hoseok even harder with a shuddering moan. He loses the bottle of lotion in favor or cupping Hoseok's jaw in both hands and thrusting into Hoseok's slackening grip. Hoseok sighs into the kiss, his free hand brushing through Yoongi's hair. "Hyung," he breathes.

Yoongi takes a moment to consider. It's hard to think with Hoseok underneath him like this, waiting and eager. "On our sides would probably be easiest," he mutters, biting at Hoseok's bottom lip and tugging it between his teeth. Hoseok hisses and rubs his palm over the head of Yoongi's cock. "Hands and knees might be more fun if you can keep your legs crossed without tipping over."

"Fuck," Hoseok mutters, and licks into Yoongi's mouth, kissing him hard and clenching a fist in Yoongi's hair. "We'll start on our sides and see how it goes, then."

After a few more kisses, they shift onto their sides over the towel. Yoongi lays with his arm stretched out in front of him and Hoseok rests his head on Yoongi's bicep and curves his back to Yoongi's chest. Yoongi squirts some of the lotion onto his fingers and slips his hand up between Hoseok's thighs. Hoseok groans, rocking back against Yoongi's hand and spreading his thighs enough for Yoongi to rub lotion over the inside of his thighs, his balls and base of his cock, and further back. Yoongi rubs his thumb in slow circles over Hoseok's hole and Hoseok gasps. He reaches back over his head to curl his fingers in Yoongi's hair as Yoongi angles his hips forward and slips his cock into the narrow space between Hoseok's thighs.

With his lips pressed to the back of Hoseok's shoulder, Yoongi starts to move. It's slow this way, pushing his cock in long drags. He keeps one

hand clenched on Hoseok's hip, guiding his body back and forth to meet each thrust. He alternates kisses and bites all over the nape of Hoseok's neck and his shoulder, moaning as Hoseok squeezes his thighs tighter together.

Yoongi touches his free hand to Hoseok's mouth, tracing his lips with two fingers. Hoseok wets his lips, the edge of his tongue grazing the sides of Yoongi's fingers, before parting his lips and sucking them into his warm mouth. He tongues at the tips of Yoongi's fingers, closing his lips around them with a soft moan vibrating at the back of his throat. He flattens his tongue against them, hollowing his cheeks and sucking. Gasping, Yoongi digs the nails of his other hand into Hoseok's hip, grinding against him a little harder, a little faster. Hoseok groans, his hand curling around Yoongi's wrist to keep his hand in place. He works Yoongi's fingers over, wet and hot and perfect. It's not the filthiest thing they've ever done, but here, now, it feels heady and overwhelming.

Hoseok whimpers, jostling his knees against Yoongi's as he squeezes his thighs tighter. The friction is almost too much, even with the lotion, even when Yoongi likes it a little rougher. Yoongi releases his hold on Hoseok's hip to curl around Hoseok's cock instead, pushing the shaft up tight to his belly so the sensitive head rubs against his abs. Sticky precome smears all over Hoseok's skin and Hoseok moans, letting Yoongi's fingers fall from his mouth. Yoongi pushes them back in, and Hoseok moans again, louder, teeth nipping at the tips of Yoongi's fingers as he sucks them in deeper, tongue tracing the slight webbing at the base of them.

"Fuck," Yoongi whispers, sucking a bruise at the nape of Hoseok's neck and stroking Hoseok's cock.

"Knees, knees," Hoseok mumbles around Yoongi's fingers, jerking his hips back to meet Yoongi's next thrust. Yoongi pulls his fingers free from his mouth, and Hoseok gasps for breath. He spreads his legs apart even while Yoongi's mid-thrust, and Yoongi's nails skid over Hoseok's belly as he rolls over onto his front. Hoseok crosses his legs at the knee, pushing his ass up in the air with his face buried in the sheets. "Hyung, come on," he whines.

Yoongi sits up with some difficulty and shifts over behind Hoseok. He takes a moment to admire the curve of Hoseok's ass, the firm muscles of his thighs and calves, slim and delicate ankles, all the way down to the cute little tips of his toes. After getting more of the lotion, Yoongi massages Hoseok's ass, digging his thumbs into where Hoseok's cheeks

meet the tops of his thighs. "You're so beautiful, you know that?" Yoongi whispers.

Hoseok laughs, rolling his hips back into Yoongi's palms. Yoongi spanks him just hard enough for Hoseok to jolt with a pleased yelp of surprise. He spreads Hoseok's cheeks apart a little further, rubbing over his hole, and Hoseok clenches down hard.

"Fuck," Yoongi mutters, adding more lotion to his cock and pushing back between Hoseok's thighs, pushing tight against his balls. A shudder rustles up Hoseok's spine and Yoongi thrusts a little faster. He imagines pushing into Hoseok's hole, of feeling Hoseok's body open up around him. It's hot and dirty, and Yoongi wants so much he feels strung-out by the mere thought of it all.

Hoseok brushes his fingers through his hair and curls his hand into a fist so hard his knuckles go white. He pushes back aginst Yoongi's thrusts and tries to muffle his moans in the bedsheets when Yoongi smacks both hands down on Hoseok's ass and pulls him back harder. "Fuck me, Yoongi-yah," Hoseok gasps, jerking himself off with his free hand and tightening his grip on his own hair. Yoongi's close, too close. "Oh, fuck, oh, *fuck*—"

With one, two, three, four final thrusts, Yoongi groans, his hips stuttering as he comes over Hoseok's ass and between his thighs. It's too much. Hoseok follows soon after, choking on a moan and jerking his hips as he comes all over the towel. Yoongi pants for breath, rubbing his fingers through his release and smearing it further across Hoseok's skin; he can't remember coming so hard in *months*.

"Hey," he murmurs, heart still pounding in his ears. "Hoseok-ah. Come here."

Uncrossing his legs, Hoseok pushes himself up on trembling arms and leans back to rest against Yoongi's chest. Yoongi slings his arms around Hoseok's waist, pressing kisses down the side of his neck. Hoseok sighs, tilting his head to the side to give Yoongi more area to cover, and catches hold of Yoongi's wrist to suck his come-covered fingertips into his mouth. Yoongi's heart stutters to a halt in his chest.

Even after he must have sucked the last of the come from Yoongi's skin, Hoseok keeps Yoongi's fingers in his mouth. When Yoongi starts to pull his hand away and Hoseok chases him back down, sucking his fingers in deeper. Swallowing hard, Yoongi presses down on Hoseok's tongue, and Hoseok moans, eyelids fluttering shut as he rubs his

tongue between the digits and massages them as much as he can. Yoongi buries his face in the crook of Hoseok's shoulder, biting at his skin.

Finally, Hoseok lets Yoongi's fingers fall from his mouth. He turns in Yoongi's arms to press their lips together, his tongue sliding alongside Yoongi's with a little shiver and a needy little noise. Yoongi smiles into the kiss, and Hoseok cups Yoongi's jaw in his palm, drawing him in even closer. He licks deeper into Yoongi's mouth, his tongue soft and wet. Yoongi sighs, stroking his dry hand through Hoseok's hair.

"I'll be right back," he says after they part, and clambers off the bed to clean up and get a wash cloth. Hoseok is curled up on top of the towel when Yoongi returns, his hands tucked beneath his cheek. "Did you fall asleep?" he whispers, bending down to clean the mess from Hoseok's skin.

"Not yet," Hoseok replies. His voice is rough. He spreads his thighs so Yoongi can wipe away the remaining lotion grease that didn't absorb into his skin. Yoongi sets the washcloth aside on the corner of the towel to wash later. "I'm going to shower and then I want to nap," Hoseok sighs, arching his back with a pleased hum as Yoongi smooths his palm up the length of Hoseok's spine. Reaching back, he takes hold of Yoongi's hand, pulling him further up the bed for another kiss. Yoongi strokes his fingers up into Hoseok's hair and deepens the kiss.

Hoseok pushes at Yoongi's arm, so hard Yoongi stumbles off the bed. "Now, go get breakfast," he says. "I'm hungry."

Yoongi rolls his eyes, pulling open dresser drawers and pulling out clothes to wear for the day. "Yeah, fine," he sighs as he dresses. "I'll go to that cafe we went to yesterday, they had a decent breakfast menu as far as I can remember." He grabs the apartment keys, his phone and wallet off the top of the dresser and stuffs them into his pockets. On his way to the door, he scoops up Hoseok's zip-up hoodie and slips it on.

"Don't forget to buy lube and condoms, too," Hoseok says.

Stooping down to pull on his shoes, Yoongi clicks his tongue against his teeth. "Fine," he says. "Does your royal highness want anything else, or can I go now?"

"Yeah, hurry back fast and fuck me properly," Hoseok replies dryly, voice hitching into a delighted laugh as Yoongi scrambles for the doorknob.

Much later that afternoon, they drive over to the aquarium. It's cool and dark, lit by the eerie blue glow of lights shining through the water, and the fish swimming past cast large shadows. Hoseok wanders a few steps ahead of Yoongi as they peer into the huge tank that houses thousands of different species of fish. His eyes follow the schools of colourful fish darting through the water, his mouth curving into a smile or gaping open in turns. Yoongi takes pictures of him whenever Hoseok isn't paying enough attention to notice; he can't risk using the flash without Hoseok becoming aware of it. With such unreliable lighting, he hopes they turn out okay.

It takes a lot of coaxing and hushed promises of future blowjobs to talk Hoseok into walking through the underwater glass tunnel. "It's not that scary, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi murmurs, taking Hoseok's hand and twining their fingers together. "It's totally safe." Hoseok peeks up at the glass, squeezing Yoongi's hand so hard Yoongi has to clench his teeth to muffle a grunt of pain.

Struck by a sudden idea, Yoongi leans closer, rising up an inch on his toes. "When we get back to the apartment, I'm going to push you down onto the bed," he breathes against Hoseok's ear. "And then I'm going to eat you out like I did after breakfast, but for an hour straight." Hoseok's hold on Yoongi's hand loosens, somewhat. "I'll work you over until you're open and wet and ready for me to fuck you, would you like that, babe?" Out the corner of his eye, Yoongi sees Hoseok nod, once. The tips of his ears are starting to turn pink.

A small shark, only a baby, swims overhead. "Oh," Hoseok whispers, his eyes wide with wonder. "This isn't so bad. Hyung— oh, look at that!" Yoongi smiles.

In the jellyfish exhibit, Hoseok steps right up to the glass with a bright smile spread across his face. He starts to sway in time as he watches the jellies. Soon, he begins to wave his arms and wiggle his hips, mimicking their movements so it looks more like a dance. Yoongi, holding a hand up beside his face to hide Hoseok's writhing form from view, tries both not to laugh and to pretend that he doesn't know Hoseok.

After seeing the otters, penguins, orcas, and stingrays, they find a quieter section along the observation tanks. Hoseok sits on one of the benches with his hands braced behind him as he watches the fish swim past in the tank overhead. Yoongi lays on his back with his head pillowed in Hoseok's lap, taking pictures. (Mostly of fish, though he does manage to snap a few charming shots directly up Hoseok's nose.

"You've got a booger," Yoongi observes mildly.

"Stop looking up my nose or I'll donate your camera for the otters to play with," Hoseok replies in the same tone of voice.)

After, they go out for dinner at a hot pot restaurant that Jungkook had brought Jimin and Hoseok to the year before; the meal is very good, filling, and kind to their wallets. The restaurant is only a few blocks up from Jungkook's family home. Leaving the car at the parking lot, Hoseok leads Yoongi over by their entwined hands to say hello to Jungkook's parents. Over their years dancing together, Hoseok has become very close with both Jungkook's and Jimin's families. On the way, he explains that he would've loved to see Jimin's family as well, but they're out of town.

Jungkook's mother wraps them both up in a hug. She rubs Hoseok's shoulders, exclaiming about how tall and handsome he's become since she saw him last. Hoseok ducks his head, bashful. Yoongi hides a grin behind his hand. Jungkook's father claps Hoseok on the shoulder and offers a hand for Yoongi to shake. He has a very firm grip, warm and reassuring.

"Auntie, uncle," Hoseok says with a polite bow. "I know I said he was just my roommate before, but," reaching down, Hoseok slots his fingers between Yoongi's. "This is my boyfriend, Min Yoongi."

Without missing a beat, Yoongi smiles and bows. Jungkook's parents fuss over him as if they've just met him all over again, with more hugs and handshakes. Hoseok doesn't let go of Yoongi's hand even once, and Yoongi squeezes Hoseok's fingers in grateful thanks. After several minutes of small talk, the small foyer begins to feel incredibly warm with four adults (two in heavy jackets) crammed into the narrow space.

"Would you like us to make you something to eat?" Jungkook's mother asks, gesturing behind her to the living room and kitchen beyond. "Growing boys like you need to eat— we just finished dinner an hour ago, but I could heat something up for you if you'd like to stay for—"

Hoseok shakes his head, a sad smile quirking the corners of his lips. "Ah, I'd love to and thank you so much for your kind offer, but we just ate at that little hot pot restaurant a few blocks over. I just wanted to say hello and make sure you're both well since we'll only be on vacation here for a few more days."

"Ahh, you had an excellent treat, then. We're fine," Jungkook's father

says, smiling and patting Hoseok's arm again. "It was nice to see you, have a good holiday!"

"Tell Jungkook we said hello!" Jungkook's mother adds. "Tell him to call me more than once a month, will you?"

Hoseok bobs another bow and pulls the door open. "Of course we will, thank you! Be healthy!"

On their way back, Yoongi takes a detour and parks at a beach that overlooks Gwangan bridge. They get out and sit on the hood of the car, nestled together with their backs resting on the windshield, their hands tangled in Yoongi's lap. Hoseok leans his head on Yoongi's shoulder.

Yoongi checks the weather on his phone. Tomorrow's supposed to be sunny, with a low chance of rain. He remembers the purpose of this trip and nudges Hoseok in the ribs. "Hey," he murmurs. "We're going to get up before dawn tomorrow, okay?"

Hoseok lifts his head from Yoongi's shoulder and kisses him. "Okay, hyung."

When they reach the apartment at last, they take turns washing up. Yoongi pulls Hoseok down onto the bed, the new bottle of lube in his hand. Laughing, Hoseok leans in to press their mouths together, before tugging off his boxers and taking the lube from Yoongi. He opens himself up while Yoongi watches and rides him sweet and close, his face tucked into the side of Yoongi's neck. After they fall asleep tangled together, Hoseok's head tucked beneath Yoongi's chin.

*

It's still dark when Yoongi's alarm goes off in the morning. Groaning, Yoongi rolls over to slap at the screen and shut it off. He covers his face with his hands, taking a deep breath and opening his eyes.

Hoseok stirs beside him, his arms tightening around Yoongi's waist. He pulls Yoongi closer, rubbing his forehead in the little dip between Yoongi's shoulder blades. "What time is it?" he asks, voice slow and clumsy with sleep.

"Five," Yoongi replies hoarsely. "Sunrise is at six, we should get up." Hoseok grumbles, his lips brushing Yoongi's skin, but he releases Yoongi when he starts to sit up and pushes the blankets aside. Yoongi stumbles into the bathroom to piss, wash up and clean his teeth.

Hoseok joins him a few minutes later and does the same thing in reverse. Yoongi pulls on his warmest, comfiest clothes, slings the strap of his camera bag over his shoulder, and grabs his wallet, phone, and keys off the dresser. They'll have to stop for food and coffee on the way.

Even with a lineup at the cafe where they stopped, they arrive at Haeundae beach twenty minutes before six. This early, there's no one else around at their narrow strip of beach, which Yoongi is grateful for. He cradles his cup of coffee to his chest, snuggled against Hoseok's side for warmth while Hoseok takes pictures of them both together on his phone. The sky grows lighter with each passing second, but it's still *cold*. Hoseok grabs a stick and draws their names in the sand. Yoongi laughs.

Once the sun rises, seven minutes after six, it starts to get a little warmer. It's beautiful, watching pinks and soft yellows streak across the grey sky above them. Yoongi takes pictures, first of the sky and the water, then of the sun lighting up Hoseok's skin. He stands with his eyes closed, face tilted up to meet the sun like a sunflower.

Yoongi stows his camera back into the bag and reaches up to pull Hoseok to meet him. Hoseok curls his arms around Yoongi and kisses him like he's something precious. It takes Yoongi by surprise how much he wants to hold onto this moment, to grip it tight with both hands and never let it go. His fingers stroke up into Hoseok's hair as Hoseok tilts his head and deepens the kiss, and Yoongi's knees feel weak. Yoongi sighs, pulling Hoseok closer and resting his face in the crook of Hoseok's neck.

"This is the gayest thing we've ever done," he mutters.

Hoseok snorts a laugh. "What the fuck," he says. "Hyung, your dick was literally inside me six hours ago."

Yoongi bites his lip to keep himself from grinning. "And this is *still* the gayest thing we've ever done." He takes a step back, squinting at Hoseok. The morning sun caresses his face, making him goddamn glow in a way that's hard to look at. Hoseok's smiling at him, one hand tucked into his pocket. A sudden thought strikes Yoongi, and he frowns. "Don't fucking propose, okay. Just don't."

Hoseok takes Yoongi's free hand and drops down to his knees in the sand. "Min Yoongi," he begins, and Yoongi sputters in a panic, wrenching his hand from Hoseok's grasp. "I love you and I don't want

to marry you."

"*Good*," Yoongi replies vehemently, even as his stomach swoops like he'd missed a step on the way up a set of stairs. His heart pounds in his chest, a roaring sound filling his ears. "Good, because I don't want to marry you, either." He scuffs a sneaker through their names drawn in the sand, and Hoseok laughs, getting back to his feet and dusting off his knees.

They play around a bit after, just enjoying each other and what they have. It's as if the world holds its breath around them, caught within a perfect, crystalline moment of time. Yoongi takes photos of the brightening sky and the play of sunlight across the water, of Hoseok pulling dumb faces to make him laugh. Hoseok chases Yoongi a bit too close to the waves lapping at the shore. Hoseok's laughter rings out in the crisp, quiet air, and Yoongi's cheeks begin to ache from smiling for so long. Hoseok jumps on Yoongi, tackling him down to the ground.

"Fucker," Yoongi wheezes. "You could've broken my camera, you asshole—"

"Ow*fuck*, my shoulder," Hoseok hisses at the same time, burying his face in Yoongi's neck. "I fucked up, hyung. *I fucked up*."

Yoongi winds his arms around Hoseok and pulls him close. "I have sand in places there should never be sand," Yoongi mutters, ducking his chin and brushing his lips over the top of Hoseok's head. "Let's go back, Hoseok-ah. I want you to fuck me."

The drive back to the apartment, despite the early morning traffic, is shorter than Yoongi expected. Hoseok wins a round of rock, paper, scissors to wash up first. Shrugging, Yoongi digs through every cupboard and closet but he doesn't find any spare sets of sheets. Instead, he strips the blankets off the bed and spreads out the towels from the bathroom to cover the sheets. That done, Yoongi sits on the edge of the mattress and looks over the photos he'd taken while he waits for Hoseok to finish.

"Hey, hyung, come in here," Hoseok calls over the sound of the shower, a few minutes later. "Bring the lube."

Yoongi sets his camera down on the dresser and scoops up the bottle of lube, his lips twitching into a grin. The bathroom is cramped; the glass-doored shower stall takes up most of the space, with a toilet and marble countertop filling the rest. Yoongi strips out of his clothes and leaves them in a heap on the floor as Hoseok pushes the shower door

open.

The stall is small with barely enough room for them both. It brings back memories of sharing Yoongi's terrible old shower back when they first started dating. The water pressure and temperature seems more reliable here, at least. They keep bumping into each other and laughing, pausing to kiss beneath the spray more often than cleaning themselves.

With the last of the sand washed away, Yoongi reaches back to clean and start to stretch himself open. Hoseok kisses his neck while he works, his half-hard dick pressing hot and thick against Yoongi's thigh. He must have spent more time jerking off more than cleaning himself while Yoongi was hunting for sheets. He grasps Yoongi's cock with a soap-slicked hand and strokes him off. Yoongi hums, letting his head fall forward to rest in the crook of Hoseok's neck, working his hips in little circles to fuck Hoseok's fist and back onto his own fingers.

Hoseok steps out of the way so Yoongi can wash away the remaining soap suds. He sinks down to his knees after and pushes Yoongi against the shower wall. "Can I eat you out?" he asks, brushing kisses where Yoongi's thighs meet his ass.

"Fuck," Yoongi gasps. "Yeah, okay."

The first touch of his tongue is warm but tentative. He takes his time to build up a rhythm, his thumbs digging into Yoongi's skin as he pulls his cheeks apart to suck at his rim. Yoongi moans, writhing against the wall and pushing his ass back into Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok stiffens his tongue and slides right inside.

Yoongi's toes curl and he rises up on the balls of his feet, trying to arch his back and push even further back onto Hoseok's tongue. He reaches down to get a hand on himself, stroking with each press of Hoseok's tongue. Hoseok eats him out like he's kissing him, hard and hot or soft and fluttering at turns. Yoongi presses his chest and the side of his face against the cool shower wall, panting for breath.

With one final lick, Hoseok sits back on his heels. "Can you face me now, hyung?" he asks, voice a bit rough. Yoongi turns to see Hoseok pouring lube into his hand. Yoongi's hands shake and skid down the slick shower walls as Hoseok sucks his cock into his mouth and slips two fingers inside Yoongi. It's too much at once, and Yoongi hisses out a moan between his teeth, letting go of the wall to tangle his fingers into Hoseok's hair and pull him further down onto his cock.

Hoseok keeps his fingers still to let Yoongi stretch out and adjust for a few moments. He starts to move, massaging Yoongi's balls with the heel of his palm each time he draws his fingers back. He lets Yoongi take control, fucking into his mouth with shallow dips of his hips, and thrusts his fingers to a similar rhythm. His mouth is hot and wet and perfect, tongue stroking along the underside. He sucks hard each time Yoongi pulls his head back. The tip of Yoongi's cock presses against the back of Hoseok's throat, and Yoongi can feel the vibration of Hoseok's moans more than hear them.

Yoongi's breath catches in his throat. "I'm gonna come if you keep doing this," he manages to gasp out, throwing his head back as Hoseok slips in a third finger and sucks hard on his cock. His knees give a dangerous wobble. "Fuck, Hoseok— Hoseok-ah, babe, please—" he babbles, gulping breaths into his lungs, "I'm ready, I wanna last so I can— I wanna come with you, babe—"

Hoseok lets Yoongi's cock fall from his mouth, gripping the base with his free hand and twisting his wrist so his fingers drag over Yoongi's prostate. Yoongi scrabbles to hold onto the wall, moaning and bucking his hips. Tightening his grip on Yoongi's cock, Hoseok repeats the motion with his other hand. Yoongi bites down hard on his bottom lip, pressing both hands tight to the walls. "You want to come with me?" Hoseok asks, looking up at Yoongi with a smile turning up the corners of his pink, used lips. Water drips from the ends of his hair. "Do you think you can last that long?"

"Watch me," Yoongi breathes, letting go of the wall to clench both hands back into the hair at Hoseok's nape and pull him up until he's standing. Hoseok's breath quickens, his eyes sparkling as a slow smile spreads across his face, bright and unselfconscious. It's like looking directly into the sun. "You gonna fuck me right here?" Yoongi asks, tilting his chin up.

"Not enough room," Hoseok whispers, even as he slicks up his own dick and hitches one of Yoongi's thighs up over his hip. His cock pushes up between Yoongi's ass cheeks. Yoongi shudders, arching his back and gasping as the head of Hoseok's cock presses against his hole, spreading him open, just like that. "Fuck," Hoseok whispers, his fingertips digging in at Yoongi's waist and thigh.

With his hands clenched in Hoseok's hair, Yoongi hitches his leg up further, sighing and pulling Hoseok in for a kiss as Hoseok's cock starts to slide inside. Hoseok gasps into Yoongi's mouth, and Yoongi tilts his head, sucking on Hoseok's tongue.

Hoseok presses Yoongi more firmly against the shower wall and gives an experimental slow grind of his hips. Yoongi clutches at Hoseok even tighter, pulling his hair a bit harder as Hoseok sinks further into him, and further. Yoongi turns his head away and gasps for breath and they rest against each other for a moment, Hoseok's face buried in the crook of Yoongi's neck. "*Fuck*," Hoseok repeats, sudden and rough like it's been punched out of him. "Yoongi, you feel so—"

Yoongi catches his lip between his teeth. "Babe, can you— can you hold me up and fuck me?" he asks, his hands slipping down from Hoseok's hair to curl around the nape of his neck.

In answer, Hoseok hooks his arms under both of Yoongi's knees, pulling him up until he's pinned against the shower wall by his cock and hips. "You think that shower door would hold our weight?" he asks, rolling his hips. Yoongi's breath hitches, nails digging into Hoseok's skin. "Because this bathroom's small. If I fall back and that door opens, I'm gonna crack my skull on that counter, and then I'm going to be pissed. And dead." He shifts Yoongi's weight, balancing him more evenly. Yoongi braces his arms against Hoseok's shoulders as Hoseok starts to thrust up into Yoongi with shallow, slow little dips of his hips that brush over his prostate every single time. Yoongi groans, his toes curling in midair as his back grinds against the shower wall.

Hoseok speeds up until he's almost fucking the moans out of Yoongi's mouth as their bodies slap together. Yoongi digs his nails into the tops of Hoseok's shoulders, gasping for breath. It hurts, but in a deep, satisfying way. He slips a bit down the wall and Hoseok groans, pressing him more firmly. His forehead rests in the dip of Yoongi's neck and shoulder, his mouth hot and open, panting against Yoongi's skin.

He stumbles back a step and Yoongi slips a bit further down, sinking down onto Hoseok's cock that much faster, and Yoongi moans, hooking his ankles behind Hoseok's back. Hoseok's shaking. Yoongi can feel tremors start at the top of Hoseok's shoulders and continue all the way down to his feet planted on the floor. The slippery floor covered in water from the shower still running behind them. The tempered glass door just beyond that, fogged with condensation, that he can only just see that glistening white marble countertop through. Fuck. *Fuck*. Hoseok's hips rock up into him and Yoongi gasps.

"Hoseok-ah," Yoongi says, pushing at Hoseok's chest. "Let me go."

Gasping for breath, Hoseok bites at Yoongi's shoulder, hesitating, before he lowers him back down until he can stand.

Slapping at the shower dials, Yoongi shuts off the water and pushes the door open. Cold air swirls into the stall, rapidly cooling the warm water still running down their bodies, and Yoongi shivers. He pulls Hoseok in close for a long, lingering kiss, reaching down to tangle their fingers together. "Bed now," he whispers and nips at Hoseok's lip. Yoongi's knees wobble as he ducks down to grab the lube and Hoseok catches him around the waist.

They make their way out of the bathroom together, and Hoseok laughs when he sees the towel spread out on the mattress. Yoongi lays down on his back in the middle of the bed, sets the lube beside him, and reaches out for Hoseok. Hoseok slides between Yoongi's spread thighs, one smooth roll as he presses his body down against Yoongi's.

Yoongi hums, warm and happy, and he pulls Hoseok in even closer. His back arches up off the bed with a moan muffled into Hoseok's mouth as slicked fingers slip back into his body. He hadn't even noticed Hoseok grab the lube. "Yeah," he sighs, as Hoseok's lips drift and kiss the underside of his jaw. Yoongi's hand curls in Hoseok's hair as Hoseok's fingers curl and part. "*Yeah*, that's good. You're so good, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok makes a soft noise of assent, dragging his tongue down the side of Yoongi's neck. "Feel free to keep telling me how great I am," Hoseok murmurs against the base of Yoongi's throat. He curls his hand around Yoongi's cock and jerks him in time with the twisting fingers inside him, and Yoongi lets out a groan that's so loud it almost seems to *echo* in the small apartment. How thick are the walls in this building? Yoongi's cheeks prickle with heat. He feels Hoseok's lips stretch into a grin against his skin as he pulls back to get more lube, and Yoongi groans again, quieter and more embarrassed, covering his face with his free hand. "Mm, that's what I like to hear," Hoseok says, smug and gently teasing, his fingers slipping back inside. "What was it you said yesterday? You like it when I'm loud because that means you're doing your job right?"

"I hate you," Yoongi grumbles, lifting his head up off the mattress and twisting just enough to catch the top of Hoseok's ear between his teeth. He doesn't bite down hard, but he tugs just enough to catch Hoseok's attention. Hoseok gasps, and despite the emptiness as Hoseok's fingers slip free of his body, gratification swoops in Yoongi's belly when he watches Hoseok grind his cock against the towel,

leaving behind a smear of glistening precome. "Come here," he breathes, twisting just a bit further to graze a kiss over Hoseok's cheekbone. "How am I supposed to kiss you when you're so far away?"

"Oh, my bad," Hoseok whispers, rising back up to press their mouths together. Yoongi sucks Hoseok's tongue into his mouth, curling his legs around Hoseok's waist. Hoseok lines up his cock and begins to push back into Yoongi's body slow and deliberate, his warm palms smoothing over the backs of Yoongi's thighs. Muffling a whine into Hoseok's mouth, Yoongi pushes down against him until he settles, hips nestled against Yoongi's ass.

Yoongi exhales, his hands clenching and unclenching in Hoseok's hair and over his shoulder. Their breathing seems loud and amplified in the stillness, and outside the window, Yoongi can hear distant street traffic. Yoongi closes his eyes, tucking his face into the crook of Hoseok's neck. He shifts his weight on the bed, spreading his knees even further apart and hooking his feet together at the ankles. "'m good," he murmurs, pressing his mouth to Hoseok's skin and sucking a bruise there. "'m good, babe, *move*—"

Hoseok starts slow, with long, deep thrusts that have him pulling almost all the way out before he rolls his hips back into place. Yoongi gasps, digging his teeth into the top of Hoseok's shoulder, digging his heels into Hoseok's ass and rocking down to meet Hoseok's thrusts. A shiver rolls up Hoseok's spine, losing his rhythm and fucking into Yoongi at a different angle. Turning his head, Yoongi muffles a moan against Hoseok's skin, his back arching up off the bed.

"Oh, was that good?" Hoseok laughs, breathless.

Yoongi nips at Hoseok's throat, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hair and pulling his head back. "Yeah, that was good," he says. "You little shit."

Hoseok ducks down and kisses him, deep and hot. Yoongi meets each kiss eagerly, his body curling around Hoseok's body. He gasps into Hoseok's mouth when his cock brushes against his prostate, his toes curling against the backs of Hoseok's thighs.

Unfortunately, Hoseok pulls back before Yoongi's finished with him. Though he tries to chase after him, Hoseok leans just far enough out of reach, his hands braced on the tops of Yoongi's thighs as he fucks into him even harder. He stares down into Yoongi's eyes, the corners of his lips turned up into a soft smile with each forward roll of his

hips.

Unhooking his ankles and letting his legs slip down to curl around hoseok's thighs, Yoongi gasps, helpless and writhing, clenching his hands in the sheets. He can't seem to force himself to break the eye contact, even though he can feel warmth prickling in his cheeks. It's too much, too intense and intimate all at once.

Hoseok tilts his head, leaning back down for another kiss. Yoongi opens his mouth, expectant, eyelids heavy and ready to flutter closed. Hoseok buries his face in the side of Yoongi's neck at the last second, each brush of his lips and nip of his teeth leaving a trail of sparks in their wake.

Yoongi's hands slide down Hoseok's back, slicked with sweat. He curves his palms over the swell of Hoseok's ass. His muscles flex and contract beneath Yoongi's hands, and he bites down on his bottom lip. Hoseok catches Yoongi's earlobe between his teeth, and Yoongi sighs, hips bucking up to meet each thrust. Raising one hand, he brings it back down on Hoseok's ass, *hard*. His palm stings, and Hoseok moans.

"Do it again," Hoseok whispers, tracing the curve of Yoongi's ear with his tongue.

So Yoongi spanks him again, and again, trying to spur Hoseok into fucking him faster. Hoseok's hips snap forward, and he hitches Yoongi's hips up even higher. Yoongi turns his head and muffles his moans against Hoseok's temple, his eyes fluttering shut. He spanks Hoseok again, harder, and switches hands a few times just to keep Hoseok on his toes.

Hoseok moans again, even louder, his breath hitching and hot against Yoongi's ear. "Fuck, Yoongi-yah," he gasps. "I'm gonna come if you keep doing that."

"Mm, that'd be fun to play with," Yoongi replies, but he doesn't protest much when Hoseok sits back far enough to grab onto Yoongi's hands and pin his wrists up over his head. He squirms, testing Hoseok's grip. Hoseok's thumbs press against Yoongi's wrist bones, and Yoongi moans, bucking up against Hoseok's next thrust. He could get free easily if he wanted to, and he knows Hoseok would release him before Yoongi would even have to open his mouth and say so. Still, it makes something hot twist in the pit of his stomach, and he tilts his head back on the mattress, his lip caught between his teeth. "Fuck."

Hoseok rests his forehead against Yoongi's, his mouth wet and open

and panting. He rocks his hips forward, and Yoongi feels himself clench down around Hoseok's cock with a breathy little moan. "God," Hoseok gasps. "You feel so good, Yoongi."

Yoongi lets himself smile, blinking as Hoseok pulls back just enough to meet his gaze. His deep brown eyes glow in the early morning sunlight, warm and wanting. Yoongi doesn't ever want to let this go. Could he ever love anyone else the way he loves Hoseok? His breath catches, his thighs trembling. "Babe, I—" His voice wavers. Breaks. *You're all I want.*

Hoseok moves Yoongi's hands to the head of the bed, curling Yoongi's fingers around the narrow, curved wooden slats that make up the headboard design. He curls his hands over Yoongi's, and uses that hold to pull his body forward that much harder and faster. Yoongi feels Hoseok's arms flexing against his own and he doesn't beg. He doesn't *beg*, but soft, pleading little sounds are forced from between his lips on each forward thrust, his hands shaking.

Twisting his hands in Hoseok's hold, Yoongi threads their fingers together, locking on tight. He lifts his head from the bed and brushing his lips over Hoseok's. Hoseok gasps, breathing into Yoongi's mouth. His hips snap forward faster and faster as he draws closer to the edge. His thrusts stay deep, shorter and faster and Yoongi's back arches with a moan, clenching down hard on Hoseok's cock.

His heartbeat pounds in his ears, counterpoint to each panting, desperate breath they draw into their lungs. The bedframe creaks, clear over the slick wet sounds of the lube and their bodies slapping together. Distantly, Yoongi can make out sounds of their neighbours waking up for the day. He doesn't care if they hear.

Yoongi trails kisses all over Hoseok's face, jaw, neck, whatever he can reach. He wrenches his hands free, one slipping down to grasp his own cock while the other slides into Hoseok's hair and curls into a tight fist. Tightening his grip as Hoseok's thrusts get shallower and shallower, he rolls his hips down to meet him, until Hoseok comes with a loud moan. His hips undulate as he rides out the orgasm, fucking Yoongi through it as Yoongi strokes himself off faster.

"Want you to come in my mouth," Hoseok gasps.

"Wait, what?" Yoongi asks, and cries out in surprise as Hoseok pulls out without any further warning and ducks down to suck Yoongi's cock into his mouth. His fingers slip into Yoongi's hole, gliding inside

from the messy slick of lube and come. It sends a filthy thrill shuddering down Yoongi's spine and he clenches both hands into Hoseok's hair and bucks his hips up. His cock slides deeper into Hoseok's mouth and Hoseok just takes it, moaning and swallowing around the tip. He trails his nails over Yoongi's belly and chest until Yoongi comes right down Hoseok's throat with a shout of Hoseok's name that he doesn't even attempt to quiet.

Hoseok swallows it all and collapses beside Yoongi, gasping for breath. Yoongi tangles their fingers together and closes his eyes. He drifts off at some point, surfacing briefly when he feels a warm, damp cloth sweeping over his skin. Hoseok slips back onto the bed with the blankets and pulls Yoongi into his arms just as Yoongi slips back into sleep.

A few hours later, Yoongi wakes to an empty bed. Stomach grumbling, he stretches his arms out with a yawn so wide it makes his eyes water, and blinks sleepily up at the ceiling, running his tongue over his bottom lip. His arm settles on something that crinkles, and he looks over to his side. A piece of paper rests on the bed beside him, and he picks it up.

Hyung,
It's so beautiful out, I thought I'd go for a jog. It's about 10:30 now. I'll pick up lunch on my way back, I promise. I have my phone if you need anything,
xoxo

Yoongi smiles, crumpling up the note and tossing it aside to deal with later. He grabs his phone off the dresser and flicks through his Twitter feed. After posting a few pouty selfies and complaining about waking up alone and how long it's taking Hoseok to come back with lunch, Yoongi gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom to piss and wash up.

By the time he pulls one of Hoseok's shirts over his head after getting out of the shower, Hoseok has returned, carrying a take-out bag. "Hyung, why the fuck are there all these people harassing me about being a terrible boyfriend and starving you?"

"Oh right," Yoongi says, pushing himself up onto the counter and grabbing one of the cartons of food out of the bag. "I uh, I might've complained about how long you were taking to come back on Twitter." Hoseok's phone chirps again in his pocket, and Yoongi ducks

his head with a grin. "Not sorry."

"Fuck you," Hoseok exhales on a tired laugh, pulling his phone out to switch it to silent mode, instead. He grabs one of the other cartons. "What do you want to do today?"

Yoongi shoves noodles into his mouth and chews as he thinks. "Art gallery, maybe?" he suggests after swallowing, licking sauce off his bottom lip. "I don't feel like hiking or anything."

"Yeah," Hoseok says, stirring his noodles around in his carton with his chopsticks. "There were a couple cool-sounding art galleries Jiminnie was telling me about. We could go see if he has good taste or not."

Yoongi snickers, setting his food aside as Hoseok crosses the distance between them and leans in for a kiss. Yoongi sighs, slinging his arms around Hoseok's shoulders and pulling him closer. "Lube's back on the bed, still," he murmurs. "Go get it."

That night after the art galleries and dinner, Hoseok drags Yoongi to a club. The music is blaring, more EDM bullshit that sets Yoongi's teeth on edge, the bass thudding into his bones. Yoongi makes a beeline for the bar, pausing when he feels Hoseok's fingers slip off his wrist and looking back. "Do you want me to get you something to drink, too?"

Hoseok shakes his head, leaning in to speak directly against Yoongi's ear, "No, I just want to dance."

Yoongi watches him go, before turning and continuing on. It takes almost an entire (terrible) song for Yoongi to get through the crowd to the bar, and another half a (less terrible) song to get a gin and tonic. By the time he gets out to the tables and stools overlooking the club, Hoseok's in the middle of the crowded dance floor. He watches from the sidelines, nursing his drink.

Hoseok never dances with the same person twice. It's incredible to see him move, the way the lights play over his sinuous form, the way he weaves through the crowd with a fluidity and grace that takes Yoongi's breath away. From time to time, he glances over in Yoongi's direction, dancing on his own for almost ten songs straight before Yoongi loses count. Draining the last of his drink and setting the glass aside, Yoongi makes his way down to the floor and into Hoseok's arms.

There are enough people around that nobody really pays them a second glance. Yoongi wouldn't care even if anyone did, stepping in

close and letting Hoseok lead as they dance together. Hoseok's hands grip Yoongi's hips, guiding him into sensual rolls in time with the beat, and Yoongi slings his arms around Hoseok's shoulders. Hoseok's eyes sparkle in the flashing club lights, his lips turned up into a bright smile as they come together. He grinds his hips against Yoongi's thigh, and Yoongi scrapes his fingernails over the nape of Hoseok's neck.

They head back to the apartment before it gets too late (and before they get too carried away). Yoongi drives, a giddy feeling swirling in his gut when Hoseok reaches across the console to squeeze Yoongi's thigh. In the elevator, Hoseok pins Yoongi to the wall with his hands and hips and lips. Yoongi groans into Hoseok's mouth, tucking his hands into Hoseok's back pockets and squeezing his ass hard through the denim. Hoseok lets out a soft sound, rolling his hips back into Yoongi's palms.

On the seventh floor, they back off each other. Throughout the entire trip, the hall to the apartment has never seemed so long. "Our next apartment should have an elevator," Yoongi says, wetting his lips.

Hoseok snickers, leaning against the wall beside the door while Yoongi gets the keys out of his pocket. "We wouldn't have time to fuck in it," he says, following Yoongi inside. He strips off his shoes and coat.

"Yeah, but I could probably blow you, though," Yoongi replies, doing the same. He grins as Hoseok laughs, stumbling forward when Hoseok snakes his arms around Yoongi's waist and pulls him close to lick into his mouth. "Hey, you wanna fuck me on the counter again?" Yoongi asks, nipping at Hoseok's bottom lip and slipping a thigh between Hoseok's legs.

"No, I want you to ride me," Hoseok murmurs, tilting his head and kissing down the side of Yoongi's throat. He rubs at Yoongi's cock through the front of his jeans. "Do you want to?" Yoongi shivers and nods, tugging at the hem of Hoseok's shirt until he backs up just enough to pull it off over his head.

They leave a trail of clothes in their wake. Yoongi switches on the bedside lamp and tumbles onto the bed when Hoseok tugs him down. He rolls into Hoseok's arms, laughing. Hoseok presses kisses along the underside of his jaw, following the line of it to his ear. Yoongi pushes Hoseok over onto his back over the towel from earlier that day and climbs on top of him, leaning down to press their mouths together. "*Yeah*," he breathes as Hoseok rubs lube-slick fingers over his hole,

angling his hips back.

Hoseok fingers him open slow and careful, tilting his head up for more kisses. Yoongi strokes their cocks together in his hand, relaxing around Hoseok's probing fingers and opening up again. He's still a bit achy from that morning, but it's not unbearable. He cups Hoseok's cheek in his palm, kissing him again and again. Hoseok hums, bucking his hips up.

Once he's ready, Yoongi lines up and sinks down onto Hoseok's cock. The muscles in his thighs still burn from earlier, but he doesn't care. "You feel so good," Yoongi whispers, hardly giving himself a moment to adjust to the feeling of being filled before he starts fucking himself. Hoseok moans out a curse in response, grabbing onto Yoongi's hips as Yoongi rocks in his lap. Yoongi grins, his breath catching in his throat as Hoseok sets a shallow counter rhythm, thrusting up every time Yoongi sinks down. Pleasure jolts up his spine and he lets his head fall back, eyes falling shut with a little groan.

Hoseok's hands slide up Yoongi's sides and over his chest, thumbs flicking across the peaks of his nipples. Yoongi gasps, grinding down a bit harder as Hoseok traces circles around them with increasing pressure. He catches his lip between his teeth, lifting his head. Hoseok's staring up at him, eyes glittering from behind heavy lids, his hair mussed and damp with sweat, a smirk turning up the corner of his mouth.

"Fuck," Yoongi gasps, reaching out and tracing trembling fingertips over the curve of Hoseok's bottom lip. Hoseok's mouth opens, letting Yoongi's fingers slip inside. He rubs at the tips with his tongue, moaning and closing his lips around Yoongi's fingers, sucking hard. Yoongi clenches down again, rolling his hips through it. Hoseok gasps, letting Yoongi's fingers slip from his mouth. Yoongi's fingers trail a wet path down Hoseok's chin and the side of his neck, his hand curling over Hoseok's shoulder like an anchor.

Yoongi goes as hard as he can for as long as he can, bracing himself with his hands either on Hoseok's shoulders or his thighs. Hoseok keeps one hand low on Yoongi's belly and the other on his back, guiding Yoongi into rolling his hips a little further, going a little deeper. Yoongi gasps for breath, eyelids fluttering, unable to keep them fully open or closed.

"Can I fuck you now, Yoongi-yah?" Hoseok asks, voice rough and low. His nails scrape over Yoongi's skin. Nodding, Yoongi gets his legs

under himself and rises up in a crouch, crying out when Hoseok plants his feet on the mattress and pounds up into him.

The slap of their bodies together is obscene, echoing, and Yoongi cries out again, pitching forward to bury his face in the side of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok fucks him so hard Yoongi braces his hands on the headboard, mewling moans hiccuping out of his mouth with each thrust. Each breath is harsh and shallow, his heart a roaring rush in his ears. It's so *good*.

Hoseok comes with a loud moan, clutching at Yoongi's shoulders and fucking him through the aftershocks. Yoongi pushes himself up with some difficulty and rides him again with a hand on his cock and one hand propping up his weight on Hoseok's chest. Fingertips dig into Yoongi's hipbones, nails biting into the skin. Yoongi comes all over Hoseok's chest with a moan, folding forward and resting his forehead in the crook of Hoseok's neck, trembling as he comes down from it. The sweat starts to cool on his back and he shivers, nuzzling close until their bodies are pressed tight together. Hoseok's arms come up around him, warm and comforting.

Eventually they stumble off to the shower to wash up and get warm again, keeping each other close and kissing more often than cleaning themselves. Hoseok carefully fingers the come and lube back out of Yoongi's body. Yoongi sighs, pressing kisses to the side of Hoseok's neck, his eyelids heavy.

*

Due to the temperamental weather, their options are limited for their last full day on holiday. In the morning, with the sun streaming through the heavy rain clouds, Yoongi drags Hoseok over to Dongbaek Island. The trail around the peninsula and up to the top of the cliff isn't very long, but Yoongi, armed with his camera, captures some truly breathtaking shots of the city, the camellias, the trees, the bay, and of himself and Hoseok smiling together (and of Hoseok on his own, pulling a series of increasingly stupid faces to make Yoongi laugh).

They spend a few hours wandering around the park, discussing plans and goals for the future while Yoongi takes pictures of anything that catches his eye, and Hoseok takes pictures of Yoongi on his phone. Despite a lingering wet chill in the air, it's a pleasant morning. That is, of course, until Hoseok drops a bomb.

"I've been thinking of trying to get another job," Hoseok murmurs, lifting his paper coffee cup to his lips and taking a sip.

Yoongi twitches just as he presses down on the shutter button, turning to stare at Hoseok in stunned surprise. "What? Another one?"

Hoseok shrugs, ducking down to examine a pink camellia blossom. Several of the petals are tilted in the wrong direction, brown lining the creases. "What else are we going to do, hyung?" he asks, cupping a hand around the flower. The bottom of Yoongi's heart sinks six feet. "I can't manage any more dance classes, and we're barely scraping by as it is."

Raising his camera, Yoongi takes a picture. Finally, Hoseok looks up at him. He's smiling, though it's weak. "We'll figure it out, hyung," he says, getting to his feet and reaching out. Yoongi takes his hand, tangling their fingers together. "We'll just have to work together."

Yoongi squeezes Hoseok's hand once before Hoseok lets him go. He takes one final picture of Hoseok wandering up the path ahead of him. Taking deep breaths to calm the churning in his guts, he flicks through the photos on his camera, deleting the blurry ones. Calm once more, Yoongi follows.

They visit a some truly beautiful temples and wander through the fish market after. Their last evening is spent snuggled together on the uncomfortable fold-out couch, flicking through television channels without watching anything for long and splitting a few beers between them. Yoongi rests between Hoseok's spread thighs, his head tilted back on Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok curls his arms around Yoongi's waist, holding him close. He murmurs dirty jokes against Yoongi's ear, voice low and filthy, and Yoongi laughs until his sides ache.

Setting an empty beer bottle down on the floor, he flops down on the opposite side of the couch and reaches out for Hoseok. "Come here," he says. "We might as well make the most of our last night. I want to fuck you." Hoseok grins, letting Yoongi take each of his hands and haul him across the distance between them.

*

In the morning after a shower, Hoseok drops down onto the bed and curves his arms around Yoongi's waist. Yoongi rolls on top of him and Hoseok parts his thighs for Yoongi to fit between. He's half-hard already. He angles his hips up when Yoongi's hand drifts down between their bodies to find him already stretched and slick. Yoongi

raises his eyebrows and Hoseok wiggles his eyebrows with a grin, curling his legs around Yoongi's hips and pulling him in closer.

Later, Hoseok repacks their bags and straightens out the apartment once more, while Yoongi goes on a coffee and breakfast run. Seunghwan returns for payment and the key that afternoon and Hoseok thanks him for his hospitality. "We bought you a pack of beer," Hoseok says, gesturing to the fridge. "Thank you for letting us stay here."

Seunghwan, looking a bit surprised, breaks out into a broad smile. "I hope you had a good time," he says, patting Hoseok's shoulder.

"We did," Yoongi says, slinging his backpack strap over his shoulder and pulling up the handle on his suitcase. "This is a great little apartment. I love all the furniture, you did a great job decorating this place." Hoseok agrees.

With one final bow and handshake, they make their way to the elevator. Yoongi presses Hoseok up against the wall, cupping his jaw in both hands and drawing him down for a fierce, passionate kiss. At the end of the hall, they hear Seunghwan curse a blue streak as they part. They grin at each other before stepping into the elevator car.

"D'you want to stop to eat at a restaurant before we go, or should we just pick something up on the way?" Hoseok asks, packing their bags into the trunk of the car.

"Something on the way," Yoongi replies with a yawn, stretching his arms up over his head and scrubbing his hands through his hair. "I'm ready to go home." Hoseok holds his hand out. Yoongi stares at his outstretched palm, fingers still tangled in his hair. Does he want to hold hands? "What the f—"

"I'm driving," Hoseok interrupts. "Give me the keys."

Yoongi scowls, his eyes narrowing. "Do you even know how to drive a standard?"

Hoseok scoffs. "Yes," he says. "How do you think Seokjin hyung taught me to drive?" He pats the closed trunk. "This is the car I learned to drive in." He holds out his hand again. "Keys." Rolling his eyes, Yoongi drops them onto Hoseok's palm and gets in on the passenger side.

Hoseok stops for food and coffee at the nice little cafe they went to all along this entire trip, and Yoongi keeps an eye on Hoseok. It's not that

he doesn't *trust* him, it's just that he knows how finicky Seokjin's car can be. He wants to be ready to jump in and take over if the gears stick. At some point, though, he falls asleep despite the coffee.

He wakes a few hours later; the sun has long since gone down, and Yoongi blinks in the dark. Hoseok switches gears and sings along with the radio on low volume, his face lit by the headlights of occasional cars passing in the opposite direction. His hands tap on top of the steering wheel, and Yoongi is struck once again by how much he *loves* Hoseok. With this in mind, warming him through to his bones, his heavy eyelids flutter shut, and he drifts back off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

> though i did *technically* finish this chapter on the 31st, i decided to hold off on posting until today. thank you so much for all your support these past two years, it honestly means the world to me and helps encourage me to keep doing what i love. ohhh i made it weird again.
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

yoongi vs dumpling

Chapter Notes

takes place just after they find their first apartment together.
warnings for a little blood.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment Hoseok returns with refilled soda glasses in his hands, Yoongi looks up at him with his bottom lip jutting out. "My back hurts," he says, a hint of a whine threading through his voice. Hoseok sets the glasses down on the coffee table. When he doesn't immediately reply, Yoongi's pout deepens.

Earlier that afternoon, they went shopping for a new mattress. After hours of searching, they finally found one on sale that suited them both. The mattress has been scheduled for delivery the following day, so they moved the old mattress and box spring down to the dumpsters in the underground parking lot to make room.

Hoseok lets out an exasperated laugh, hastily clapping a hand over his mouth to stifle himself and not disturb the others. It's a pointless effort; Taehyung and Seokjin are both mocking the drama Jimin recommended they watch with ruthless delight, and Namjoon is busy reading a book on the opposite end of the sofa. Jimin's the only one paying attention to the plot.

"You barely did any of the heavy lifting, hyung!" he whispers, but climbs up onto the couch anyway. He perches on top of the back cushions behind Yoongi with his legs spread wide for Yoongi to settle comfortably between his thighs. Beginning at the base of Yoongi's skull, Hoseok follows the line of Yoongi's spine down the nape of his neck and between his shoulder blades with his thumbs. His muscles are always tense, but they seem wound even tighter than usual now. Yoongi melts under Hoseok's touch, his chin dipping towards his chest with a moan that straddles the line between pain and pleasure.

Taehyung snaps his fingers. "Hey, no! No porn noises in the living room! Apartment rule!"

In response, Hoseok lets out a loud, exaggerated moan of Yoongi's name as he keeps rubbing the heels of his hands into the stiff muscle along the tops of Yoongi's shoulders. Yoongi plays along though it's

half-hearted at best, his voice going breathy and strained as Hoseok digs into a particularly tight spot. Building off that, Hoseok lets his voice get higher and lighter. "Oh, Yoongi hyung, harder, *harder!*" Yoongi's shoulders shake with laughter beneath Hoseok's hands.

As one, Taehyung, Jimin and Seokjin all turn to throw snacks or small pillows at them. Hoseok dodges a particularly large cushion (thrown by Jimin) that smacks into the wall behind him. He wobbles from his precarious perch, laughing so hard he has difficulty regaining his balance. Yoongi fastens his arms around Hoseok's thighs to steady him. As soon as he's more stable, Hoseok folds forward and nuzzles his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck, attempting to muffle his giggling (and hide from further projectiles). It doesn't really work.

Following a drunken confession that they wanted their friends to be friends, Namjoon and Hoseok plotted to bring everyone together in an effort to get to know each other better. It's been a good night so far. Taehyung and Seokjin bonded almost at once; Jimin brings out Namjoon's soft and gooey centre in a way Hoseok has never seen anyone do before; Yoongi has taken a shine to Jimin, and though he insists Taehyung is too strange, Hoseok can tell he's hopelessly endeared by him all the same.

Warmth spreads through Hoseok, expanding outward in ripples from each point of contact between himself and Yoongi. His thumbs seek and coax the knots from Yoongi's back, spurred on by each of Yoongi's soft sighs and the physical release of tension from his muscles until he feels more loose and pliable beneath Hoseok's hands. Yoongi takes Hoseok's feet into his lap, rubbing his thumbs over Hoseok's ankle bones. His touch is too soft and distracted to provide any lingering pain relief, but it still feels good. He turns his head to press a kiss to the bend of Hoseok's knee, his lips warm through the thin denim.

Despite not being comfortable with PDA, he's not pushing Hoseok away. On the contrary, both hands slip further and further up Hoseok's legs and up his thighs before stroking back down to his knee and back up again. He makes no effort to hide it from the others, and Hoseok's heart soars in his chest.

Taehyung sits up on the floor and shuffles back a foot to lean against Namjoon's legs. He tilts his head back to smile at Namjoon, asking about the book he's been reading all night. With an almost disbelieving smile turning up the corners of Namjoon's mouth that draws attention to his dimples, Namjoon tells him, pleasure and surprise clear in his voice as he describes the plot. He goes further,

reviewing the theme of the novel and going more in depth to the characters and their motivations, his eyes bright in the dim living room light. With a playful smile on his face, Taehyung walks his fingers up and down Namjoon's thighs as he listens.

Seokjin, returning from the kitchen with a refilled bowl and glass of soda, settles down on the floor beside Jimin. He offers him the bowl of snacks, and Jimin beams at Seokjin, sitting up and leaning over to point out his favourite characters in the drama. Seokjin leans back on his hands with his arm curled around Jimin's back, half-supporting his weight.

Smiling to himself, Hoseok slips off the back of the couch to sit beside Yoongi, instead. Yoongi settles an arm around Hoseok's shoulders, his fingertips grazing Namjoon's arm on Hoseok's other side. He drops his free hand back down onto Hoseok's thigh, running his nails along the inseam of Hoseok's jeans. Turning his head, Hoseok brushes his lips over Yoongi's neck, just beneath his ear. "This was a good idea, don't you think?" he whispers, taking hold of Yoongi's hand hanging around his shoulders and playing with his fingers. "I think everyone's getting along. Too bad Jungkook couldn't make it. Maybe next time we won't have to do it on a school night."

Yoongi buries his nose in the crook of Hoseok's neck. His lips graze Hoseok's skin and Hoseok squirms, ticklish. "Or we could just wait a few months until he's done with school," he replies after several moments of silent nuzzling, his voice barely above a whisper. "I gotta piss."

He starts to pull away and Hoseok disentangles himself from Yoongi with a loud laugh, letting him up from the couch. As Yoongi turns the corner and disappears down the hall, Hoseok sighs and leans forward, intent on watching the drama to avoid the Meaningful Looks Taehyung and Jimin keep shooting him. He knows they'll interrogate him about it in the morning, and already he can almost hear what they'll say. *We knew you two finally pulled your heads out your asses and started dating, but when were you gonna tell us you're so fucking* married*?*

Everyone jumps when they hear a sudden, strangled yell from the bathroom, followed by a series of loud bangs. They all look up in surprise as the door slams open and light spills into the hall. A few moments later Yoongi comes hobbling back into the living room, ducking every other step to clutch at his ankle. Taehyung's and Jimin's cat follows him, looking as smug as a tiny grey tabby can.

"Little fucker tried to kill me," Yoongi says, hopping further away from the cat, who jumps up onto the entertainment unit to sit beside the television and stare at him with her unnerving green eyes. Her tail flicks back and forth, back and forth.

Hoseok gets up off the couch and crosses the room to reach Yoongi, fighting giggles with every step. He crouches down to examine the damage. The claw marks look like they go quite deep, and Hoseok feels moderately bad for laughing. "Are you alright?" he asks as he stands back up again. Recalling Yoongi's allergy to cats, he curls his fingers around Yoongi's wrist and draws him further away, stepping between them to shield Yoongi from her. "You gonna live, hyung?"

"Don't know," Yoongi sighs, his forehead dropping forward to rest on Hoseok's shoulder. His free hand curls in the front of Hoseok's t-shirt. "This might be my last night alive."

"Well in *that* case," Hoseok murmurs, pulling Yoongi back towards the bathroom. He calls over his shoulder, "We're borrowing your bandaids — is Dumpling up to date on all her shots?"

"Gross, we don't want them back," Jimin says. "You can keep them."

At the same time, Taehyung replies, "Yes, she got the last of them at her checkup a few weeks ago." They turn to grin at each other.

Hoseok pulls the bathroom door shut behind him and flaps a hand. "Go sit down and roll up the cuff on your jeans for me, okay?" Yoongi hops to comply. Hoseok digs through the cabinet under the sink for band-aids, antiseptic, two washcloths, and some ointment due to expire in a month. The cuts on Yoongi's ankle are still bleeding. Hoseok frowns, wetting one of the washcloths with warm water, and sits on the floor at Yoongi's feet to put pressure on the wound. "What happened?"

"I was just standing here," Yoongi replies, shifting on the closed toilet lid. "She came up from behind the toilet, I think? Or from the tub? I didn't even notice she was in here until she shredded the fuck out of my ankle."

"Does it still hurt?" Hoseok asks, peeking beneath the cloth. The bleeding is starting to slow. Good. "It doesn't look so bad. I think I'll only need two band-aids to cover it!"

Yoongi shrugs. "It's a dull throb. Stings a bit."

Hoseok nods. Using some cotton pads soaked in antiseptic, he carefully cleans the wounds, leaning up to kiss Yoongi whenever a pained breath hisses between his teeth. After patting his ankle dry with the clean washcloth, Hoseok adds a dab of ointment to each bandage. He ends up needing three to cover the entire area. "You're all set," he murmurs, screwing the cap back onto the bottle of antiseptic. "Do you still want to stay here or do you wanna go? It's getting late."

"Come here," Yoongi says, curling his hands in Hoseok's shirt and pulling until Hoseok sits up on his knees between Yoongi's spread thighs. He leans down to press their mouths together, his fingers unclenching from Hoseok's shirt and brush up into Hoseok's hair instead. Hoseok tilts his head up further, sliding his arms around Yoongi's waist to pull him closer. "I want to go, I think," Yoongi murmurs against Hoseok's lips.

"Okay," Hoseok says, giving a pleased little hum when Yoongi pulls him back in for another kiss. "Yours or mine?"

"Yours," Yoongi sighs, releasing Hoseok, and Hoseok settles back on his heels. "We got rid of my mattress, remember?" Hoseok ducks his head with a laugh, before standing and catching hold of Yoongi's hands to haul him to his feet. While Hoseok cleans up the bathroom, Yoongi opens the door. Yoongi's voice drifts back down the short hall as he tells their friends that they're leaving. With the last of the discarded bandaid wrappers and cotton pads in the trash, the used towels in the laundry hamper, and the antiseptic stowed back in the cupboard where Hoseok found it, he follows.

"Ah, Namjoonie," Hoseok says as he steps into the living room. "Could you find a place somewhere else to stay tonight?" he asks, grinning when Namjoon's nose wrinkles in distaste. "We're probably going to be, ah, up all night."

Yoongi waves to everyone, shoes on and already half out the door. "Don't worry, Namjoon-ah, this is probably the last time we'll have to kick you out," he calls over his shoulder, his voice light and teasing, and Hoseok can't help grinning at him.

Namjoon looks up at Hoseok from his book, confusion clear on his face. Hoseok ducks down to pull on his shoes. Namjoon's still watching him by the time he's finished fidgeting with his laces, and by this point, so is everyone else.

Hoseok stands up straighter, scratching the nape of his neck with

another laugh. "I wanted to wait until it was all official, but I'm just so excited— I'm moving out! Yoongi hyung and I signed the lease for our new apartment this morning."

Seokjin, Jimin and Taehyung all burst out with smiles and offering their congratulations at almost the exact same moment. Namjoon blinks at Hoseok, his mouth hanging open. "That's—" he says, and closes his mouth, looking down at the book in his lap. Hoseok's heart sinks. *Shit.* They shouldn't have just sprung the news on Namjoon like this. He knows Namjoon can get anxious and uncomfortable with change, and it would be even worse with an audience. "That's really great, Hoseok-ah," he says after a pause, looking back up at Hoseok at last with what looks like a genuine smile spreading across his face. "I'm happy for you, man."

"Thank you," Hoseok says, returning the smile with some relief. "We'll talk more about it later, okay?"

"Hoseok-ah," comes Yoongi's voice, drifting from further down the hall. "Hurry up, I don't want to miss the train."

Hoseok peers around the doorframe. Yoongi's already at the door for the stairs. "Thanks for having us!" he says, waving one final time to everyone before stepping out into the hall and pulling the door closed behind him. He jogs over to join Yoongi, leaning over to kiss his cheek. "Ready to go?" Nodding, Yoongi ducks his chin into the collar of his hoodie, the corners of his mouth quirking into a pleased little smile.

Chapter End Notes

> they will eventually christen that new mattress. don't let me forget okay

first | timeline | mix

siblings (part one)

Chapter Notes

warnings for mentioned/implied homophobic parents, but nothing explicit. yet.

takes place three months after yoongi and hobi move in together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[11:14:03] **Yoongi:** did you have plans after class today
[11:14:31] **Hoseok:** i don't think so
[11:14:36] **Yoongi:** hungry?
[11:15:54] **Hoseok:** very
[11:16:11] **Yoongi:** i'll treat you
[11:16:22] **Yoongi:** if you'll treat me when we get home
[11:17:59] **Hoseok:** deal [pointing finger emoji] [ok hand emoji]
[11:18:00] **Yoongi:** yes exactly
[11:18:48] **Hoseok:** hyung, i can read minds? [thinking face emoji]
[11:18:56] **Yoongi:** do you know what else i want to do, then?
[11:19:15] **Hoseok:** eat me out?
[11:19:24] **Yoongi:** [tongue emoji] amazing
[11:19:53] **Hoseok:** meet me after class?
[11:20:17] **Yoongi:** [sparkle heart emoji]

Yoongi, perched on the stairs leading up to the doors of the Fine Arts building, flicks through his social media feeds with one hand and holds a plastic cup of iced coffee in the other. A second cup of iced coffee for Hoseok sits on the step beside him. He stretches out his legs and rests his back against the stair rail, allowing himself a moment to enjoy the afternoon sunshine.

A few minutes later, he hears the distant sound of a couple hundred pairs of feet thumping through the halls, of people talking and laughing. Yoongi pulls his legs a bit closer to his chest to avoid tripping anyone as the main building doors are pushed open and students stream out. He checks the time on his phone; Hoseok's class doesn't get out for another ten minutes.

He startles when someone stops on the step above his. He turns to look at the worn green sneakers, up a pair of long, tanned legs half-covered by black shorts, a pale blue button-up shirt stolen from Yoongi's side of the closet, to Hoseok's sweet smile shining down at

him. He took one Yoongi's hats this morning as well, black brim tipped back on his head with his hair parted down the middle. Hoseok squats down on the stair. "You're early," he says.

"That's what I was going to say," Yoongi replies, passing him the second cup of iced coffee. Hoseok's smile broadens, and Yoongi ducks his head away. He stuffs his phone back into his pocket.

"Prof let us out when I pouted at her long enough," Hoseok sighs, taking a sip of the coffee and pulling a face. "Hyung, you didn't put any sugar in this."

Yoongi examines Hoseok. He looks tired; Yoongi knows he hasn't been sleeping much with a new choreography project looming. That, with his responsibilities at the restaurant, the dance school, and his dance crew, has been taking its toll. The coffee's decaf. He plans to wear Hoseok out enough to get some proper rest as soon as they get home. "You're sweet enough," he says after a moment, grinning as Hoseok rolls his eyes and stands back up. Yoongi clambers to his feet after him, slinging his bag back onto his shoulder.

"Where do you want to eat?" Yoongi asks, leading the way down the steps, following the flow of traffic towards the entrance gates to the campus. There are a few restaurants and little shops on the way if he remembers correctly. "What do you feel like?"

"Something fast," Hoseok answers, slinging an arm around Yoongi's shoulders and pulling him close. He nuzzles his nose against the side Yoongi's face for only a moment before Yoongi shrugs him off with a huffed breath more laughter than air. Hoseok's smiling again, soft in a way that warms Yoongi straight through. "I don't care what we eat. Nothing's going to beat dessert, anyway." That warmth spikes into a searing heat coiled tight in Yoongi's belly. He turns to grin at Hoseok, laughing outright when Hoseok makes a ridiculous kissy face at him in response.

As he turns back around, he notices a young woman walking towards them at a quick pace with a determined expression. A pair of sunglasses shields her eyes and carries a small black clutch purse in one hand. Her long, dark hair hangs loose, blown back behind her by the breeze as she walks. Yoongi notes she's quite beautiful as she approaches, with natural makeup, dressed casually in a pair of jean shorts, a loose, plaid button-up shirt, and ballet flats. Despite all this, she looks kind of intimidating. Yoongi swears he knows her from somewhere. Somehow.

Hoseok swears under his breath, stepping in front of Yoongi as if to shield him from her as the woman comes to a halt before them. He reaches back and takes hold of Yoongi's wrist, and Yoongi raises an eyebrow. Hoseok's fingers are trembling.

"Where the fuck have you been?" the woman demands. She's only an inch shorter than Yoongi. "I was waiting for you at the train station for almost twenty minutes! Did you forget?" Hoseok stutters out an apology and the woman pushes her sunglasses up to rest atop her head, revealing beautiful, warm brown eyes.

Yoongi knows her. He *must*. Where has he seen her before? At Hoseok's dance school? She has a narrow frame and seems graceful enough to be a dancer. At one of his shows? The way she's dressed reminds Yoongi of some of the girls he's seen bouncing around at the front of the stage, waving their arms and cheering for Hoseok. Hoseok's hand is sweating. Yoongi pulls his wrist free from Hoseok's grasp.

The movement catches the woman's attention and she leans around Hoseok to get a closer look at Yoongi, her eyes narrowed. Yoongi's seen that expression before. *Where?* "More importantly," she says, tilting her head to look at Hoseok, "who is this, Hoseokie?"

Yoongi could say the same thing. He crosses his arms over his chest and raises his eyebrows at Hoseok as well. Who the hell is this woman, and why is Hoseok making plans to meet her at train stations?

"Ah, noona," Hoseok groans, rubbing at the nape of his neck. "I forgot we planned to meet, I'm sorry I made you wait. This is my boyfriend —" He takes a step back and curls his arm around Yoongi's shoulders once more, reeling him in. Yoongi's so surprised by Hoseok's easy confession that he doesn't protest the closeness. "Min Yoongi." The woman's expression clears, her eyes sparkling as her mouth quirks, cheeks dimpling with the minute upturn of her lips. "Hyung, this is my —"

"Hot sister," Yoongi interrupts, as it finally clicks. Oh, he said that out loud, he realizes, shaking himself out of a daze. Fuck. "Oh, fuck! Sorry, I didn't mean it like that. Fuck."

Hoseok's sister's smile broadens and she laughs. It's one of the most beautiful things Yoongi's ever heard. Yoongi hurriedly bows, offering her his hand. She takes it with a slight bow of her own. "Jung Dawon,"

she says. "It's nice to meet you, Min Yoongi-ssi. When my brother told me he was seeing someone, I never thought—"

Yoongi's hand falls back to his side. "What?" he asks, dread sinking like a stone in his gut. Yoongi looks up at Hoseok, dismayed to see the grimace on his face. *Does Hoseok's family have a problem with the whole not-straight thing, too? Fuck.*

"Well, he's cuter than the last one," Dawon says. "You've finally acquired some good taste, Hoseokie. Took you long enough." *Wait, what?* Yoongi's gaze snaps back to her face. She's still smiling, and it softens the same way Hoseok's does when Yoongi meets her eyes. "What was that punk's name... Dongwook? Daehyuk?"

"Donghyuk," Hoseok mutters, his shoulders hunched.

Dawon nods. "Right. Donghyuk," she says the name as if it leaves a bad taste in her mouth, though her expression doesn't change. "Can I speak with you for a moment, Hoseokie? You don't mind, of course," she addresses this to Yoongi as a statement rather than a question, her fingers tangling with Hoseok's free hand. She tows Hoseok further up the sidewalk.

"You haven't seen him since, have you?" Dawon asks, so quiet Yoongi can barely hear her.

Who the fuck is Donghyuk? Yoongi wonders. He and Hoseok never really talked about their past relationships before. Whoever this Donghyuk guy is, Yoongi dislikes him on principle alone, judging from the expressions on each of the Jung sibling's faces — Hoseok's drawn and hurt, Dawon's fierce and protective.

Hoseok shrugs, staring down at the ground beneath his sneakers. "We go to the same school, we take half of the same classes. We were bound to run into each other sometime. I tutor him for music history once a week." He bites down on his bottom lip when Dawon swears. "He's not that bad, noona! I can look after myself — and anyway, I have Yoongi hyung now."

Dawon studies Hoseok's face for several moments. "Is he good enough for you?" she asks at last.

"You do know I can still hear you both, right? You aren't even standing five feet away from me," Yoongi says, crossing his arms over his chest. Condensation drips from the plastic cup of iced coffee he holds in one of his hands. Most of the ice has melted. "Also, Jung

Hoseok, you better answer that question wisely."

A grin brightens Dawon's face as Hoseok groans. "He's blunt. I like him."

Hoseok rolls his eyes. "Yeah, that's why I love him. We're both good for each other, noona."

"Wait, love?" Dawon asks, looking surprised. "What? How—? How long have you been dating?"

"Ten months," Yoongi answers, walking forward. "But we've been," he clears his throat, "with each other for almost two years already." Hoseok slings his arm back around Yoongi's shoulders and presses a kiss to his cheek. Yoongi smiles at Dawon. "We've been living together since June."

"What the fuck!" Dawon screeches, smacking Hoseok, and then Yoongi with her purse. The hit comes more as a surprise than a hurt, but while Yoongi only startles, Hoseok cries out in pain and half-hides behind Yoongi. "You just told me you were dating someone new, Hoseok!" Dawon reaches out to smack Hoseok once more. "What the fuck!"

"I'm sorry!" Hoseok yelps, crouching down and using Yoongi fully as a human shield. He's shaking again. "This is why I didn't want to tell you! Shit, how do you always get me right between the muscles with that thing?"

"Don't be such a—" Cutting herself off, Dawon takes a series of very deep breaths, her eyes fluttering shut. After a few moments, she blinks. "Wait, fuck, have you told mom and dad yet?" she asks, and Yoongi feels Hoseok flinch behind him. "They're coming to stay with me for Chuseok... You remember that much, right? They'll find out then for sure, and they'll be even more hurt you kept it a secret from them than I am right now."

Hoseok's still trembling. Yoongi reaches around and curls his arms around Hoseok's waist, pulling him closer until he stands up straight with his chest pressed tight to Yoongi's back. "I'll tell them," Hoseok murmurs, hooking his chin over Yoongi's shoulder. Dawon's expression softens. "I've been meaning to do it, anyway, but I got so busy with the move, and then work... It just never seemed like the right time. I'll tell them."

"My parents aren't okay with the whole gay thing," Yoongi murmurs.

"Ours aren't either," Dawon replies. "Not quite. They came around when I brought Eunji unnie home to meet them the first time, but they were still a lot happier when I started dating Sungmin last summer."

Yoongi stares. Hoseok giggles, reaching up and pushing on Yoongi's dropped jaw to close his mouth for him. Yoongi shakes his head. "*You*... You're bi, too?" he asks.

Hoseok keeps giggling, letting go of Yoongi and moving to stand beside him, instead. "She's dated more girls than I have, hyung."

Dawon smiles at Yoongi, reaching out and ruffling a hand through his hair. "You're cute," she says. "Be good to my baby brother, okay? I can tell you make him happy, that's good enough for me." She straightens her shoulders. "Am I taking you both out for lunch, then?" she asks. "I don't mind, and I want to get to know Yoongi-yah better."

Grinning, Yoongi holds out an arm to her. "Can I call you noona now?" he asks. Nodding, she hooks a hand into the crook of his elbow. with Hoseok's arm slung around Yoongi's shoulders, they walk the rest of the way back to the campus entrance, arguing about where they should go to eat.

(*

Later that evening, as they come back down from two orgasms each, Yoongi twines his arms around Hoseok's waist and pulls him close. "I like your sister," he whispers. "She's nice. Why didn't you tell me she was nice?"

Hoseok groans, burying his face in Yoongi's shoulder. "Please don't ever talk about my sister while we're naked in bed together, okay?" He shivers, slipping his leg between Yoongi's. "It's just fucking *weird*."

Yoongi laughs, ducking his head to press a kiss to Hoseok's sweat-damp forehead. "Okay, I won't. I promise.")

Chapter End Notes

> okay, well! with a new baby coming into my life tomorrow morning (my niece!!! where have the past eight months gone!!!) i'm probably not going to have a ton of free time between babysitting a toddler and a newborn whenever my sis in law needs me to, so! just letting y'all know, if i disappear that's probably why, lmao. i hope this update made you smile, even a little bit. see you when i see you!

valentine's day (part one) (maybe)

Chapter Notes

takes place in february after their second anniversary.

nothing to warn for, i don't think? a tiny bit of overstimulation at the end, but it's pretty mild overall? this is mostly just an excuse for cute romantic porn, don't judge me, okay, i missed them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey! No," Hoseok exclaims when he notices Jungkook and Jimin haven't left with the rest of the class. While Hoseok wasn't paying attention, both Jungkook and Jimin grabbed cleaning supplies from the broom closet outside the studio. "No," Hoseok repeats. "I'm serious, get out of here."

Jungkook shoots Hoseok a wounded puppy expression and tightens his grip on the broom handle he holds in his hands.

Hoseok refuses to falter. He crosses his arms over his chest. "It's Valentine's Day, go grab some dinner, see a movie, make out in the back of the theatre. Or go fuck in our hotel room, I don't care."

Jimin makes an amused sound in response, squinting at the nozzle on the bottle of glass cleaner he holds in his hand, twisting the dial that adjusts the spray on the end.

"I can handle clean-up," Hoseok continues with a sigh. "You should go spend some time together."

"Hyung," Jungkook says.

Hoseok shakes his head, walking over and snatching the broom from Jungkook's hand. "I'm your hyung and the instructor, anyway. I should do it." He takes the glass cleaner from Jimin when he comes nearer, and whips the rag out from his back pocket. "You both look exhausted. Just go have some fun, okay? For me?" *Someone should.* He swallows, looking down at the floor. "I want to try calling Yoongi hyung again, anyway."

Jungkook and Jimin share a pointed glance that Hoseok pretends not to notice. They both know full well that he's been trying to get ahold of Yoongi all day, only to have his calls go straight to voicemail.

"Okay, hyung," Jimin says, reaching out and squeezing Hoseok's shoulder. "We'll give you some privacy, then."

"Hey, do you want to give us some money for the movies?" Jungkook asks, laughing and jumping out of the way when Hoseok tries to trip him with the broom.

"Just get out of here, you brats," Hoseok grumbles, setting the cleaning supplies back into the closet for now, and dropping down on the floor beside his bag. He waits until Jungkook and Jimin are out of earshot before rifling through his pockets for his phone. No missed calls. No messages. Hoseok's shoulders slump. Did Yoongi forget? Is he just busy?

Tapping Yoongi's name in his contacts list, Hoseok lifts the phone up to his ear. It rings only once before going to voice mail: *The phone is powered off, so you will be directed to the voicemail inbox. To leave a message...* Hoseok ends the call and closes his eyes, tipping his head back on the wall with a soft groan. It's not uncommon for Yoongi to shut his phone off, especially when he's working, but Hoseok's a worrier by nature. What if Yoongi's upset? Or if something's happened to him?

Hoseok tosses his phone into his bag with another groan and gets up off the floor. Shaking out his shoulders, he stretches his arms up over his head, pushing those thoughts of his mind. It's time to start cleaning up for tomorrow's lessons. He'll see Yoongi in a few days either way, once the workshop is over.

It's late when he finishes and locks up the studio for the night. Snow floats down from the sky, but it melts as soon as it reaches the pavement. Hoseok shivers and pulls his coat tighter around his body. At least the hotel is only a few blocks away.

When he tries to call Jimin (he doesn't bother calling Jungkook, he never answers his phone) to ask if he wouldn't mind ordering in room service for him, the call goes straight to voicemail. Hoseok frowns. That's weird, but maybe they went to the movies after all.

Their room is dark and quiet when he opens the door and steps inside. It takes his eyes a few moments to adjust after the bright hallway lights. To his relief, he can't hear any movement inside the room; Jimin and Jungkook aren't fucking, either. Hoseok pushes the door shut behind him and toes out of his sneakers.

One of the bedside lamps turns on, and Hoseok jumps, a startled laugh

escaping him. Maybe Jungkook and Jimin are still here. In all honesty, he's not too disappointed. He didn't really want to spend his Valentine's alone. "Hey, I thought I told you guys to go out," he says, walking past the open bathroom doorway and further inside the room.

Only to freeze in stunned silence as Yoongi slides off one of the two queen-size beds. "...Hyung?" Hoseok finds his voice at last, but it comes out so soft he can barely hear himself. "What the fuck?" Yoongi just smiles, holding up his arms. Hoseok drops his bag and rushes forward, catching him up in a hug and holding tight. "No, seriously," Hoseok says, laughing. He buries his face in Yoongi's neck, inhaling deeply. He smells like home and fresh laundry. "Hyung, what the fuck, am I dreaming?"

Yoongi snickers, running his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "No," he says, ducking his head to kiss Hoseok's cheek. "No, I wanted to surprise you. Happy Valentine's Day, babe." Hoseok's heart does a funny little tumble in his chest, and he tightens his grip around Yoongi's waist, pulling him even closer. Yoongi doesn't protest the closeness, and Hoseok can feel the slow, steady beat of his heart through his chest. "Trying to get Jimin and Jungkook to agree to go somewhere else for the night was a fucking nightmare," he grumbles, and Hoseok tilts his head back to meet his eyes. Yoongi smiles. "I had to buy them dinner *and* help pay for a room."

"Hyung..." Hoseok breathes, pressing his mouth to the base of Yoongi's throat. "You ignored my calls all day, I thought you were busy or mad at me."

"I didn't want to ruin the surprise," Yoongi replies, his fingers curling in Hoseok's hair. "I'm sorry."

Hoseok shakes his head, kissing Yoongi's neck again. "It's okay, I'm just glad you're here." He leaves a trail of kisses up Yoongi's neck until his lips graze Yoongi's jaw. Yoongi's breath catches. "I missed you."

Yoongi tilts his chin, pressing a kiss to the tip of Hoseok's nose. "Missed you, too," he murmurs, fingers sliding through Hoseok's hair to cup his cheek, instead. "A week apart is too long." His hand is warm and Hoseok nuzzles into his palm, his eyelids lowering as he leans in to press their lips together. Yoongi sighs into the kiss and rolls his tongue into Hoseok's mouth, his free arm curling around the nape of Hoseok's neck and pulling him closer.

Hoseok's stomach rumbles audibly, and Yoongi laughs. When he

begins to pull away, Hoseok tightens his arms around Yoongi's waist, pulling him back in with a grumble. "No, I'm not done saying hello yet."

"Hoseok-ah," Yoongi laughs, tilting his head and kissing Hoseok once more. He pushes Hoseok back, his eyes warm and fond. "Let's get something to eat first, alright? When did you eat last, huh?" After ordering room service, Yoongi shoves Hoseok towards the bathroom the next time Hoseok tries to kiss him. "No, you stink. Go wash up."

"What's the matter, hyung?" Hoseok asks, puckering his lips and trying to dodge past Yoongi's outstretched arms while Yoongi laughs at him. "I thought you liked my natural musk." Yoongi doubles over, pretending to throw up, and Hoseok pinches the bridge of his nose with a fake sob. "Fine, fine! I see how it is," he cries, going into the bathroom and closing the door. A second later, he opens it again and leans against the doorframe. "Is there anywhere in particular that you want me to wash?" Yoongi just raises his eyebrows in response, and Hoseok snickers, shutting the door again.

The food's arrived by the time he's finished. A lit candle sits on the bedside table. "What's that for?" Hoseok asks, taking the plate Yoongi hands to him and sitting on the floor. He can already see a puddle of melted wax resting inside the candle jar, but it's not giving off much of a scent. That's strange, for Yoongi.

"Ambiance," Yoongi replies, the corner of his mouth quirking in a smile as he sits down beside him. Hoseok narrows his eyes but lets it slide, for now, intent on his food.

They eat and watch television, talking about the past four days they'd spent apart during commercial breaks, sitting so close they keep elbowing each other but unwilling to move further away. It's only a two and a half hour train ride to Ulsan from Seoul, but Hoseok still can't believe Yoongi's *here*. Between mouthfuls of food and even after they've finished dinner, Hoseok can't help nuzzling his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck, peppering kisses over his skin. Yoongi squirms a bit when Hoseok finds his ticklish spots, but he doesn't push Hoseok away.

"Hey, come here," Yoongi says after he's stacked their plates outside the door to be picked up later. Hoseok comes to him at once, a smile spreading across his face when Yoongi pulls Hoseok's shirt up over his head as soon as he's in reach. "Strip down," he instructs and smacks Hoseok's ass as he passes by. "Grab the rest of the dry towels from the

bathroom and spread them out on the bed for me."

Hoseok complies, stepping out of his loose sweatpants and boxers without much thought. He grabs the towels from the shelf above the toilet and returns with them in his arms. While Hoseok was busy, Yoongi removed his t-shirt and jeans. The candle's not lit anymore, but Hoseok can make out the faintest hint of chocolate and coconut scenting the air. Yoongi sits on the bed in his boxers, his long fingers tapping a pattern on his knees. As Hoseok approaches, he reaches out to help smooth the towels down over the bedcovers. "What are we doing?" Hoseok asks curiously.

Yoongi nods to the candle, and it's only then that Hoseok notices the ceramic candle jar has a spout at one end. "D'you remember a couple weeks ago when you came home from one of your dance crew practices complaining about how sore your shoulders were?" At Hoseok's nod, Yoongi continues, "I went online and ordered that for you, but it didn't get delivered until yesterday."

"What is it?" Hoseok asks. *What does that have to do with sore shoulders?* "If you're just going to drip hot wax on me, I don't want to play. Not tonight, anyway."

Snorting, Yoongi leans over and takes hold of Hoseok's hand. "It's a massage oil candle, Hoseok-ah," he says and pulls Hoseok down onto the bed beside him. "I tested it out yesterday, it doesn't get hot enough to burn," he murmurs, leaning in and kissing Hoseok's neck. "I promise. Let hyung take care of you."

Hoseok hums, tilting his head to catch Yoongi's mouth. "I trust you," he replies, nipping at Yoongi's bottom lip. He leans back just enough to meet Yoongi's eyes. "Where do you want me?"

"On your front at first," Yoongi replies. "I want to work on your back." Hoseok sprawls out gracelessly atop the towels, letting Yoongi adjust his limbs until he's satisfied with the placement. It's not cold in the room, despite his nakedness and the snow outside. "You're not allowed to touch me back until I say so," Yoongi murmurs, picking up the candle.

"I'll try," Hoseok snickers, looking back at Yoongi over his shoulder. "What happens if I do?" He wiggles a little on the towel. "Will I get punished? I wouldn't complain if you spanked me."

"That's not much of a punishment, then," Yoongi murmurs, biting his lip to hide a smile. He drizzles a line of oil along Hoseok's spine. It's

not hot, just pleasantly warm. Hoseok sighs in response, spreading out further on the towels. Yoongi sets the candle down and smooths the oil over Hoseok's skin. Though he starts out sitting up on his knees beside Hoseok, he heaves an impatient sigh and wiggles out of his boxers in favor of straddling Hoseok's ass instead. Leaning forward, he digs his elbows in deep between Hoseok's shoulder blades, and Hoseok groans at the release in tension, his hands curling in the towel underneath him. Yoongi moves up to rub over Hoseok's upper arms, down his back and up again.

"How's that?" he asks, using that tone of voice that could get Hoseok to agree to do anything he wanted, all soft and low and meandering. "Is the pressure okay, Hoseok-ah?"

Sighing, Hoseok nods. "Yeah, it's good, hyung. You know I like it deep." His lips twitch into a smile as Yoongi snickers behind him.

Hands slick with more oil, Yoongi massages the top of Hoseok's ass, and then up his back and down. He edges further back, between Hoseok's thighs as he runs his hands over Hoseok's hips and ass, thumbs searching out, finding, and digging into the tender spots. Hoseok's breath hisses between his teeth, his hands twisting in the towel. With lighter pressure, Yoongi runs his hands over Hoseok's skin, his touch soothing.

He moves down Hoseok's thighs, taking his time with each of Hoseok's legs, rubbing over his shins, calves, and after bending Hoseok's legs up at the knee, his ankles and feet. He slides back up and pushes Hoseok's thighs further apart to give more attention there, his hands hot and slick over Hoseok's skin. Taking hold of Hoseok's cock, he lies the shaft flat behind Hoseok on the towel but doesn't linger there. His hands slip up over Hoseok's ass instead, thumbs passing over his hole. Hoseok shudders, pushing his hips back to meet Yoongi's hands, but Yoongi moves again, firm touch gliding up his back and massaging the nape of his neck, into his hair at the base of his skull. He works on Hoseok's shoulders and arms then, and Hoseok sighs, more and more of the tension draining from his muscles. Yoongi spends the majority of his time alternating between Hoseok's shoulders and back, his hips, ass and thighs, and his feet.

Hoseok melts into the mattress with each pass of Yoongi's palms, moaning with breathy little gasps when Yoongi coaxes the knots and sore spots into releasing under his thumbs. Co-running a dance workshop with two other dance instructors has left Hoseok a stressed bundle of nerves, and dancing ten hours a day for the past four days

straight has taken a dramatic toll on his body. Yoongi sits up on his knees between Hoseok's thighs and slides his knuckles up the length of Hoseok's spine from the top of his ass to the very tops of his shoulders. His body presses against Hoseok's back, his half-hard cock rubbing against Hoseok's ass. Hoseok bites his lip, wiggling back against him with a happy little hum.

"Roll onto your back, now," Yoongi murmurs. Hoseok does, but his movements are sluggish and slow, lax muscles uncooperative. Yoongi starts at Hoseok's shoulders and arms. He rubs first down one arm, from his upper arm, forearm, and his hand, holding Hoseok's hand in his and rubbing between each of Hoseok's fingers. Before repeating the process with Hoseok's other arm, he rubs over Hoseok's shoulders and underneath his collar bones across the top of his chest. Hoseok takes a deep breath, his eyes fluttering shut.

Yoongi progresses down Hoseok's chest, avoiding his nipples in a way that almost feels like a tease. His fingertips trail down Hoseok's ribs and over his abs. Instead of touching Hoseok's cock, his hands swoop around it, rubbing along the tops of his thighs and down his legs. *Tease*. Hoseok shifts a bit, wetting his lips with a swipe of his tongue. Yoongi works on Hoseok's feet again for a while, taking care of the arches and ball of his feet. On his way back up Hoseok's legs, however, he lets his palms graze over Hoseok's cock. Hoseok sighs, spreading his thighs further apart, but Yoongi's already moved past, up his abs to his chest and shoulders.

While Yoongi massages the sides and nape of Hoseok's neck, Hoseok moans again, soft. It takes him a few tries to first open his eyes and then to keep them open, blinking up at Yoongi in the low light from the bedside lamp. "Where did you learn to do this?" He sounds almost half-asleep and blissed out already.

Yoongi grins down at him, a bit wicked. "I *really* like erotic massage porn."

Hoseok blinks. "I didn't expect that," he replies, lifting a hand and smoothing it over Yoongi's bare thigh. His cock is half-hard. Hoseok kind of wants it in his mouth. "Tell me more."

"I don't know," Yoongi replies, licking his lips and rubbing over Hoseok's shoulders again. "I find them relaxing, and some of them can get pretty hot despite the cheesiness." His slick thumbs glide over Hoseok's nipples. They're already hard and sensitive, and Hoseok's back arches up off the bed. "I told you that you weren't allowed to

touch back until I said so," Yoongi murmurs. He circles Hoseok's nipples with his thumbs one final time before continuing down Hoseok's body.

"Hyung, please," Hoseok murmurs, his gut sinking with disappointment. "I just want you to feel good, too."

Yoongi shoots Hoseok a fond look, and Hoseok's disappointment quickly morphs back into bliss when Yoongi's fingers curl around Hoseok's cock, instead. He strokes him to full hardness, ducking down and mouthing at one of Hoseok's nipples while he works. Hoseok shudders, curling his hand around the back of Yoongi's head, fingers carding through his hair. Yoongi swirls the tip of his tongue over Hoseok's nipple and twists his wrist ruthlessly, and Hoseok lets out a weak, breathless moan.

"Do want my mouth or my fingers first?" Yoongi asks.

Mouth," Hoseok answers at once, "but only if I get to suck you, too."

Yoongi huffs a laugh. "Deal." He pivots to straddle Hoseok's shoulders, letting Hoseok pull him back into a better position before he leans forward to suck Hoseok's cock into his mouth.

Hoseok laps at the head of Yoongi's cock, tasting the bitterness of his precome and letting out a pleased sound. As he parts his lips, Yoongi's cock slips right into his mouth, the velvety weight of him pressing down onto Hoseok's tongue. His hands curl around Yoongi's hips to bring him in closer. Yoongi sucks at Hoseok's cock even harder in response, his fingers slipping down to rub his palm over Hoseok's balls, and then further back, fingertips teasing over Hoseok's hole, pressing against him and slipping inside. Hoseok moans again, tipping his head up on the bed and taking Yoongi's cock deeper into his mouth. When he pulls off to breathe, he sucks bruises along the insides of Yoongi's thighs, and Yoongi moans.

"Let me up," Yoongi says. "I still want to fuck you."

Shivering, Hoseok releases his hold around Yoongi's hips. Before he can get too far away, he catches hold of Yoongi's hand and pulls him in close for a kiss. Yoongi sighs into Hoseok's mouth, his fingers brushing through Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok licks his lips when Yoongi sits back on his heels. Yoongi smiles again, his eyes soft as he reaches down, folding Hoseok's legs and spreading his thighs further apart. With the bottle of lube from the bedside table, Yoongi starts to stroke Hoseok's cock again, the tips of his fingers rubbing over

Hoseok's hole before he slips a finger inside him.

Hoseok sighs, reaching down and curling his arms around his knees. "Please," he breathes. Yoongi slips another finger in and opens him up slow, dragging it out, but it feels so good Hoseok can't find it in him to complain. With a third finger, Yoongi starts to fuck him harder, stroking Hoseok off at the same time. Hoseok gasps, arching up off the bed and pushing himself further down onto Yoongi's fingers. "Fuck me," Hoseok whimpers, reaching down and grabbing Yoongi's wrist, stopping him. "Please, hyung—"

Yoongi pulls his fingers out. Hoseok rolls over onto his front, looking back over his shoulder as Yoongi settles between his spread thighs. After slicking himself up, he slips right back into Hoseok's body and Hoseok feels his body open up around Yoongi's cock like it was meant to be there.

Hoseok shudders with a soft moan as Yoongi bottoms out, his muscles rippling around Yoongi's cock as he adjusts. Yoongi leans forward and braces his elbow on the bed beside Hoseok's head, his hand on Hoseok's opposite shoulder, holding him close. Hoseok breathes out and Yoongi breathes with him, slow and deep, warm against the nape of Hoseok's neck.

"You okay?" Yoongi asks. Nodding, Hoseok presses his lips to Yoongi's forearm, his mouth falling open as Yoongi rests against Hoseok's back and rolls his hips. Hoseok pushes back to meet each of Yoongi's thrusts with a moan. It's slower this way, but the angle is so perfect that it doesn't even matter. "You're so good," Yoongi whispers, his lips moving against the shell of Hoseok's ear.

Hoseok lets out a moan that hitches with amusement, and curls a hand around Yoongi's arm. "Ah, I guess you're alright, too, hyung," he replies, grinning as he feels Yoongi's laugh more than hear it. He tightens his hold on Yoongi's arm, rocking back harder, meeting Yoongi's next thrust with a gasp. Hoseok can feel the wet of his precome rubbing off on the towel and pleasure shudders down his spine, curling his toes.

Yoongi kisses the side of Hoseok's face, his breath warm with soft grunts and moans. "Half wish you could ride me right now," he whispers, and Hoseok shudders again, his nails digging into Yoongi's skin so hard he leaves little crescent indents in Yoongi's forearm. "I like having you like this, though." Yoongi bites at Hoseok's shoulder, his teeth dragging over Hoseok's shoulder blade with a low groan

when Hoseok rolls his hips back and clenches down around his cock.

Allowing himself a moment to feel smug, Hoseok reaches back with his free hand, grabbing Yoongi's ass and pulling him down faster. He gasps for breath, resting his head against Yoongi's upper arm as he lifts his hips up off the bed, another moan caught in the back of his throat. Yoongi braces his other hand on Hoseok's lower back, fucking down into him hard and Hoseok yelps, writhing on the bed and clenching around Yoongi's cock again. "Fuck, hyung," he gasps.

"Fuck," Yoongi gasps, sitting up. He yanks Hoseok's hips up and fucks into him harder and faster. Hoseok's moans hiccup out of him with each thrust, his hands curling in the towel. His skin is so slick from the oil Yoongi keeps losing his grip, slipping further down and pushing Hoseok even harder into the mattress. Hoseok's moans get louder and more guttural, and he buries his face in the towel to muffle it.

"Turn over," Yoongi manages out on a low growl that makes Hoseok's toes curl. He backs off and Hoseok lets out a loud whine when his cock slips out. Yoongi runs his hands over Hoseok's ass, thumbs catching at Hoseok's stretched out rim and dipping inside. "Hoseok-ah, babe—"

Hoseok rolls over onto his back, reaching out to grab Yoongi around the shoulders and haul him back into place between his thighs. "Get back here," he says, grinning into the kiss as Yoongi laughs into his mouth. "I'm not done with you, yet." Hoseok's back arches up off the bed as Yoongi slips back into place, gasping and curling his legs around Yoongi's waist. Yoongi kisses him, rolling his hips. "Was this part of your erotic massage videos?" Hoseok gasps, raking his nails down Yoongi's back.

"No," Yoongi replies, hand sliding up the back of Hoseok's thigh and curling underneath his knee, hitching Hoseok's leg up even higher and fucking into him so hard Hoseok's breath catches in his throat. "You're better than any video."

"I know," Hoseok's laugh hitches into a drawn out moan as Yoongi's hips slam forward. "Oh, *fuck*, hyung— I know, but it's good to hear you say it." Yoongi buries his face in the side of Hoseok's neck, biting at his skin and leaving bruises behind that'll be hard to explain away tomorrow. Good. He wants everyone to see. Hoseok shudders, curling an arm around the nape of Yoongi's neck to keep him in place.

The bed squeaks, loud of their panting breaths, the slick wet sound of

the lube, and their skin slapping together with each thrust. Yoongi's breath is hot against Hoseok's throat as he rocks forward, and Hoseok tightens up around his cock, his lip caught between his teeth. He works hand down between their bodies to curl around his cock and jerk himself off.

"So much better," Yoongi gasps. Hoseok breathes into Yoongi's mouth, his body tensing up. They're both getting close now. Hoseok feels almost light-headed from it like he can't draw enough air into his lungs, his heart pounding in his chest as Yoongi slows his pace just long enough to catch his breath before slamming forward again. "I fucking love you."

Hoseok chokes on a laugh, tightening his arm around the nape of Yoongi's neck. His back arches, his orgasm sneaking up on him, and he comes all over his fist with a shuddering moan of Yoongi's name. He curls up around Yoongi's body, stroking a hand over himself as he milks out the last of his orgasm, and Yoongi fucks him through it as he chases his own release. Hoseok lets his nails trail down Yoongi's back, feather-light as he follows the path of Yoongi's spine. Yoongi pulls out and jerks himself off, and Hoseok's hands drop to his trembling thighs, instead. His nails dig into Yoongi's skin, and Yoongi groans, his hips jerking forward.

Hot come splatters across Hoseok's abs and chest and Hoseok moans again, reaching up and pulling Yoongi down on top of him, his heart pounding in his chest as Yoongi pushes back into his body. "Fuck," Hoseok whines into Yoongi's mouth. "Yoongi-yah, baby—" Yoongi fucks him fast, his hands curling in the sheets on either side of Hoseok's head. Hovering right on that edge between pleasure and pain, it's too much but it feels so good. Hoseok curls his legs around Yoongi's waist, pulling him in close and rolling down to meet each thrust. Yoongi slows, his breath shuddering out of him, face buried in the crook of Hoseok's neck. "Oh, hyung," Hoseok sighs, sliding a hand up into Yoongi's hair. Yoongi rolls his hips one final time, and Hoseok shudders, ducking his chin and pressing a kiss to the top of Yoongi's head. "I fucking love you, too." Yoongi snickers.

It takes them both some time to muster up the energy to pull apart, and still more to get up off the bed, and, taking the towels with them, go into the bathroom. Hoseok keeps Yoongi close in the shower, more concerned with exchanging soft kisses than washing off the remains of the massage oil. Yoongi indulges him, his laughter muffled against Hoseok's lips as he rubs his hands wherever he can reach over Hoseok's body without drifting too far from Hoseok's mouth.

After they've dried off and climbed into the bed, the room still smells like sex and chocolate and Yoongi. It's perfect. Hoseok pulls Yoongi into his arms, and Yoongi tucks his head underneath Hoseok's chin with a soft sigh. This was everything he wanted for Valentine's Day, more than Hoseok ever expected to get. They talk a bit more as they wind down, mostly in incoherent mumbles. Yoongi trails his fingers up and down Hoseok's back under the blankets, soothing Hoseok to sleep.

Yoongi's train leaves early in the morning. Hoseok goes with Yoongi to the station, complaining and yawning all the while. Yoongi just laughs, ruffling a hand through Hoseok's hair. "You didn't have to come with me, you know." His voice is gruff and teasing, but his gaze is soft as he meets Hoseok's eyes. "You could've gotten another hour of sleep."

Hoseok shakes his head, curling his arm tighter around Yoongi's waist. "Fuck off. I'm not going to be home for another four days," he grumbles. "I want every extra second I can get with you." Yoongi's eyes soften even more, and he turns his face away, grumbling under his breath. The tips of his ears turn pink, and Hoseok nuzzles into the crook of Yoongi's neck with a laugh. "I love you, you know." he murmurs.

"I know," Yoongi sighs, not looking away from the notification board overhead but lacing his fingers between Hoseok's. "I love you, too."

Chapter End Notes

happy valentine's day, did u miss me

first | timeline | mix

interlude (good morning)

Chapter Notes

hey friends. long time no update, huh? sorry about that.

this little interlude takes place in their third year, two and a half months before they make plans to go to busan together. nothing to warn for, just afterglow snuggles.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harsh breathing breaks the morning stillness. Yoongi keeps his face buried in the side of Hoseok's neck as he comes back down, his heartbeat thundering in his ears. He can feel Hoseok's heart pounding just as fast through his heaving chest. Hoseok clings to Yoongi, splayed thighs tight about Yoongi's hips and arms locked around his shoulders.

Yoongi kisses Hoseok's neck, drags his tongue up over the pulse point throbbing against his mouth, and Hoseok shudders, releasing his hold somewhat. Yoongi sucks in a deeper breath and nips at Hoseok's skin. Hoseok squirms against the sheets with a low, quiet laugh, his hands skimming Yoongi's sides.

Cool air swirls between them as Yoongi braces his hands on the bed and pushes himself up. The blanket falls off his back, further exposing their hot, sweat-slick bodies to the cold, January morning, and they both shiver as his cock slips free of Hoseok's hole. Hoseok sighs and licks his lips, his nails digging into Yoongi's hipbones. His hair is mussed, eyes bright behind heavy lids with a lazy smile peeking out from the corner of his mouth. Yoongi can't help returning the smile or ducking back in to kiss him again. Hoseok gives a pleased hum into Yoongi's mouth, and he makes a soft noise of complaint as Yoongi pulls away.

"I'll be right back, babe," Yoongi laughs, dodging Hoseok's outstretched hands and clambering off the edge of the bed. He stumbles towards the bathroom to deal with the condom, clean up and wet a cloth to wipe Hoseok down with. In the mirror, he catches sight of the puffy pink and red scratch marks Hoseok left behind on his back, breath hissing between his teeth as his fingertips trail over the marks. He's not surprised to see the marks, with how hard Hoseok had been clinging to him. "Every damn time, Hoseok-ah," he mutters, a

proud little smile tugging at his mouth.

Hoseok's still beneath the covers when Yoongi comes back into their bedroom, but he lifts the edge of the blanket and reaches out for Yoongi as he approaches, a smile on his face. "Get back over here," he says. "I want to snuggle you some more for good luck. What time do you have to go?"

"Ten," Yoongi says, glancing at the clock before sitting on the edge of the mattress and cleaning the mess of lube and come off Hoseok's skin. "We still have half an hour before I have to get ready."

"Good," Hoseok mutters, catching Yoongi around the waist and dragging him down, and Yoongi flops across Hoseok's chest, shaking with wheezing laughter. Hoseok tightens his arm around Yoongi, pressing kisses to the top of Yoongi's head. Yoongi nuzzles his cheek against Hoseok's sweaty shoulder. Hoseok sighs, brushing his fingers through Yoongi's hair. "The meeting's going to go great," he murmurs. "Are you nervous? You're going to get that internship, hyung. I can feel it."

Yoongi grumbles for the sake of it, his cheeks warming. He runs his nails along Hoseok's side, his eyes fluttering closed. "You have crew practice tonight, don't you?" Hoseok hums in agreement, and Yoongi bites his bottom lip. "Can you be here when I get back tonight? In case the meeting goes badly."

Hoseok shifts on the pillow, reaching out and tipping Yoongi's face up so he can coax Yoongi's bottom lip from between his teeth before kissing him. "It won't go badly," he murmurs against Yoongi's lips, cupping his cheek in a warm palm. "But I'll be here, I promise." Yoongi feels warm, like he can take on anything. It's a dangerous feeling. He tightens his arm around Hoseok, and Hoseok kisses him again with that beautifully happy little laugh that always makes Yoongi's heart do flips in his chest.

Chapter End Notes

> i'll try (keyword: /try/) to get the second half of this chapter finished and posted soon. any encouragement would be much appreciated, since it gives me the motivation to keep going. thanks, y'all. ilu.

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

hospital

Chapter Notes

big thanks to my friend erica who helped me with the faculty meeting dialogue ideas! you're wonderful and ilu!

this takes place the night of chapter 41, and still 2.5 months before their holiday in busan in chapter 37.

warnings for hospitalization, a shoulder dislocation, anxiety leading up to a panic attack, h/c

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi knocks on the doorframe to the open office of his graduate advisor, Shin Suran. The older woman looks up from her computer screen in some surprise, metal-framed glasses slipping down her nose. A smile quirks at the corners of her mouth as she pushes her glasses back into place.

Swallowing, Yoongi stands up straighter. "Are you busy, sunbae?" he asks. He's early for their meeting, but the thought of waiting around in the hall outside for another second, much less the entire five minutes he has left, is unbearable. Nerves flutter in his gut so violently he might be sick. The sooner he gets this over with, the better.

"Eager, are you?" Suran asks, that smile spreading across her face, and Yoongi's cheeks prickle with heat. "Yes, we can start now, if you want," she continues, without waiting for Yoongi respond. "Close the door and come sit down. How have you been, Yoongi-yah? I haven't seen you since the start of the semester."

Bowing, Yoongi enters the room fully and closes the door behind him. As he approaches the desk, Suran returns to the typing Yoongi had interrupted her from. He drops down in the chair in front of the desk, placing his bag down at his feet. "I've been okay, sunbae," Yoongi answers belatedly, and Suran starts to smile again as she types. "Busy. A bit worried about my midterms."

Suran hums, clicking around on her computer. "You shouldn't be," she says, turning the monitor so Yoongi can see his transcript on the screen. "As long as you study hard, you'll do fine and maintain your GPA." She peers at Yoongi over the tops of her glasses frames, the corner of her mouth twitching. "I thought I said you could call me

'noona' if you wanted."

Yoongi shifts his weight, pulling his phone out of his pocket and setting it on the armrest beside him. "I do. Sorry, noona," he murmurs, "I'm just nervous." He hunches forward to grip the edge of the chair between his knees. "I've been studying every chance I get," he says, louder, and shakes his hair out of his face. "My boyfriend's forbade me from disappearing into the library for days on end, so I've set up a sort of semi-permanent camp on our living room couch."

"Ah," Suran says. the corner of her mouth twitches like she's fighting back a smile. "Back when I was going for my master's degree, I remember that my girlfriend at the time was so frustrated. She said she never got to see me, but I had so much to do, I couldn't help it. I made it up to her when I could once the semester was over, but she wasn't too pleased with me."

Ducking his head, Yoongi huffs a quiet laugh, more air than sound. "That sounds familiar," he sighs. "We've reached a compromise now, I think."

"The last time we talked, you said you'd been going through some difficulties together," Suran says, keeping her eyes fixed on her computer screen as if she can sense Yoongi's embarrassment. Yoongi's cheeks warm, and he ducks his head. "I'm glad you were able to work things out." She clears his throat, overlapping her hands atop her desktop after another moment's pause and returning her focus fully to Yoongi once more. "What would you like to talk about today, Yoongi-yah? Your classes? Midterms?"

Yoongi wrinkles his nose. "I've been having some difficulty with digital filter design," he admits after a moment's pause. "Frequency-selective filters in particular. The way Ahn seonsaengnim explained things went right over my head."

Suran nods. "It can be difficult. Do you have your books with you? I can help walk you through it."

"Noona, I couldn't ask you to— I'll just ask someone in class to help—"

"Ah, come on," Suran urges, her eyes twinkling. "Let's see how much I remember."

Shaking his head, Yoongi ducks down to pull his textbook and notes from his bag. "Alright, noona, if you say so," he says, setting the book down on the desk and scooting his chair closer. "See, I'm pretty sure I

get the formula right, but when I run it..."

Though it takes them another ten minutes to walk through the problem, Suran simplifying the formulas while Yoongi frantically scribbles notes, by the time they've finished, Yoongi feels much more confident about his upcoming computer music midterm and compressing music files for CD format. "Thank you, noona," he says, relief like a physical weight off his shoulders. "I wish you were my prof for that class."

Suran waves off Yoongi's words with an embarrassed laugh. "I'm not much for public speaking," she says. "I prefer to be one-on-one with students. Alright, that's Comp Music 255D covered. How are your new works for your live performance coming along?"

"Not bad," Yoongi says, shrugging. "This semester, I've been working on ten separate pieces with six of those finished, but I'm still finalizing what I should submit. It's hard to decide which ones are good enough." He pushes his hands back between his knees, hunching his shoulders. "I'm going to ask my boyfriend's help with the final choice, I think. He's a professional dancer and dance teacher, you know, so he works with music as often as I do. He always has some good insights from a different perspective, especially when I've been stuck staring at the screen for the past sixteen hours and can't tell up from down anymore."

With another laugh, Suran shakes her head. "I remember that feeling and I don't miss it," she says. "You're lucky to have this boyfriend of yours. You'll have to introduce us some time, I'd like to meet him. Maybe we could go out for coffee. My girlfriend might come, she's always eager to meet my favourite mentees, after how much I talk about them."

Yoongi's stomach flutters. His cheeks still feel warm. "If our schedules all match up," he murmurs. "Maybe after midterms. I'll talk to Hoseokie about it, he'll probably be fine with it." He swallows, lifting his head, and says,

"Noona, there is one other thing." Suran rests her chin in her hand, a fond, somewhat expectant smile on her face while she waits for Yoongi to continue. Yoongi digs his nails into the undersides of his knees through his jeans. It takes him several moments to open his mouth again. "As you know, I'm only taking two classes next semester." Suran nods, her eyes flickering to the computer screen and back to Yoongi's face. "I'm hoping—"

A loud buzzing sound coming from beside him interrupts Yoongi, halting him in his tracks. He startles, scrambling to catch his wobbling phone before it tips off the edge of the armrest. It vibrates again in his hand, Jimin's face grinning at him from the screen. Yoongi scowls, heart thumping in his ears, and presses the sleep button on his phone to silence the call.

"Sorry, noona," he murmurs, dropping the phone into his lap and sitting up straighter. "As I was saying, I'm hoping that—" His phone vibrates three times in quick succession in his lap, and he jumps again, gaze dropping downwards. A voice mail and two new messages from Jimin await him. He thumbs the sleep button again, shaking his head and trying to refocus. His stomach writhes like he swallowed something alive ten minutes ago that now wants back out. "Noona, I wanted to talk to you about my future."

His phone starts vibrating again with another call. Swallowing past the lump in his throat, Yoongi ducks down to stuff his phone deep into his bag. "I was wondering what insights you had to offer with regards to applying for an internship at various music labels, compared to freelancing and trying to sell my tracks on my own," he says, very fast without pausing for breath.

Suran blinks at him. "That's an interesting question," she replies, tapping a fingertip on her chin. "I guess it depends on what you want to do after you graduate."

"Make music," Yoongi responds at once. "Producing — for myself and for other artists and labels. I want to be the producer artists thank in their liner notes. I want to help groups win awards. I—" He ducks his head. Distantly, he can hear his phone still buzzing inside his bag. What the fuck could Jimin want to get ahold of him so badly for, so late at night?

He wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue, looking up to meet Suran's eyes. "I want to make music that'll help change people's lives." Cheeks heating, Yoongi feels silly even as the words slip past his lips, but he holds Suran's gaze.

Suran doesn't respond for a few moments, watching Yoongi over the top of her glasses, her lips slightly pursed. She seems to come to some sort of conclusion, however, as she sits forward in her chair, turning her computer screen towards herself and begins typing without a word. Yoongi's stomach clenches, rolling with worry. He's going to be sick. He's going to vomit all over Suran's desk.

The printer behind Suran whirrs suddenly to life, making Yoongi jump. "Alright," she says, grabbing the printed papers and tapping the on the desk into a neat stack. "Here are some applications for the labels that are taking on interns for the upcoming semester. You'll need to fill these forms out in full. Don't leave anything blank. You'll also need your resume and—"

"A letter of recommendation," Yoongi interrupts. He can hardly believe this is happening. It seems so fast. "Noona, would you—?"

"Of course," Suran says, waving a hand. "I'll speak with your current and past professors and see which will be willing to vouch for you. And I'll write you a letter as well, of course." She passes Yoongi the forms, which Yoongi takes with an odd ringing in his ears. He stares down at the pages, the words blurring and out of focus. "I'll set up another appointment for you once I have the letters compiled," Suran continues, her voice sounding as if she were speaking to him from a different room. He can't *believe* this. "It might not be until after midterms, I'm afraid— we're all going to be quite busy. If it's easier, I might just email them to you and you can print and mail the forms yourself."

Some of his feelings must register on his face, because Suran reaches across the desk to touch her fingertips to Yoongi's wrist, only for a moment. "They'd be lucky to have you," she assures him. Warmth spreads through him from the brief touch, rippling through the rest of his body, and Yoongi sags back in the chair. Suran glances at the time. "Was there anything else you needed, Yoongi-yah?" she asks.

As Yoongi shakes his head, a look almost of relief crosses her face. "Oh, good. You were my last appointment for the day, and," she gets to her feet, crossing to the door and peering out into the hall. "I don't see any stragglers out there, either... It's late, so I was thinking of stopping somewhere on my way home to get something to eat. Would you like to join me? We could talk more about the internships or freelancing if you like."

"Fuck yes," Yoongi says with feeling, ducking down to slip the papers into a protective folder to prevent them from wrinkling in his bag, and gets to his feet with the bag strap slung over his shoulder. Suran laughs as she makes her way back over to her desk, and Yoongi feels his lips quirk into a smile. "There's a great bar up the block, my boyfriend swears by their potato pancakes. I—"

Yoongi's phone vibrates again in his bag, reminding him of all the

missed messages. "Ah, actually, will you excuse me for a moment?" he asks. "I just need to check what my moron friends wanted... Make sure nobody's died or anything..."

"I'll be here," Suran says, continuing to pack up her desk.

Moving further down the hall, Yoongi pulls his phone from his bag and opens up his chat app. Ten messages wait for him, all from Jimin, within twenty minutes. Yoongi frowns, an unpleasant sense that something's gone horribly wrong twisting in his gut. taking a deep breath, he taps on the conversation.

[21:31:18] **Jimin:** hyung
[21:36:37] **Jimin:** where are you?
[21:39:40] **Jimin:** answer your phone
[21:39:45] **Jimin:** hyung
[21:39:55] **Jimin:** hyung pick up the damn phone
[21:41:12] **Jimin:** it's an emergency
[21:45:20] **Jimin:** hyung
[21:48:36] **Jimin:** i swear to fucking god
[21:49:51] **Jimin:** we're going to asan, it's closest to the studio
[21:50:01] **Jimin:** hoseok hyung's hurt

Yoongi's heart stops, his vision tunneling to those three words written on the screen. Hoseok's hurt. Hoseok's *hurt*. His stomach feels like it's attempting to twist itself inside out, his chest constricting and tightening until he struggles to draw breath. Hoseok's hurt? How? What happened? With trembling hands, he fumbles to call Jimin to get some answers without waiting to hear to the voicemails. After listening to the ringtone for so long he thinks Jimin might not answer, the call finally picks up.

"Hello?"

Jungkook's voice. It has to be serious, Jungkook *never* talks on the phone if he can help it. "Jungkook-ah," he rasps, his voice weak. "Jungkook-ah, what happened? *What happened?*"

"Hyung?" Jungkook's voice sounds as if it's coming from very far away. "Hyung, we're at Asan Medical Center. You need to get here *now*. Where are you, hyung? Hoseokie hyung is *hurt*, he needs you."

Yoongi's numbing hands shake so violently he almost drops his phone. Leaning against the wall for support, he closes his eyes. Hoseok's been in an accident of some kind, he's been mugged, he broke an arm or leg at dance practice, he's *hurt*. He could *die* — and Yoongi's been sitting in a warm, comfortable office, rolling his eyes and shutting off his phone to stop the barrage of notifications from his friends trying to get ahold of him. His heart leaps into his throat, choking him.

"Please, tell me he's—" Yoongi's voice breaks. He forces a deep breath into his lungs and tries again. "Jungkook-ah, tell me what happened."

Jungkook doesn't answer right away. Yoongi sinks down the wall, crouching with his eyes still shut and a hand covering his face. His palms are sweaty, fingers clenched tight around his phone. He feels like he's suffocating in the silence.

Then, a breath. "We were fooling around after crew practice," Jungkook begins at last. "Hoseokie hyung was trying out this new choreo he saw in a video and did this bastardized butterfly twist, but he overbalanced and fell hard on his side. There was a loud crack and he just started screaming." Jungkook pauses again, and Yoongi can hear his breath tremble over the line. "We've only been here fifteen minutes so he hasn't seen a doctor yet, but I think he's dislocated his shoulder. He's in the bathroom right now with Jiminnie hyung."

Yoongi's chest hurts. His head dips forward to rest atop his knees, eyes wet behind his closed lids. A chill settles over him, starting at the tips of his tingling fingers and toes and spreading through the rest of his body. His heartbeat echoes in his ears, eyes opening. "He— he fell?"

A shaking exhale shudders out of him and he gasps, sucking another desperate breath into his lungs, too fast. The floor under him gives a gut-lurching wobble. Hoseok must be so scared, and in so much pain, and Yoongi's— Yoongi isn't *there*. He sags against the wall, gasping for breath as his vision swims, black spots dancing around the corners.

"Hyung, he didn't break anything, I swear," Jungkook sounds worried. "Hyung. The doctors will see him soon, and he'll be fine. Are you listening to me? You're hyperventilating, you need to calm down."

"Fuck off," Yoongi manages to choke out. "You don't get to tell me what to do."

"Breathe with me, hyung," Jungkook says. "Shit, that's what Hoseokie did the last time, right? Breathe with me, then, I'll count." When Jungkook speaks again, his voice sounds distant, as if holding his

phone away from his ear. "Fuck... what's the count again?"

Yoongi tries to laugh and ends up with a wheezing, coughing fit for his efforts. "In for four, hold for eight, out for seven."

Slowly, and with Jungkook's voice leading him through, Yoongi comes down from it. He unclenches his hand from the fist he'd held it in, staring at the bloodied indents his fingernails left behind on his palm. "I'm leaving now," he promises. "Please tell Hoseokie I'll be there as soon as I can."

After hanging up, he waits another few seconds to make sure his weak legs won't give way beneath his weight, then stands to make his way down the hall to where Suran waits. "Noona, I'm sorry," he says. "There's been an emergency. My boyfriend's in the hospital, I have to go."

Suran waves him off. "Of course! I hope everything will be okay, Yoongi-yah."

He rushes past her, walking down the hall towards the door, phone out and calling a cab on autopilot. His knuckles go white, and he scarcely registers the sting in his palm as his nails dig back into the same wounds. On the opposite side of the city and with traffic, the trip to the hospital takes over an hour and a half.

As soon as they arrive, Yoongi taps his credit card on the reader and bolts from the car, through the automatic sliding emergency room doors. He looks around wildly and spots Jimin and Jungkook slumped in chairs beside each other, fast asleep. Hoseok's nowhere to be found, and Yoongi's gut sinks. He goes over to shake Jimin and Jungkook both awake. "Where is he?" he croaks.

Jungkook scrubs a hand over his face, blinking up at Yoongi. "The doctor took him in just after I got off the phone with you, hyung," he says. "I think they're going to run some tests and do an x-ray to make sure there wasn't any other damage, and then they'll probably pop his shoulder back into the joint."

Yoongi sinks into the seat on Jimin's other side and rests his elbows on his knees, letting his head hang limp. He takes a deep breath and exhales slowly. "Probably?" he echoes. "Are they going to keep him overnight? Did they tell you anything?"

"No," Jimin replies, with a shrug. "We're not family. They didn't tell us anything."

As Yoongi looks over at him, he realizes how tired and sleep-rumpled Jimin looks. It's nearing midnight, and Jimin probably has to go to work at the bakery in a couple hours. Yoongi's heart clenches.

"They might keep him, hyung," Jimin continues with a yawn. "If it's more serious, they'll knock him out. He fell so hard and there was such a loud crack, I thought for sure he must've broken something—"

"I've never seen him so pale," Jungkook interrupts, his eyes wide and distant. "He didn't even cry. He puked, but he didn't cry, it was like he was beyond tears."

Yoongi's gut churns. He hadn't been there to take care of Hoseok. There's no way Yoongi could have known, but he didn't even bother to look at the messages Jimin sent him during the meeting. Hoseok must've been so scared. "Did you call his sister? His parents?"

Jimin shakes his head. "Dawonie noona's in Japan for some work thing, Hoseokie hyung told me." That does sound familiar. Yoongi dimly remembers Hoseok mumbling something about going to Osaka. "He told us not to call his parents, wanted to do it himself tomorrow. He doesn't want them to worry, there's nothing they can do so late."

They lapse back into silence for several minutes. Beside him, Jungkook and Jimin shift in their chairs, seeking comfort from the unforgiving plastic. Yoongi tells Jungkook and Jimin to go home. Jungkook has school and Jimin has to work, they should rest up for that as much as they can. Relief crosses both their faces, chased by guilt. Yoongi waves off their apologies.

"You helped so much already," he mumbles, hugging each of them in turn. "Let hyung take it from here." He gives them the fare for a cab ride home and watches them head out together, hands shoved deep into pockets and walking so close together their arms brush.

Yoongi settles back in his seat to wait. The emergency waiting room doesn't seem particularly busy tonight. Thanking small mercies, he covers his lap with his coat and half-curls up on the uncomfortable chair to doze.

It's half-past one when Hoseok comes out with a nurse helping him to walk. He seems dazed, unable to walk in a straight line, his left arm bound in a sling. Hoseok brightens considerably when he sees Yoongi waiting for him. Yoongi shakes off the sleep and gets up to meet them.

"Hey," he says.

The nurse gives him an unimpressed once-over. "And you are? Where are the two kids he came in with?"

Yoongi forces a smile onto his face. "I'm his boyf—" He halts, clearing his throat. "I'm his roommate. I'll be taking care of him. Jungkook and Jimin had to leave, there was nothing else they could do."

Hoseok curls his hand in the hem of Yoongi's shirt, his eyes wide and wet. Yoongi slides an arm around Hoseok's waist, pulling him closer. "What's wrong?" he murmurs. Hoseok only shakes his head in reply, his pleading eyes darting to the nurse and back to Yoongi's face. Yoongi looks up at the nurse. "Can we get a minute alone somewhere?" he asks.

The nurse rolls his eyes but points them towards an empty room just up the hall from the emergency waiting room. "Keep it quick," he says. "We might need this room soon."

As soon as the man's footsteps fade away, Hoseok starts to talk, his voice a bit slow and slurred from the meds, "I told them not to call you." Yoongi's gut sinks, and he stares at Hoseok in disbelief. "I shouldn't have done that stupid move, I should've gone home right after practice so I could be there for you like I promised... How did your meeting go, hyung?"

"It's fine," Yoongi mutters, sliding both hands around Hoseok's waist and stepping closer to him. "I got the intern applications, and my advisor's agreed to get some letters of recommendation for me. That doesn't matter, I'm glad Jimin called me. I'm sorry I didn't answer sooner. Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Hoseok says, but his eyes are still so wet, tears quivering on his bottom lashes. "I didn't want to interrupt the meeting, I know it was important for you."

Yoongi pulls Hoseok closer, angling his body so they don't disturb Hoseok's wrapped arm. "Yeah, but you're *more* important to me, so shut up about that." He tips his head forward, cupping Hoseok's cheek in his palm. "You good?" Hoseok nods. Yoongi gives him an awkward, one-armed hug and kisses his forehead. "Let's go home, then," he says.

It takes him a moment to track the nurse back down. To his surprise, the nurse looks less resentful of them as they approach. "He'll need to take one muscle relaxant and painkiller every day," the nurse explains, handing over the prescription. "He can have up to two painkillers per day, as needed, and he has to take both meds with food. Ice it if you

notice any swelling, fifteen minutes on and fifteen off for an hour. Make sure he wears the sling at all times, only take it off to bathe." Hoseok leans against Yoongi, his eyes closed.

The nurse gives Yoongi another list of written instructions. "Come back in ten days for a follow-up appointment. A reminder with the date and time is on the bottom of the sheet. Hoseok-ssi, the doctor will look at your progress and set up an aftercare program to help get strength and mobility back in your shoulder. It wasn't a severe dislocation; if you rest up and doesn't try to push yourself too early, you should make a full recovery in six weeks."

"Thank you," Hoseok murmurs. Yoongi bows, his arm hooked around Hoseok's waist to help keep him stable. In the cab on the way home, Yoongi holds Hoseok's free hand and Hoseok rests his head on Yoongi's shoulder. The tears that had threatened to fall since Hoseok first saw Yoongi in the ER trickle down his face. He's so *quiet*, it's almost unsettling. Yoongi remembers Hoseok crying after he got his wisdom teeth out; they must've had to put him under before fixing his shoulder. Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair and kisses his temple.

When they arrive home, Yoongi helps Hoseok undress and change into his pyjamas. All the while, Hoseok murmurs to Yoongi, a steady stream of confessions. "I love you," he begins, curling his free hand in the hem of Yoongi's shirt. "I miss you. I hate it when you get distant." His eyes are wet and his voice wobbles. Yoongi's heart sinks. He brushes his thumbs along Hoseok's cheekbones, and Hoseok's eyelids flutter. "You promised things would be different."

"I know," Yoongi murmurs. "I'm trying."

"Are you?" Hoseok asks, his fingers curling around Yoongi's wrists. He turns his head and kisses Yoongi's palm, right over the indents Yoongi's fingernails left behind in his skin. After a moment he draws away and walks out of their bedroom, still unsteady on his feet and using the wall to keep his balance.

Yoongi waits outside the bathroom door for Hoseok finish getting ready for bed, then helps him back into their room and onto to the mattress, nudging a pillow up underneath Hoseok's shoulder as he lies down so he won't hurt himself in his sleep. He perches on the edge of the bed, reaching out to comb his fingers through Hoseok's hair. Hoseok keeps talking, mostly nonsense as each blink of his eyes seems to stick longer and longer. Yoongi lets his fingertips slip down over

Hoseok's face, down his neck and chest. Hoseok sighs, and seems to fall asleep. Yoongi strokes his hands in absent patterns over Hoseok's body for several minutes.

"If it were legal here," Hoseok says, so softly Yoongi almost can't hear him, but still enough to startle Yoongi's hands into falling still, "I think I'd like to marry you someday." Yoongi stares down at Hoseok, who blinks dreamily up at the ceiling. "There's this beautiful beach I keep dreaming of, white sands and blue water bathed in pink and yellow from the sunrise... I'd propose to you when..." His eyes close and his breathing evens out in the middle of the sentence as he finally drifts off.

After staring at Hoseok for a moment, he levers himself up off the edge of the bed once he's sure Hoseok's actually asleep and makes his way out of the room and into his office. As soon as the door shuts behind him, he leans back against it, staring up at the ceiling. He presses a hand to his cheek, dismayed to feel the heat emanating off his skin in waves. "Well, shit."

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for your words of encouragement with the last chapter. it was so overwhelming and helped so much to bolster me through the past few (rough) weeks. if you feel so inclined to do so again, i would appreciate it more than i could ever say.

first | timeline | mix

creaks

Chapter Notes

> huge thanks to @syooobi on twitter for giving me the idea! furniture shopping, so important to the domestic trope, how has it taken THIS LONG to actually write something about it??? thus begins the interior decorating saga, y'all, buckle in
>
> warnings for sexting, unprotected orgasms, come eating, facefucking, mild spanking, aaaand sex.
>
> this takes place about a month before their first anniversary!
>
> come on, put your moon in my sun, set me on fire
> come under the covers
> i wanna leave you satisfied tonight
> (come under the covers by walk the moon)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok comes to a halt in front of a concrete pole and slips his heavy backpack off his shoulder to sit on the tiled station floor between his feet. He leans back against the pole with a weary sigh. The train schedule and announcements flicker across the screens overhead.

It's been a long day. After an early dance class, working the lunch rush at the restaurant, and two evening classes, Hoseok just wants to go home. Glancing at his watch, he bites back an irritated noise and resists the urge to bang his head back into the pole. It's quarter to eleven and he still has half an hour's train ride ahead of him. He's exhausted. Rubbing a hand over his face, he wills himself to stay awake; there's still another few minutes until his train arrives.

The train wheels shriek across the rails as it pulls into the station. Hoseok hangs back to let passengers off the train before joining the queue of people boarding. He misses out on a seat and moves further down the car, stopping in front of an empty spot on a railing in the middle of the train.

When he gets home, all he plans to do is grab whatever leftovers there are in the fridge, shower off the day, and dive face-first into bed. Hopefully, Yoongi will be amenable to a quick snuggle before Hoseok

passes out.

That sounds perfect. He needs to be touched, to be held and cared for until he falls asleep. He stares at the floor, tightening his grip on the railing as the train pulls out of the station.

He wonders if Yoongi's home yet. Yoongi said something earlier in the week about needing more studio time, though, so he might still be out. Hoseok sighs, pulling his phone out of his backpack to send Yoongi a message. He'll just ask if Yoongi's home, and if he's not, beg him to *come* home. He thumbs the home button on his phone, but the screen remains dark. Dead battery.

Hoseok sighs. Of course, on the one day he left his spare charger at home because it was still charging up when he left that morning. Oh well. Thirty minutes, and then he'll be home.

Each second drags by so slowly. Hoseok spends his time thinking of the careful brush of Yoongi's fingers through his hair that morning, how he'd let his touch linger at the nape of Hoseok's neck before continuing down over his shoulder and chest. He'd curved his hand around Hoseok's waist and they spent a few moments basking in the moment, slow to wake and inching towards each other, trading kisses. Yoongi's alarm went off, too soon, and he rolled away to silence it. He swooped in with one final kiss like a last word and got out of bed, heading for the shower, his office, and then school.

Hoseok wants to finish what they started. He wants to roll around in bed with Yoongi, kissing and making each other laugh, touching and seeking out ticklish spots, and loving, loving, loving. He closes his eyes, letting his head hang heavy on his neck.

The apartment is dark and quiet when he pushes the door open. Hoseok looks around but doesn't see Yoongi's coat, shoes, or even his bag. Yoongi must still be at the studio. Disappointment sinks heavy like a stone in Hoseok's gut.

Pushing the door shut behind him with a loud yawn, he pulls off his bag to set it down on the floor. He hangs his coat up in the closet and bends forward to unzip and toe out of his boots. Hoseok scrubs a hand over his face, making his way over to the fridge to grab the first container his fingers brush over and leaning against the counter to eat it. Cold leftovers from the restaurant. Still good, even though it's been a few days.

He goes to the bathroom next to piss and wash up for bed. On the way

to the bedroom, he pauses to cast a hopeful glance over Yoongi's office, only to find it empty. A frown drags down the corners of his mouth. He passes the office by, pushing open the door to their bedroom, and

there he finds his boyfriend. His eyes zero in on where Yoongi lies, fast asleep in the bed. His laptop is still sitting open on the couch, soft music spilling through the headphones he left resting on the cushion. Textbooks sit in lopsided stacks across the coffee table. His bag, coat, and even his boots are in a scattered mess on the floor.

Yoongi. Every snide comment, impatient customer's glare, students' complaint, every person that jostled him on the train... All of that negativity that had been cumulating and winding the muscles in Hoseok's shoulders tighter and tighter all day just... melts away.

Hoseok inhales like it's the first free breath to fill his lungs since he left their apartment that morning, leaning against the doorframe and watching Yoongi sleep. He's curled up on his side, hand stretched out overtop the blanket towards Hoseok's side of the bed. His face is turned towards the pillow but his fingers twitch like he's dreaming.

With a fond smile turning up the corners of his mouth, Hoseok moves to close Yoongi's laptop and straightens up his discarded clothes and shoes so neither of them trip if they have to get up in the night. Tugging his shirt up over his head, he pushes his jeans down his hips and leaves both in the hamper. He grabs a clean shirt of Yoongi's from the closet to wear, and makes his way over to the bed, climbing up onto the mattress.

The bedframe creaks under his weight. Hoseok freezes, his eyes darting to Yoongi's face. He feels every muscle in his body lock up, trying to move with small movements and be as quiet as possible — but in the end, it doesn't make any difference.

Yoongi stirs, inhaling sharply and blinking his eyes open. He squints, tilting his head on the pillow as he looks up at Hoseok. There's a slight sheen to his skin, catching the light from the bedside lamp.

"Shit," Hoseok whispers, reaching out and brushing Yoongi's hair out of his eyes. "Sorry, hyung. I didn't mean to wake you."

Shaking his head, Yoongi slings his arm around Hoseok's waist, pulling him down onto the mattress. He slides closer, hooking a leg up around Hoseok's thigh, using him as a body pillow. The frame groans even louder. He smells like lavender; he must've used a bath bomb

before bed. That would explain the sparkles.

"...Should get a new bedframe," Yoongi mutters, burying his face in Hoseok's shoulder.

Hoseok brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair. "Would be nice," he agrees, and Yoongi makes a sleepy little noise, pushing his head to meet Hoseok's hand whenever Hoseok falters for more than a few seconds. Hoseok smiles, leaning closer and kissing Yoongi's forehead. "I'm supposed to meet Seokjin hyung for lunch tomorrow," he says after a moment, stroking down the nape of Yoongi's neck, distracted by the softness of his skin. "I could stop by Kosney and see what they have since I'll be in the mall."

Humming, Yoongi smooths his hand over Hoseok's chest. "We should look at Jaju, too," he says. "We need new towels, anyway. Ours all stink. It's time."

With a laugh only just audible over the bedframe as he rolls onto his side to pull Yoongi closer, Hoseok slots their legs together into a comfortable tangle. "Yes, hyung," he sighs, feeling himself relax into the mattress. Yoongi's sleep-warm and pliable, nuzzling his nose into the crook of Hoseok's neck, his fingers sliding across Hoseok's chest in slow, gentle arcs.

Even after eleven months together, *eleven months*, it still catches Hoseok by surprise how perfectly they fit together. He's so glad Yoongi's home. The thought of coming home to an empty bed instead of having this leaves him cold.

"We could go to Jaju on the weekend," Hoseok whispers, letting his eyes fall shut. "Make a date of it."

"Deal," Yoongi's voice drifts into a mumble, his breathing evening out and deepening as he hovers on the edge of sleep. "Good night, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok strokes Yoongi's back. "Good night, hyung," he says softly.

*

The next day finds Hoseok stepping into the furniture shop with Seokjin in tow. "We need a new bedframe," Hoseok explains, as they wander down aisles, past stacks of poufs and tables laden with lamps. He reaches out and lets his hand trail along a shelf of throw pillows. "Yoongi hyung's old one is getting creakier by the day, I swear."

Seokjin makes an amused sound, smiling as Hoseok glances over at him. "Been really wearing it out, huh?" he asks.

"I—" Hoseok stutters to a halt, his cheeks warming, and Seokjin starts to laugh, breathless and squeaking. "Not any more than usual," Hoseok mutters, nudging Seokjin in the ribs with his elbow. "It's just old. We're not having sex all the time, hyung."

"I know, I'm just teasing," Seokjin says, patting Hoseok's shoulder. "Nah, I remember that rickety thing. He got it for cheap, second-hand from a mattress shop clearance sale. It's always been loud, used to keep me up at night."

Hoseok watches Seokjin out the corner of his eye, deciding not to comment. He knows that Yoongi and Seokjin lived together in a one bedroom apartment for a little over six months a few years ago when they were attending the same university. That was even before Seokjin transferred to Hoseok's school to complete his economics and political sciences degrees, as well as join the theatre program.

"Anyway," Hoseok says after a few moments of quiet. He worries at the soft sleeves of his sweater, a baggy black knit he stole that morning from Yoongi's side of the closet. "I have a very limited budget, so I don't know if I'll be able to afford anything here... Maybe if there's something on sale?"

Seokjin lifts his chin, indicating the back of the store. "Sale items and bigger furniture pieces are in the back," he says, tucking his hand in the crook of Hoseok's elbow and tugging him along. "I wonder if they have any cute new rugs, I want something for my living room. The tile floor gets so *cold* this time of year." Hoseok smiles and lets himself be led.

They separate as the rows of shelves give way to larger furniture pieces. Seokjin disappears between the swinging display racks holding up the different rugs, and Hoseok smiles to himself, still fidgeting with his sweater. Turning, he goes in the opposite direction, moving towards the bedframes. Hoseok walks between them, looking for something both sturdy and relatively inexpensive.

There isn't much. Hoseok didn't expect to find something today; any piece of furniture is going to be expensive... Still, he couldn't quite help that small flicker of hope that just *maybe*...

"Hey," comes Seokjin's voice, closer than Hoseok expected. He looks up to see Seokjin's drifted over with a rolled up carpet tucked into the

crook of his elbow. "Yoongi would love this."

The frame is functional and minimal, painted white with sliding doors in the headboard. Hoseok walks over, reaching out to run his hand over the surface. It's smooth against his palm, but he can still feel the grain of the wood beneath the paint. The headboard is a hands' width deep, with two sliding doors on either end that open to reveal two long shelves to run the length of the bed. They could get rid of their bedside tables, decluttering their space.

"It's just his style," Hoseok murmurs, his eyes falling over the price tag. He swallows. "He'd love all the extra storage." There's no way they could afford it; not right now. "I don't mind it, even though it's not quite what I was expecting to find..."

His phone buzzes twice in rapid succession in his pocket, and Hoseok pulls it out. Yoongi. He feels his lips quirk into a smile as he unlocks his phone to read his messages:

[02:11:56] **Yoongi:** hey
[02:11:59] **Yoongi:** come home i wanna fuck you

Rolling his eyes, Hoseok taps out his reply:

[02:12:16] **Hoseok:** wow, romance is dead?
[02:12:29] **Yoongi:** come home i wanna fuck you, please
[02:12:56] **Hoseok:** you sure know how to make a guy feel special

Turning, Hoseok perches on the edge of the display mattress and opens up the browser app on his phone, typing out the Ikea address. "Maybe I can find something cheaper," he murmurs, tapping through the menu until he reaches the bedframes. Seokjin settles beside Hoseok, half-peering over his shoulder until he gets bored and starts playing a game on his own phone.

As Hoseok searches through the different styles and options, his phone keeps buzzing in his hand with more rapid-fire messages from Yoongi. The sound catches Seokjin's attention, and he glances over at Hoseok

curiously.

Hoseok taps on a bedframe that has a similar feel to the more expensive one: The same deep headboard, but instead of storage hidden behind sliding doors, the shelves are open-faced at either end of the headboard. It's a fraction of the cost. "This one even has an option for drawers under the bed, look," Hoseok says, holding his phone out towards Seokjin, who nods in approval.

"I like the darker wood better, I think," Seokjin says. "It would match well with your couch and the furniture you already have. Looking at this one, I feel like the white contrast could be too stark in your room unless you style it right. That could end up costing you even more."

Hoseok nods, his phone buzzing again. He tries to tilt the screen away before Seokjin can get a chance to see the chat notification along the top of the screen. "Could we borrow your car for a few hours this Saturday, hyung?" he asks.

Seokjin nods, leaning back on his hands. "Yeah," he says. "Yeah, especially if I can come, too. I love Ikea." He gets to his feet and pulls Hoseok up too. "Time to go, Hoseok-ah," he sighs, slinging his arm around Hoseok's shoulders as they make their way to the front of the store so Seokjin can buy the rug. Hoseok's phone buzzes again. "My lunch break is almost over, and it sounds like Yoongi's missing you an awful lot."

Hoseok's cheeks go pink. "Something like that."

[02:23:43] **Yoongi:** are you coming home yet
[02:23:50] **Yoongi:** hey
[02:24:19] **Yoongi:** hey, don't ignore me
[02:24:55] **Yoongi:** Hoseok-ah
[02:25:11] **Yoongi:** come home
[02:30:24] **Yoongi:** please, Hoseok-ah
[02:30:47] **Yoongi:** i wanna fuck you

[02:31:02] **Hoseok:** fine, i'll be home soon
[02:31:33] **Hoseok:** stop texting me, i'm with Seokjin hyung
[02:31:49] **Hoseok:** you know he's nosy
[02:32:15] **Yoongi:** hi Seokjin hyung
[02:32:30] **Yoongi:** give me back my boyfriend now, please
[02:32:41] **Yoongi:** i want to see if i can fuck him so hard we break this shitty bedframe

Hoseok almost drops his phone from where he stands beside the door, waiting for Seokjin to pay at the register. Mouth dry, he shifts his weight and tugs at the hem of his sweater as much of his blood makes a sudden detour southwards. His face feels hot. Seokjin's finishing with his purchase now.

[02:33:15] **Hoseok:** HYUNG
[02:33:23] **Yoongi:** [smiling emoji] come home
[02:33:38] **Hoseok:** okay
[02:34:01] **Hoseok:** i'm on my way now
[02:34:14] **Hoseok:** don't start without me
[02:34:46] **Yoongi:** wouldn't dream of it

*

Hoseok steps through the door half an hour later. He hangs his coat up in the closet, toeing out of his sneakers and setting them on the shoe rack. Through the open bedroom door, he can just make out a sliver of Yoongi lying on the bed with his laptop and a pair of textbooks, headphones covering his ears. Smiling, Hoseok goes into the bathroom, stripping down and getting into the shower to clean up and play with himself a bit. When he's finished, he dries off and redresses, coming to lean against the doorframe. Yoongi hasn't moved.

"Hi, honey, I'm home," Hoseok says, pulling the sweater up over his head and letting it dangle by the sleeve from one hand.

Yoongi looks up from his laptop screen, pulling off his headphones. his hair sticks up in wild little tufts. It's cute. "...Is that my sweater?" he asks, pushing his bottom lip into a pout. It's *cute*.

"Yes," Hoseok says, smiling. "Do you mind?"

"Fuck, no," Yoongi replies, snapping his laptop shut and placing both it and his headphones down on the floor. He's less cautious with the textbooks, kicking them off the end of the bed. They hit the floor with two loud *thunks*. "You look cute in my clothes. Did you wash up already?"

"Yes," Hoseok repeats, ducking his head with a little smile. He drops

the sweater on the couch before coming over to the bed and climbing up onto it. The bedframe shakes and creaks louder than ever. He rolls onto his front and comes to a halt beside Yoongi, saying, "Hey."

Yoongi reaches out to brush his fingers through Hoseok's damp hair, smoothing the strands ruffled by the sweater. "How was your lunch date?"

"Same as usual," Hoseok replies with a shrug, leaning closer to press a kiss to the corner of Yoongi's mouth. "Talked about work, school, you, people we know from school... Afterwards, we went to Kosney to look at bedframes, and we found one I really think you'd like."

Yoongi's eyebrows raise. "Oh?" he asks, stroking his thumb over Hoseok's cheekbone.

Hoseok nods, resting his weight on his elbows. "It was too expensive, but your clever boyfriend looked at the Ikea website and found something similar." Yoongi starts to grin and Hoseok beams. "I asked Seokjin hyung if he'd let us borrow his car and he said yes, as long as he gets to come with. I hope you don't mind."

"I don't," Yoongi says, cupping Hoseok's cheek in his palm. "Come here," he murmurs after a moment's quiet, his eyes dropping to Hoseok's mouth. "I need to reward you, anyway." Hoseok tilts his head in confusion, and Yoongi clarifies, "I want to suck your dick before I fuck you, Hoseok-ah. Come here."

Snickering, Hoseok pushes himself up onto his knees. "*Man*," he says, pulling his t-shirt off. "I can *feel* the romance right now. Catch me, I might swoon." He pauses in the middle of kicking his jeans off the edge of the bed, looking back at Yoongi. "How do you want me?"

"Just like this," Yoongi says, reaching out for Hoseok's arm. "Get over here." Hoseok crawls closer when Yoongi pulls. As he approaches the head of the bed, he hesitates. "I want it like this." Yoongi tugs at his arm more insistently, looking up to meet Hoseok's eyes. "I'm sure, Hoseok-ah," he says, so Hoseok straddles Yoongi's chest.

Yoongi smiles up at Hoseok, his hands smoothing around Hoseok's hipbones, lifting him up. He leans forward, nuzzling his face into Hoseok's crotch, and Hoseok squirms with a breathless little laugh, ticklish. Yoongi's smile broadens, his hands spreading to cup Hoseok's ass.

"I've been wanting to suck a dick all *day*," he murmurs. Hoseok

shivers, reaching down to brush his fingers through Yoongi's hair. Yoongi's eyes dart up to meet Hoseok's gaze, mouthing at Hoseok's cock through his underwear. "I woke up thinking about it, and you were already gone."

"Oh, no," Hoseok replies mock-sympathetically, "that must've been so hard for you, hyung." He reaches back with his other hand, cupping Yoongi's cock through his sweatpants, amused when he feels the hardening length twitch under his palm.

"I know you're teasing me," Yoongi murmurs, rubbing his mouth over Hoseok's cock, spit soaking through the cotton of Hoseok's underwear. "But I couldn't stop thinking about how bad I want it." Hoseok looks down to meet his eyes, his breath hitching when he sees how intently Yoongi's staring up at him. Yoongi slides his hands down the backs of Hoseok's thighs and up under Hoseok's boxers to dig his nails into bare skin. "Fuck my mouth, okay?"

A shudder rolls down Hoseok's spine, and he breathes out a curse. "Okay, hyung," he sighs, tugging the waistband of his boxers down his thighs. "Okay."

Yoongi smiles again. His lips part, hands flexing on Hoseok's ass as he guides Hoseok's cock into the wet heat of his mouth. Hoseok groans, his hips jerking forward, and Yoongi makes an encouraging noise. He pulls Hoseok forward, and Hoseok feels the firm press of Yoongi's tongue along the underside of his cock.

Hoseok's eyes roll back as the head of his cock hits the back of Yoongi's throat, and he redoubles his efforts rubbing over Yoongi's dick through his pants. Yoongi stretches his jaw, taking it, swallowing around the head and letting Hoseok in even further. "Fuck," Hoseok gasps, arching his back to reach Yoongi's cock better and pushing his hips forward a little more. Yoongi moans. "Fuck, hyung—"

Peering up at Hoseok through his lashes, Yoongi swallows around Hoseok's cock again, and again. Hoseok moans, letting his head fall back on his neck as Yoongi guides his hips. Yoongi sucks hard as he pulls back, the sound wet and filthy in the quiet of their room, and Hoseok gasps, whispering Yoongi's name over and over again like a prayer.

Yoongi tilts his head back to breathe. Hoseok sits up, cupping Yoongi's cheek in his hand and thumbing at his bottom lip. Yoongi's eyes glitter as he stares up at Hoseok, his tongue flicking out to brush the pad of

Hoseok's thumb. He curls a hand around Hoseok's cock, twisting his wrist to lick up and down the underside, and Hoseok braces his hand on the wall with a moan. Yoongi rubs the head of Hoseok's cock against his lips, smearing precome over his already spit-slick mouth and chin.

Hoseok lets out a weak little sound. "Hyung." Yoongi smiles, nuzzling in to suck one of Hoseok's balls into his mouth and rolling his tongue over it. He gives the other the same treatment as he strokes Hoseok's cock. Hoseok gasps for breath, covering his mouth with his hand to muffle another whimper, his eyelids fluttering shut at the warm, smooth press of Yoongi's tongue.

"Don't be quiet," Yoongi whispers, and Hoseok looks down to meet his eyes. Yoongi rubs his tongue over the head of Hoseok's cock. "Give it to me," he says. "Don't hold back. I want to hear you." Taking Hoseok's cock back into his mouth, Yoongi sucks him down harder. He takes Hoseok further into his throat and lets out a satisfied little hum, his tearing eyes fluttering closed. Hollowing his cheeks, he pulls back to tongue at the head before taking Hoseok back down, breathing through his nose as he pushes himself with muffled, pleased sounds.

"Oh fuck, hyung," Hoseok whispers. He startles at the first press of slicked fingers against his hole; when did Yoongi get the lube? Angling his hips, he presses Yoongi's head back into the pillow as Yoongi trails his fingers over Hoseok's skin. Two fingers slip into Hoseok's body, and Hoseok lets out a rough, guttural moan, pushing back against him. "Yes, yes, *please*—"

Hoseok stretched himself out a bit in the shower, but Yoongi's fingers are thicker, and two at once is a lot. As his body relaxes, opening up, Yoongi pushes a third finger inside, and Hoseok moans pitch a bit higher. Reaching back, he slides his hand under the waistband of his sweatpants to curl his fingers around Yoongi's cock and stroke him to full hardness.

Yoongi's responding moan is muffled. He seals his lips around the base of Hoseok's cock. Hoseok gasps, rolling his hips, fucking into Yoongi's throat and back onto his fingers. Yoongi makes an encouraging sound, and Hoseok chokes at the added stimulation. Yoongi's voice is going to be fucking shattered after this.

With that in mind, Hoseok tries to slow down, to keep his thrusts shallow. Yoongi tightens his grip on Hoseok's hip, forcing him forward, faster and deeper. He doesn't hide his moans, muffled around

Hoseok's cock, buried as deep in his throat as it can go. Hoseok chokes on a groan, giving up and following Yoongi's rhythm. Yoongi sucks him down until Hoseok comes with a shout of Yoongi's name, clenching down hard on Yoongi's fingers.

Hoseok claps a hand over his mouth, riding out the aftershocks with little whimpers. Yoongi lets out a broken sound and swallows everything, keeping Hoseok in his mouth until Hoseok trembles from the overstimulation. Yoongi keeps his mouth moving over Hoseok's cock and fucking him with his fingers until Hoseok pushes him away, his legs shaking and his vision blurred with tears. Yoongi chokes and coughs, gasping for breath. He stares up at Hoseok, his chest heaving. His parted lips are swollen, red and slick with come and spit.

There are tear tracks on his cheeks, and Hoseok moves back on the bed, bending to cup Yoongi's face in his hands and kiss away the tears. "Idiot," he murmurs. "Was that too much? Fuck, I love you."

Yoongi's laugh crackles in his raw throat, and he curls his arms around Hoseok's neck, keeping him close. "Fuckin' worth it," he rasps, tilting his face up for more kisses. He sounds like he's been gargling gravel for a few hours. "That was amazing. You sounded so hot."

"God, you're stupid," Hoseok says fondly, kissing Yoongi's mouth. "What'd I do to get such a stupid boyfriend, huh?"

"Just lucky, I guess," Yoongi says, and winces. Hoseok kisses Yoongi once more and hops up off the bed. He pulls his boxers back up and leaves the room. Behind him, he hears Yoongi shift across the sheets, the bedframe creaking. "Hey, where are you going?" his voice cracks.

Hoseok walks through to the kitchen, grabbing the kettle from the cupboard and filling it with water. "I'm making something for your throat," he calls, digging through the cupboards for the jar of honey he bought a few months earlier, letting out a triumphant sound when he finds it. "I'll be back in a second." He pours the hot water into a cup and adds a few spoonfuls of honey, stirring to make sure it all dissolves.

Just as he's about to leave, he halts in front of the freezer, struck by another thought. Opening it, he pulls out the ice cube tray and fills a small glass with ice chips. "These should help," he says, stuffing the tray back into the freezer and coming back into their bedroom.

Yoongi has barely moved since Hoseok left. As he makes to sit up, his cock pushes against the confines of his sweatpants. He's still hard. Did

he like it that much? Hoseok sets the mug and glass down on the bedside table and makes a mental note to do more research into deep-throating. He'd love to surprise Yoongi with it. There's got to be some sort of guide out there somewhere...

"Come back here," Yoongi breathes. His hand curls around Hoseok's, and he smiles as Hoseok twines their fingers together. "Thank you for making me tea."

Hoseok climbs up onto the bed, spreading out beside him. "Thanks for sucking me off," he says, laughing. He nuzzles his face into the side of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi sighs, popping one of the ice chips into his mouth and making an indecent noise. "Better?" Hoseok asks, peeking up at him. Yoongi makes a big show of nodding with approval, giving Hoseok a thumbs up. Hoseok buries his face in Yoongi's shoulder with another little laugh. "The honey in the water should help once it's cooled down enough."

Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "What'd I do to get such a good boyfriend, huh?" he whispers.

"Just lucky, I guess," Hoseok parrots, lifting his head and leaning up to kiss Yoongi's laughing mouth. He drags his nails over Yoongi's chest, and Yoongi shifts, back arching up off the mattress to push more firmly against Hoseok's hand. "Do you still want to fuck me?" Hoseok murmurs against Yoongi's lips.

To Hoseok's amusement, Yoongi starts nodding almost before he even finishes asking the question. "Fuck yeah," Yoongi says, so vehemently his voice cracks again. He smiles as Hoseok leans back to look at him. "Just give me a minute to recover. Do you think you can go again?"

Hoseok's lips quirk. "For you, hyung, anything."

Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok arches into the touch with a soft sigh. As they snuggle together and Yoongi drinks his tea, Hoseok finds himself cooling rapidly. He squirms, sticking his chilled arms under Yoongi's shirt, and pulling him closer to share body heat. It's still not quite enough.

"I need more clothes," Hoseok grumbles. "Hold on." He untangles himself from Yoongi, climbing over his body and off the bed. On his way to the closet, Yoongi makes a noise that gives him pause. He looks back over his shoulder.

"Sweater," Yoongi rasps, his eyes dark. The hunger in his gaze sends a

shiver down Hoseok's spine. "Put my sweater on."

Hoseok wets his lips, reaching out for where he left the sweater on the couch without looking away from Yoongi. "This?" he asks, smiling as the intense look in Yoongi's eyes deepens. He pulls the soft, warm knit over his head. The bottom of it hangs past the hem of his boxers, so he pushes his underwear down, stepping out of it on his way back to the bed.

Yoongi swallows a huge gulp of the tea, twining his fingers between Hoseok's to pull him down onto the bed. Hoseok laughs as he lands on the mattress beside Yoongi with a little bounce. The cup is only half-full now. "You look good in that," Yoongi whispers. His voice sounds a little clearer already.

"It's really warm," Hoseok murmurs, clambering over Yoongi to settle against his side. He reaches out, tugging at the collar of Yoongi's t-shirt. "I know it smells like our laundry detergent, but I like to imagine it smells a bit like you, too. When you've been wearing it a lot, you know?" He slips his hand down down Yoongi's chest inch by inch with every word.

Hoseok's fingers slide over the waistband of Yoongi's sweatpants and he cups Yoongi's cock through the thick fabric. Though he's flagged some from the brief respite, his cock is still half-hard. Hoseok smiles. "I like wearing your clothes. It reminds me of you in secret little ways all day."

Yoongi's hips buck at the touch. "You're so cute, Hoseok-ah," he says, draining the last of his tea. He fumbles to set the cup down on the bedside table and it skids across its surface. Hoseok impulsively leans out to catch it, but it comes to a halt with a clatter just before the edge of the table.

Faster than Hoseok can even blink with his attention still-half focused on that cup, Yoongi tangles his hand in the back of the sweater, hauling Hoseok further off balance. He brings his palm down on Hoseok's bare ass with a sharp *smack* that jostles Hoseok across Yoongi's lap. The sting of it sends tingles zinging through his nerves, but it's not unpleasant.

"What was that for!" Hoseok half-yelps and half-laughs, wiggling his hips. He's starting to get hard again. "Hyung, that hurt!" Spanking has never had such a strong effect on him before; he almost hopes Yoongi might do it again.

He doesn't, though. Yoongi keeps tugging on the sweater, pulling Hoseok with him as he rolls over. "Cute," he murmurs, barely audible over the bedframe's groaning complaints at the movement.

Hoseok laughs, fighting against Yoongi's hold and pushing back. They wrestle on the bed for several moments, across the mattress in either direction, breathless with laughter and exertion, each of them trying to come out on top. Hoseok flops back against the bed, chest heaving under the sweater. The bottle of lube rolls towards them, coming to a stop against his calf. Hoseok gets his hands up underneath the bottom of Yoongi's shirt and starts pulling it up over his head.

Yoongi pulls back only for a moment to get it off all the way before ducking back in, nipping at Hoseok's throat. His hand slips up underneath the hem of the sweater, his fingers skimming Hoseok's ribs as he brushes his thumb over Hoseok's nipple. Hoseok laughs again, squirming and ticklish, and he can feel Yoongi's lips stretch into a grin against the side of his neck.

Burying his hands in Yoongi's hair, Hoseok presses his feet flat to the mattress and bucks his hips up against Yoongi's, trying to flip him back over. Yoongi's hand shoots down to the bed, arm locking as he fights against Hoseok, breath huffing out of him on a laugh. He curls his hand around Hoseok's half-hard cock, fingertips teasing at the head.

"*Hyung*," Hoseok whines. He rakes his nails down Yoongi's spine, fingertips slipping underneath the waistbands of his underwear and sweatpants. Yoongi kisses up the side of Hoseok's throat. "Hyung, take these off, I want—" Hoseok's voice goes weak and breathy as Yoongi sucks Hoseok's earlobe into his mouth. He shivers, rolling his hips up to meet Yoongi's. "*Fuck*, I want to feel you. Please."

He pushes at Yoongi's remaining clothes until Yoongi reaches back and does the rest himself, kicking the pants off his legs and over the edge of the bed. "Yeah," Hoseok sighs as Yoongi settles back between Hoseok's thighs. "Yeah, come here." He tips his head up to catch Yoongi's mouth, curling his legs around Yoongi's hips to keep him close, hissing out a breath as their cocks rub against each other.

Yoongi reaches back blindly for the lube, trailing his fingers down Hoseok's leg until he finds the smooth plastic bottle. He guides Hoseok's thighs further apart, slicking up his fingers and sliding two fingers back into Hoseok's hole. With a shuddering gasp as his body parts around the intrusion, Hoseok throws his head back. He

whimpers and hitches his hips up so Yoongi can better see the slow drag of his fingers as he lazily thrusts and twists his fingers to open Hoseok up further.

"You look so cute in my sweater," Yoongi murmurs.

"I know," Hoseok groans just as Yoongi adds a third finger, pushing down against Yoongi's hand to pull him in deeper. He curls his arms around Yoongi's neck, pulling him down for a kiss. "It looks better on you, though," he whispers, nipping at Yoongi's bottom lip. He can feel how hard Yoongi's gotten, his cock leaving smears of precome across Hoseok's belly. Heat coils low in Hoseok's gut. "Now pound me into the mattress like you promised," he says. "I want it."

Yoongi huffs a laugh, slipping his fingers out for more lube and pressing back into Hoseok's body. Hoseok gasps, his hips hitching. "Yeah, yeah, be patient," Yoongi says, his lips moving against Hoseok's cheek. He kisses Hoseok's cheekbone and drifts over to Hoseok's ear. Hoseok moans out Yoongi's name as fingertips graze his prostate, his thighs tightening around Yoongi's hips.

"Fuck," Yoongi gasps, his teeth grazing the shell of Hoseok's ear before he sits up. "Fuck, okay." He slicks his cock and slides into Hoseok on a slow grind, his hands warm as he braces himself on Hoseok's thighs.

Hoseok gasps at the dull pressure, his hands scrabbling across the sheets for something to hold on to as Yoongi's hips rock forward and forward. "Oh, hyung," he sighs, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. "Oh, *fuck*, hyung. That's perfect. Come on, please."

"Yeah?" Yoongi whispers, bending forward to press his mouth against Hoseok's throat. "Tell me more." He rolls his hips, slow thrusts that pick up speed as Hoseok starts to moan, his head thrown back. "That's it." Yoongi presses his forehead against Hoseok's shoulder, his breaths shuddering out of him as his hips snap forward.

The bed gives an impossibly loud creak at the movement, rocking beneath their bodies with the force of it. Hoseok laughs, curling an arm around Yoongi's shoulders. He works a hand down to grasp his own cock, stroking himself off in time with Yoongi's thrusts.

Yoongi hitches Hoseok's hips up, the head of his cock brushing over Hoseok's prostate again and again. Hoseok's back arches, pressing up against Yoongi's body. The hem of the sweater keeps getting rucked up, pushed higher and higher up his chest. He can smell Yoongi, the scent of him washing over Hoseok's senses in waves.

Yoongi ducks his head to drag his tongue over one of Hoseok's nipples, and Hoseok comes all over his fist with a drawn-out, shuddering moan. He clenches down around Yoongi's cock, gripping him tight. Yoongi's hips stutter with a groan as he follows Hoseok over the edge.

Hoseok gasps for breath. He tangles his hands around Yoongi's back, legs still hooked about Yoongi's waist, holding tight to him as he comes back down. Yoongi presses his face into the crook of Hoseok's neck, nuzzling in close and gasping for breath, his mouth open and wet. It tickles, and Hoseok squirms. He can feel Yoongi's lips curve into a smile just before he drags his tongue up the side of Hoseok's throat, nipping at his ear.

"That was good," Yoongi says. His voice still cracks, but it's better than it was.

"It was," Hoseok sighs, shifting under Yoongi's weight. He slides his hands up to curve around the nape of Yoongi's neck, drawing him in close for a kiss. Yoongi hums, slipping his hands up under Hoseok's sweater, tugging at the hem until it's less scrunched up beneath Hoseok's body. Hoseok sighs in relief. "I want a nap now," he murmurs, rubbing his cheek against the blanket.

"Sounds good," Yoongi replies. He sets his hands to the bed and starts to push himself up, but Hoseok curls his arms and legs back around Yoongi's body with a whine, stopping him. "What?" he asks.

"Where are you going?" Hoseok demands, pouting. "Nap with me, you dick."

Yoongi shakes his head, laughing. "I'm just going to get a cloth to clean you up."

"No," Hoseok says, shaking his head. "We can do that later. Nap now. Come here, I want you *here*." He flaps a hand out towards the blanket, fingertips catching the edge of it until he can pull it down, and looks up at Yoongi. "Yes?"

Sighing, Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair. He bends and presses a kiss to Hoseok's forehead. "I can't say no to that face," he agrees, and Hoseok lets go of him to crawl up underneath the covers. Yoongi hesitates, then follows. "You better not complain about this later," he murmurs as he settles, rolling onto his side.

"I would never," Hoseok replies at once, snuggling up against Yoongi's side and tucking his head under Yoongi's chin. "Love you."

Yoongi slips his arm around Hoseok's waist, slotting their legs together in a comfortable tangle. "Love you too," he murmurs.

(Later, Hoseok wakes with the sticky dried come itching and flaking off his skin. "God, why didn't you convince me to get up?" he complains in disgust, pushing the covers away and yanking Yoongi's sweater off. "This is *horrific*. Never let me do this again, or else we're going to have to break up." Yoongi just laughs in reply, leaning over and kissing Hoseok's frown away.)

Chapter End Notes

> please think of this as an incredibly belated third anniversary present, friends. i've been struggling with my health a lot again, and this fic completely slipped my mind. i'm so sorry. i'll try to be better. thank you for sticking with me for three years (THREE! YEARS! BONKERS!) i'm not entirely sure i deserve it. i love you.
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

interlude (2.14)

Chapter Notes

> this takes place before the beginning of the series, a couple weeks before yoongi and hoseok's first (disastrous...) date. nothing to warn for, aside from hurt feelings.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi startles at the sound of someone knocking at the door. He lowers his headphones to rest on the desk beside his computer and pushes his chair back. It must be Namjoon; he did say something about needing more studio time this weekend. Did he forget his key again? Shaking his head, Yoongi stretches his arms up over his head with a little groan, crossing the space to unlock the door and push it open.

It's not Namjoon.

"What are you doing here?" Yoongi asks, surprised. Seokjin pushes his hood back, untying his scarf to reveal a small smile. Yoongi's treacherous heart thuds against his ribs, and he backs out of the way to return to his seat. He forces his attention on his laptop screen, saving his progress multiple times, trying to look busy. Seokjin's never come to the studio before. "Did you get lost?"

Seokjin follows him inside. He closes the door but doesn't lock it, dropping into Namjoon's vacant chair. "No, I wanted to talk to you about something," he says, playing with the zipper on his coat. "I know that last blind date I set you up on went poorly..."

Yoongi blinks at his music editing program. "She bit my dick," he intones. He has a bad feeling about this.

"Yeah, that was my bad," Seokjin says with a laugh. "I can admit that, but— there's someone else I really want you to meet, and—"

He knew it. "No," Yoongi interrupts. "I'm fine, alright?" Sighing, he rubs at his eyes with the heels of his palms. He's *sick* of this. "You don't have to keep trying to set me up with people, hyung. I don't need anyone, I'm not lonely. I like being alone."

Seokjin scoffs, tapping his nails on the soundboard ledge. "You know you can't lie to me." Yoongi watches him out the corner of his eye.

"You've seen him before, even if you haven't met him," Seokjin continues. "Namjoonie's roommate, Jung Hoseokie? We've both told you lots about him, you even saw him a couple months ago."

Yoongi scrunches his nose, trying to remember. "The hot dancer guy, right?" he asks. The words slip out and he immediately wishes he hadn't said anything at the dizzying rush of guilt that wells up in him. He hunches his shoulders. Seokjin gave up any right to be jealous when he decided to end things eight months ago. Yoongi feels like he's crossed a line anyway, and hates himself for it, and for that one small part of him that hopes Seokjin *might* be jealous.

"Yeah, him," Seokjin says. He sounds almost amused.

Seokjin would never be jealous. Not anymore. Not for over a year, if Yoongi's willing to be honest with himself. He closes his eyes. "Listen. I— I don't want to date again, hyung. I'm not built for it." *I don't want to put myself out there*, he wants to say, but doesn't. *I don't want to open myself up to the possibility of getting hurt. Not again.*

"Bullshit," Seokjin says. "Look, I know you've been struggling. I just want you to be happy because you're one of my best friends and I care about you so much. You know I'm... I'm trying, Yoongi-yah. Let me."

Yoongi blinks his eyes open and looks over at him with an incredulous frown. "I don't see you trying to hook Namjoon up with random strangers!" he bursts out, slapping his palm down on the armrest of his chair. The chair creaks in protest. "He's one of your best friends too, isn't he? Why aren't you meddling with his love life, what makes me so special?"

"You know."

"Yeah, whatever." Yoongi mutters, staring at his blank laptop screen. "We're fine now, hyung, we're friends. Stop feeling guilty, I already gave you a free pass." He licks his lips. "You don't owe me anything because we wanted different things, or you didn't love me anymore, or you met someone else, or whatever your excuse is this time. You don't owe me anything just because you left me heartbroken—" Seokjin flinches and Yoongi feels the colour drain from his face, anxiety swirling in his gut. He's going to be sick. He crosses his arms over his stomach, hugging himself. "I didn't mean that."

"Yeah, you did," Seokjin says after an unbearable silence, his voice very soft and raw. "I deserve it."

Yoongi makes a frustrated noise and turns away. His hands are shaking, and he clenches them into fists at his sides. "I'm serious, I'm fine," he says. "It's been eight months, hyung. I'm over it. If you don't want to deal with my pathetic ass anymore, you can stop any time. I can handle it." He takes a deep breath that rattles in his lungs, his eyes stinging. "You don't have to— you don't have to *fix* anything, hyung. That's not your job anymore, and I'm not broken."

Seokjin sits back in Namjoon's chair, turning it from side to side. "I know you're not happy, though," he says finally, after another long pause. Yoongi's heart sinks and he hugs himself tighter. "You think I can't see that? I just want you to be happy, Yoongi-yah."

He taps his fingers on the soundboard ledge, fiddling with the dials on Namjoon's side, pushing the fader sliders up and back down again at random. "I think Hoseokie would be good for you, and that you would be good for him. I wouldn't... I wouldn't try to set you up with him if I didn't think that he could help you to be happy again. He's a good guy. At the very least, I think you could be friends. You've both got a lot in common, under the surface."

Yoongi doesn't say anything.

Seokjin swallows, loud in the stillness. "Just go on this one date," he says. "If it doesn't work out, I won't ever try to set you up with anyone else."

"...Promise?" Yoongi asks, sounding small to his own ears. He hears a rustle and looks up as Seokjin leans forward, holding out a pinky, just like he always used to back before they even started dating. Yoongi starts to smile despite himself, reaching out and curling his pinky around Seokjin's and letting him go.

"Promise," Seokjin says. He pulls his phone out of his pocket and, after a few minutes, turns the screen to face Yoongi. An attractive young man with dark hair, an impossibly straight nose, and a cute freckle on his upper lip beams at him. "He's cute, right?" Seokjin asks. He turns his phone back around, flicking through another few photos and showing Yoongi a few more shots of the elusive Jung Hoseok. He is handsome — not in the arresting or overwhelming way that Seokjin is, perhaps, but there's something almost magnetic about his smile.

Yoongi rubs his forehead and sighs again. "Yeah," he agrees, after a moment. "Yeah, he's cute."

Chapter End Notes

i wanted to post this after the chapter where hoseok finds out yoongi and seokjin dated, but alas i am strugglin'. i'll keep chipping away at it! hopefully i'll be able to make some decent progress on it soon.

first | timeline | mix

changing seasons

Chapter Notes

huge thanks to aoife, amelia and pary for their help with this chapter when i got stuck! i probably wouldn't have finished this thing OR it would've turned out a lot different/watered down without your help. thank you so much!

warnings for (mild BUT MANY) arguments, emotional hurt/comfort, alcohol consumption

this takes place about a month before their first anniversary! (and a couple months before Their Big Argument about past relationships, ahem)

summer is over
and i can feel the cold changing us inside
(come under the covers by walk the moon)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok can almost *feel* Yoongi's pout burning into his back as they reach the top of the escalator. As usual, the store is packed with people, crowds migrating through the serpentine paths between furniture showcases and room mock-ups. Seokjin moves ahead, making an interested sound as he inspects the display kitchen set up beside the main entrance with large banners overhead advertising the Ikea kitchen sale. Hoseok steps forward to follow but stops when he feels fingers clench in the back of his jacket.

"What's up?" he asks, letting Yoongi draw him away from the flow of people moving forward through the store. "Listen, I know it's crowded, but we probably won't be here more than an hour or two, so—"

"We should've just ordered everything online," Yoongi answers, shaking his head and frowning. His voice is still a bit raspy from two days ago, and he clears his throat. "We could've just stayed in bed and then you could've given me another blowjob or something for being such an impressive boyfriend! Like you did this morning before we left! You make the cutest little noises when you're sucking on my cock, Hoseok-ah—"

Seokjin, still within earshot, snorts. Yoongi doesn't seem to notice, but Hoseok's face grows so hot he wouldn't be surprised if he could fry an egg on his forehead. "*Hyung!*" he hisses, equally fond and exasperated. "Keep it down!"

Yoongi's eyes go wide and plaintive. "What, am I wrong?" he asks, without making any effort whatsoever to stop his voice from carrying. "You don't want to suck on my cock—?"

"I'm going in now," Hoseok announces loudly, stepping away from Yoongi. He spins on his heel and heads straight for the middle of the next crowd moving towards the showrooms. Seokjin's laugh follows as he moves forward to link his arm with Hoseok's. "He's *impossible* sometimes," Hoseok mutters to him in undertone.

Seokjin just shakes his head with an amused smile on his face. "Look at those tables," he murmurs, tugging at Hoseok's arm and leading him into one of the living room displays. Yoongi, grumbling, shuffles after them. "I like how they paired different side tables with the coffee table, don't you? The mixed metals and finishes go so well together!"

Hoseok nods, bending to closer examine the lamp set out on the side table. "Cute." It would take up a decent amount of their allotted budget for the day, but Hoseok can't help noticing how good it would look in the apartment. His eyes linger on the sharp contrast between the stark white body and the gold joints and hardware. He likes the clean, crisp lines of it. "Do you like it, hyung?" he asks, as Yoongi sprawls out in one of the wingback chairs nearby with a loud, indecent groan.

"It's a little boring," Yoongi replies after a moment, tilting his head back on the chair. "Aren't we getting rid of our bedside tables with our new bedframe? Where would we put this? It looks too big to fit on the headboard."

"I forgot about that," Hoseok hums with slight disappointment. It really is more than they can afford to spend right now when they already have working lamps. "You're right."

Finishing taking pictures of the side and coffee tables and their reference tags, Seokjin looks up. "Want to move on?" he asks, and sets off ahead of them without waiting. he scoops up a pair of the throw pillows as he passes, holding one underneath each arm.

Yoongi sighs, holding his hands out towards Hoseok. "Help me up," he says.

The corner of Hoseok's mouth quirks as he crosses the living room display and takes hold of Yoongi's hands and pulls him to his feet. Yoongi presses up against Hoseok's body for a split second, his cool fingertips digging into the backs of Hoseok's hands before he slouches off after Seokjin with his hands stuffed into his pockets. Hoseok watches him go for a moment, and continues on.

They wander through the living room section. Seokjin pauses every now and then to take pictures of items he likes, or to gather up more pillows. Hoseok doubles-back to the entrance to grab one of the reusable yellow shopping bags. Yoongi looks around at the various furniture pieces with a neutral expression.

Hoseok eyes the cushions contemplatively. They don't have many throw pillows, but should they? Reaching out, Hoseok taps Yoongi's shoulder, pointing out the design that caught his eye: A neutral cream colour with dripping watercolour paint splotches of blue, beige, grey and black. They look like some sort of flowers at twilight, to Hoseok. Maybe tulips. "What do you think of those?"

"The pattern looks like sperm," Yoongi grunts in response, hardly even looking at them.

Hoseok blinks at the pillow covers, and then at Yoongi in some confusion. "It's... it's just paint splotches, hyung."

"That look like *sperm*," Yoongi says, crossing his arms over his chest and moving onwards. Heaving a sigh, Hoseok follows, biting his tongue to prevent himself from retorting, '*But you* like *sperm*.'

Together, with Seokjin leading the way, they pass through the couches and armchairs towards the living room storage section. Seokjin leaves them without a backward glance. Hoseok and Yoongi make their way along the zig-zagging path at a more leisurely pace.

Hoseok looks over the different tables and storage options. One in particular catches his eye, a dark wood table at hip-height with a drawer and a pair of cupboard doors hiding three shelves underneath. Hoseok nods towards it. "I like that one," he murmurs. "That cupboard could make our living room look a bit more presentable."

Yoongi gives the table a critical once-over. "It's alright," he says after a moment's pause, "but would be too big for our room." He pauses for another few seconds, tucking his hands into his pockets. "It *is* taller than what we have now, though. That might help minimize the glare from the windows."

Tilting his head, Hoseok stares at the table, trying to imagine it in their bedroom. "You think?" he asks. "It looks the same size as what we've already got, are you sure?"

"Positive," Yoongi says, huffing a laugh. "It's at least a foot longer and half a foot wider. If we got it, we wouldn't be able to get into the closet with how our room is laid out."

"Well, shit, nevermind," Hoseok replies, linking his arm with Yoongi's and tugging him away from the offending television stand. Yoongi laughs again as they come to a halt beside another table and perch on the edge of it, letting Hoseok snuggle close and rest his chin on his shoulder while they wait for Seokjin.

"...It would be cool to get something that has more storage underneath it for all our consoles and games, though," Hoseok continues after a few moments of quiet. "If only so *someone* will stop tripping over controllers in the middle of the night and giving me a heart attack."

Yoongi scowls but Hoseok still catches the way his lips twitch upwards before he settles his face into a deeper frown. He turns his head away, looking over the other furniture pieces on display. There's so much going on, it's almost overwhelming.

"I don't see anything I like, but extra storage will always be useful..." Yoongi muses. "You know, I saw cool stuff when I was looking online last night, but maybe they don't have it out for display on the floor." He licks his lips, staring off towards the bookcases lined up nearby. "I wish we could just mount our TV on that empty wall by the door, it'd solve a lot of issues."

Hoseok sighs, playing with the hem of Yoongi's sleeve. "We'd have to move all of our furniture around if we did that," he says. "Where d'you think we should we put the bed? Right in front of the window?" He grins. "Give everyone a good show?"

Yoongi shudders. "No, thank you," he says, and he exhales a breath that touches down on the border of genuine annoyance as Hoseok starts to laugh. "Taehyung and Jimin watching us fool around was more than enough for me, thanks. I don't need the whole neighbourhood to see my 'O' face."

"It's so sexy, hyung," Hoseok says, laughing even harder at Yoongi's disgruntled, almost offended expression. "You're right, though," he murmurs as he calms, resuming his position slouched against Yoongi's side. "I don't want anyone else to see how hot you look when I make

you come."

Casting a glance over towards Hoseok, Yoongi's lips twitch again. He pulls away, trailing after Seokjin as they make their way towards the kitchen and dining room display rooms.

Hoseok gives them a few seconds' head start before he gives chase, throwing his arms around their shoulders with a laugh. Seokjin leans into the half-hug. Yoongi rolls his eyes and makes a show of shrugging Hoseok's arm off, but Hoseok still sees the upward curve of his mouth before Yoongi turns away. "Hyung," Hoseok says, turning towards Seokjin, "Did you find anything good for your living room?"

Seokjin nods eagerly, pulling his phone out of his pocket and showing Hoseok the photos he'd taken. "I don't think I'm not going to get all of it," he says, "but there's more I want than I expected! I'm definitely replacing my coffee table and my side tables. It's time."

"We should have a party tonight," Hoseok suggests, letting his hand slide down Seokjin's back to curl around his waist, instead. "You, me, Namjoon and Yoongi. We could all help put your new furniture together and then get really drunk and watch bad movies on Netflix."

"Sounds perfect," Seokjin says. "I'll send a message to Namjoonie and see if he can make it."

Behind them, Yoongi heaves a sigh. When Hoseok glances back over his shoulder at him, Yoongi crosses his arms over his chest. "I don't want to go," he says. "My throat hurts."

Hoseok lets go of Seokjin to half-turn towards Yoongi. "Whose fault is that?" he asks. "Anyway, it was just an idea. You don't have to come if you don't want to." Yoongi's eyes go wide and then narrow just as quickly, his shoulders stiffening. "It's fine, hyung. You can stay home by yourself."

Yoongi crosses his arms over his chest, staring hard at the floor beneath his sneakers.

Seokjin tugs on Hoseok's arm, leading him over into one of the kitchen displays. A metal strip has been screwed along a section of the wall, with small metal containers lining it. "I like these," he says. "I'm not sure what they could be used for. Spices?"

"The smaller ones could be used for spices," Hoseok agrees, leaning forward. He pulls one of the containers off from the strip, unscrewing

the cap. "Maybe loose tea, if you have favourites you want to keep on hand? or dried herbs?"

Humming, Seokjin nods. "I like them," he says. "I don't think this sort of set up would work for my kitchen since there's such limited wall space, but I like the idea of alternative storage like that. I wish I could drill into my cabinets, that would be useful."

"Hang it up over the stove somehow," Hoseok suggests, sticking the canister back onto the metal strip. The magnets are *strong*. "I don't know *how*," he adds with a laugh when Seokjin frowns over at him. "You want Yoongi hyung for that sort of thing." He smiles over at Yoongi.

Yoongi just rolls his eyes again. "Buy the canisters if you really want them and stick them to the side of your fridge. It's still within reach of your stove and then you won't have to worry about putting holes in things you shouldn't."

Hoseok's grin broadens as he reaches out to clap a hand on Yoongi's shoulder. "See," he says. "What'd I tell you. Min Yoongi, occasional genius."

"What do you mean *occasional*," Yoongi grumbles, digging his elbow into Hoseok's ribs, right into one of Hoseok's most ticklish spots. Hoseok squirms away with a breathless laugh, and Yoongi almost starts to smile. He turns his face away. Hoseok watches him, sees the exact moment his eyes light up as he spots something across the hall. "Oh, my god," he mutters.

Seokjin and Hoseok both look around as Yoongi walks towards the display kitchen opposite them. Several small kitchen items and gadgets sit out on the grey granite countertops. Yoongi makes a beeline straight for a stainless steel and glass coffee press, and, as Hoseok approaches, he hears Yoongi let out a soft sound of longing.

"Look at this," Yoongi says, scooping the press up into his hands and glancing back over his shoulder at Hoseok. "Hoseok-ah, I need it."

Hoseok tilts his head to get a better look at the thing, frowning. "Why, though?" he asks. "It looks like shit."

Yoongi's eyes widen, plaintive. "I *need* it," he insists.

"But it'll probably break the second time you use it," Hoseok sighs. "What's the point?"

"I don't care," Yoongi says, now hugging the damn coffee press to his chest. "I need it, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok blinks, and sighs. "Okay," he says. "Fine, put it in the bag with Seokjin's stuff for now, I guess. We have to get carts once we go downstairs anyway for the furniture boxes, so we can separate it out then."

They continue wandering through the kitchen section. Hoseok occasionally points out interesting storage ideas and unique kitchen gadgets. Yoongi just laughs, reminding Hoseok of their combined lack of cooking prowess and utter laziness. "What would we use those for?" he asks. "We can't cook."

"We might cook more if we had the stuff to do it with, don't you think?" Hoseok shoots back, nudging Yoongi in the side with his elbow and a fond grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. Yoongi only shakes his head with an amused smile.

"Look at those bowls," Hoseok says a while later, pointing them out. "They're in such bright colours, aren't they pretty? We could put ramen in them!"

Yoongi scoffs. "Why?" he asks. "Just leave it in the pot. Less dishes to clean up."

Hoseok sighs. "We could be more grown-up, don't you think? Act our age just a little bit?"

"Where's the fun in that?" Yoongi asks, grinning. After a moment he points at something just beyond the bowls, at a line of white mugs with silver accents that are almost the same size. "I like those, though. They're cute. I think I could fit half a pot of coffee into one of those things."

"Yeah, hyung," Hoseok says, amused. "They'd go perfectly with your shitty coffee press that's going to break in a week."

Yoongi shoves Hoseok's shoulder. "Fuck's sake, Hoseok-ah," he says, and Hoseok snorts with amusement.

They migrate towards the dining room section. Hoseok eyes a specific dining set with a wistful little sigh. Even such a small table with only two chairs would be too big for in their kitchen. "It would be cool to have a table to sit at, wouldn't it?" he asks.

Yoongi grunts as Seokjin leaves them behind again to check out the silverware. "What's wrong with our coffee table?" he asks.

"Nothing!" Hoseok says, his eyes lingering on the chairs, the placemats, the dishes set out on the table surface. It reminds him of home, of his mother's cooking. He misses home. "I just think it'd be cool to have someday, that's all."

"These stupid chairs are basically just glorified stools, anyway," Yoongi grumbles, reaching out to flick at the low back of the chairs with the tips of his fingers. "What's the point of this part, beyond just being fucking ugly?" Hoseok turns his head to stare at him. Yoongi's frown deepens under the attention. "We don't have the money for this sort of shit in our budget, why are we even looking at this?"

Hoseok blinks. "I was just... Nevermind, hyung," he says.

"Where's the fuckin' bedroom stuff?" Yoongi asks, moving off ahead. "Let's get this over with, I want to go home."

Sighing, Hoseok lets him lead the way, tucking his hands into his pockets. He waves a hand to catch Seokjin's attention, gesturing for him to come along. Seokjin nods, setting down a stack of plates he'd been inspecting and walking over to join Hoseok. "Hey, hyung," he says, smiling.

"Hey," Seokjin replies. "I heard back from Namjoon, he says he's free tonight."

"Awesome," Hoseok says, grin broadening as the showrooms morph into bedroom sets. "I've hardly even *seen* him in a couple weeks, we've both been so busy... It's going to be fun to catch up." He gives the bedroom furniture a curious look, paying particular attention to the bedframes. "Oh," he says, when they come across a room he likes a lot. "Oh, Yoongi hyung, look."

The bedframe isn't the one he'd had his eye on, though he doesn't mind the look of the black metal. That's not what caught his attention, though. Stepping closer, Hoseok brushes his fingers over the soft green and white striped duvet cover. The sheets and pillow covers are reversed, broad white stripes bordered by a thinner line of green. It reminds him of afternoon naps in his parents' backyard when he was a child, of the hot, close air of summertime.

Hoseok looks around for Yoongi. "Do you like this?" he asks.

Yoongi comes closer into the room, his arms crossed over his chest. He doesn't respond right away, walking around and looking at the bed from different angles. "No," he says finally. "That's probably the ugliest shade of green I've ever seen. It doesn't go with anything else in our room, it's just going to clash. I hate it. We should get black or grey, instead."

"Are you kidding me?" Hoseok asks, turning to perch on the edge of the bed and look up at Yoongi. "*Black?* Again?"

Shrugging, Yoongi replies, "I like black. What's wrong with black?"

"Nothing, I like black, too," Hoseok sighs, looking down at the duvet and walking his fingers across it, jumping from stripe to stripe. "It's just that... It's only going to get colder and darker over the next couple months. Don't you want to hold onto a small piece of summer?"

Yoongi stares at Hoseok for a long moment before turning his head away. "I already have a piece of summer," he grumbles, his voice so low Hoseok almost doesn't hear him. "I have your dumb ass, don't I?"

Hoseok looks up at Yoongi, a bit startled. The tips of his ears feel hot, and he abruptly hopes that the fall of his hair will cover them. He ducks his head, licking his lips, trying to *think*. "What if... What if we get this duvet cover," he suggests, "and a set of black or light grey sheets. What do you think? Would that work?"

"Black or white sheets, either those white and green striped sheets you like or solid green," Yoongi counters, "and a white or grey duvet cover. Less offensive, but you still get your shitty green."

"Deal," Hoseok replies at once, beaming up at Yoongi. "We can mix the sheet sets up so we're both happy, how about that?"

Yoongi sighs, reaching out and Hoseok takes hold of his hands, letting Yoongi pull him to his feet. His thumbs brush over the backs of Hoseok's hands before he lets go. Yoongi takes a step back. "Deal," he says. "Come on, let's go look at bedframes. I'm tired."

They continue along together, past the remaining bedroom displays. As they turn a corner, they see the entire floor covered in bedframes set out with tester mattresses. Hoseok looks around, trying to spot their bedframe.

It's Seokjin who points it out, grabbing Hoseok's arm and tugging him towards it. Hoseok reaches out blindly behind him, catching hold of

the hem of Yoongi's sweatshirt and latching on. He glances back over his shoulder, smiling as Yoongi stumbles forward to keep his balance, his fingers curling around Hoseok's wrist.

Excitement simmers in Hoseok's gut. He and Yoongi seem to have found an even footing for the first time since they entered the store; maybe everything will work out. The bedframe doesn't look as nice as he'd expected after seeing it online. He runs a hand over the smooth surface of the wood. It's not *terrible*, at least, and it would look good in their bedroom.

"This is *nice*," Seokjin says, inspecting the storage space in the headboard. "You could probably empty your entire bedside tables out into these shelves if you wanted. Maybe even fit a couple paperback books! Nobody would see what you've got in here over on this side."

"That's Yoongi hyung's side," Hoseok murmurs. "We'd keep the lube there so nobody would see it from the couch." Seokjin laughs and Hoseok looks up at him with a smile. "Look at these drawers under the bed! We could store sheets and out of season clothes under there..." A thought springs to mind, of that mislabled box of his toys that he keeps hidden on the top shelf of their bedroom closet. "Maybe even other things..."

Hoseok glances over at Yoongi, dismayed to see that Yoongi's on his phone. He's sprawled on the mattress opposite them with his phone out, not even paying attention. "Hyung," he says, trying to draw him into the conversation. "What do you think?"

Yoongi glances up over his phone with a frown. "It looks cheaper than it looked online," he says. "I don't think I like it now, after seeing it. We should keep looking, or try again later. What we've got now isn't *so* bad."

Shaking his head, Hoseok braces his hands against the bedframe, exaggerating the weight of it somewhat, pretending to strain. "Look at me, look how hard I'm pushing on this thing!" Yoongi looks, but his indifferent expression doesn't crack. Shit. "Come on, you haven't even looked at it that closely, hyung. It really does feel sturdy!"

Seokjin sits down on the edge of the bed with the bright yellow Ikea bag beside him. He pushes himself more towards the centre before lying down and rolling from side to side. He even tries to bounce a bit. The frame hardly makes a sound, apart from the occasional soft creak.

"See!" Hoseok exclaims, pointing at Seokjin. "Did you hear that?"

"...Hear what?" Yoongi grumbles, his attention back on his phone.

"Exactly!" Hoseok says, feeling a bit triumphant. "It's so quiet, hyung. It'll be like dream come true after that shitty metal frame—"

Yoongi looks up at Hoseok, locking his phone and dropping it into his lap. "What the fuck do you think you know about bedframes?" he asks, his voice very low and quiet. He tilts his head to the side. "Please, tell me, I want to know."

Shifting his weight back on his heels, Hoseok stares at him. "What the fuck is going *on* with you today?" His voice trembles. Yoongi sucks in a deep breath.

Before he can even open his mouth to speak, Seokjin holds up his hands, getting to his feet. He backs away from them. "I'm going to go to the cafeteria," he says. "Come find me when you're done with your weird spat." Despite Yoongi's insistence that it's not a *spat*, Seokjin shakes his head, leaving them behind without a backward glance.

Hoseok stares down at the laminate floor once Seokjin's out of sight. "Hyung," he says. "Why are you being such a dick? Did I do—"

"No," Yoongi interrupts. He sounds exhausted, and when Hoseok chances a peek up at him, he looks it, too. "No, you didn't do anything." Hoseok tries to think back to the night before. Did he even hear Yoongi come to bed last night? He doesn't think so. Did he stay up all night again?

"Come with me," Hoseok says, grabbing the bag from where Seokjin left it and leading the way back towards the bedroom sets, marching into the first one that he sees empty of other customers. It has the bedframe he likes, the bed made up in charcoal grey with contrasting red and navy blue pillows for pops of colour. It looks good. Maybe they could do something like *that* in their room. Hoseok sits on the edge of the mattress and sets the bag down at his feet, looking up only when Yoongi settles beside him.

Hoseok keeps quiet for a moment, his hands twisting in his lap as he tries to sort out his feelings. Yoongi places his hands on the bedspread. "What's going on with you?" Hoseok makes himself ask. "You were fine before we left." Yoongi shrugs, an uncomfortable expression passing over his face as Hoseok watches him out of the corner of his eye. Hoseok bites his lip, lowering his gaze back to the floor. "You said I didn't do anything, so... Is it because Seokjin hyung came with us?" he tries. "Because he's left us alone now, so..."

Yoongi shakes his head. He takes hold of Hoseok's hand, stoping his fidgeting. "It's not Jinnie hyung," he says, his tone just as exhausted as before. His fingers squeeze around Hoseok's fist, a gentle pulse. "I don't know. My throat really hurts and I've had this tension headache since last night. There are too many people around, you know I don't like crowds."

He lets go of Hoseok, clenching his fingers around the edge of the mattress until his knuckles turn white. Yoongi exhales. Hoseok waits.

"I'm stressed out about school," he admits in a low voice, after a long pause. "Midterms are coming up in a couple weeks and I'm not fucking ready. I'm so far behind in some of my classes and there's no way I can catch up so I might need to drop, and I'm just—" His voice comes to a halt and he covers his face with trembling hands, letting out a breath. "It's all piling up on me and I'm so overwhelmed so I keep lashing out even though I know I shouldn't. It's not your fault. I'm sorry."

Hoseok hesitates, trying to remember if Yoongi ever came close to mentioning any of that in the past month. He can't. "Hyung," he whispers, curling his arm around Yoongi's shoulders and pulling him into a sideways hug. This time, though he does grumble, Yoongi doesn't try to fight him off. *Why didn't you tell me? You can talk to me about anything,* he wants to say, but he doesn't want to make Yoongi feel more guilty.

"Hey," he says instead. "I know how hard it can get around this time of year. You'll get through this, okay?" He rests his chin on top of Yoongi's head and wishes he could kiss him, to reassure him more somehow. "You work so hard, hyung. I know you can do it."

Yoongi ducks his head, nuzzling the side of his face against Hoseok's chest before drawing away and getting to his feet. He sniffs, rubbing a hand over his face. "What's the number on this bedframe, then," he says, clearing his throat and looking away. His shining eyes catch the light from the bedside lamps, and he wrinkles his nose with another sniffle.

Hoseok smiles and gets to his feet, reaching out and brushing his fingertips over Yoongi's as he passes to take a picture of the product tag. "Do you want to call Seokjin hyung back?" he asks.

"Nah," Yoongi says. "He's probably just sitting down to eat something now. We'll meet him in the cafeteria and then make our way down to the first floor all together." He picks up the bag from where Hoseok

left it. "Come on, Hoseok-ah." He holds out his hand again, and, smiling, Hoseok walks forward to take it. Yoongi laces their fingers together, briefly, before letting go.

Together they walk side by side, so close their hands brush with every step. Yoongi points out different design styles he likes, where he would put them in their apartment and why. Hoseok nods along, trying to imagine how their rooms would look with these new additions. He can't quite picture it the way Yoongi can, but he appreciates that Yoongi's actually *trying*.

"I like the sound of that," Hoseok says, during a lull in the flow of conversation. He bumps Yoongi's side with his elbow, smiling as Yoongi looks over at him. "Maybe someday we'll be able to afford a bigger place and do all the things you want to do."

Yoongi ducks his chin into the collar of his hoodie but not before Hoseok catches the corner of a pleased smile turning up the corner of his mouth. "Yeah," he says. "Maybe in ten years."

Hoseok tries to imagine more years spent with Yoongi, of growing older together, of still being in love even a year, five years, ten years from now. An image comes to him, sharp and sudden, of Yoongi going grey at the temples, scowling at the news on his tablet over a shared breakfast. Hoseok's breath catches and he smiles, the tips of his ears feeling hot. "Yeah," he says, just as quietly, bumping Yoongi's shoulder with his. "Yeah, maybe."

They turn the corner from the office furniture and straight into a massive wall of colour. The children's furniture section is bright and cheerful. Young kids ranging from infants to age ten or eleven sit at small tables or play with toys or run around, laughing, while their parents inspect the furniture options. Hoseok smiles, looking around at everything.

"Taehyungie would love it here," he says to Yoongi, only to notice that Yoongi stopped several feet behind him. Hoseok turns. "Hyung?" he asks, walking back to Yoongi's side. He's staring at a *wall* of what must be a hundred of different stuffed plush animals, his mouth hanging open. Hoseok's smile stretches as he approaches. "Do you want one?" he asks slyly. "Maybe a nice little doggy—"

"Hoseok-ah," Yoongi interrupts, raising a hand and pointing towards the centre of the wall. "Look at all the *bears*."

Hoseok moves closer. In the midst of all the other colourful animals is

a small cluster of different bear plushes. His own jaw drops. "Hyung, we need all of them," he says. "Hyung."

Yoongi starts to laugh and claps his hands in his amusement, his eyes crinkling at the sides. Hoseok can't help laughing with him, even as he reaches into the different bins set out beneath the animal display wall and begins to dig through the piles of different plushes for their prizes.

"Hey," Yoongi says, once they've got one each of all the five bears in the bag, and continued on their way over to meet Seokjin, "I love you."

Hoseok smiles over at him in some surprise. Yoongi's gaze softens still more as their eyes meet. "Hey," Hoseok says, "I love you, too, you weirdo."

After meeting up with Seokjin, they head down to the first floor Market Hall to grab new towels, their agreed upon sheet sets, one set white and one green, a charcoal grey duvet cover, and a pair of shelves to hang on the wall. Together they wander about picking out smaller decor items, talking amongst themselves.

Hoseok talks Yoongi into buying a pair of cute wall-mounted lamps in the shape of a blue crescent moon and a yellow star to hang up in his home office space, and Yoongi talks Hoseok into buying out what must be over half of the store's unscented candle supply.

"What do you even *need* all of these for?" Hoseok asks, a bit exasperated as he eyes over Yoongi's haul. Seokjin leans in to examine the different colours and shapes.

"Mood lighting," Yoongi replies, wiggling his eyebrows. Seokjin pulls a face. Hoseok throws his head back and laughs.

Both Hoseok and Yoongi spend almost twenty minutes straight searching through the framed and unframed prints and posters on display. Ultimately they decide to pick several black and white cityscape photographs of New York City.

Yoongi grabs a greyscale streetmap of Seoul and a picture of the moon. He rolls his eyes when he sees Hoseok excitedly pointing out a Klimt print, but disappears for a few minutes only to return with a matching frame to fit it. Hoseok kisses him on the cheek, and Yoongi just grins at him, sweet and soft.

They gather up the last of their furniture from the self-serve

warehouse, packing the flat boxes onto a trolley and making their way over to the check-out. Even with the extra things they chose, Hoseok and Yoongi both end up well within their budget for the day, to their combined relief. Seokjin helps Hoseok load the furniture and bags into the car.

"Do you still want to stay home on your own tonight?" Hoseok asks, leaning forward in the backseat to brush his fingers through Yoongi's hair. "I could stay home with you, if you—"

"Nah," Yoongi says, tilting his head back and smiling as he meets Hoseok's eyes. "We're going to help Seokjin hyung build his furniture and get really drunk. Not necessarily in that order. It's going to be fun."

"You're gonna fuck up all my new furniture, aren't you?" Seokjin bursts out, despairing. Hoseok starts to laugh and Yoongi's lips quirk into a grin. "You little shits, after everything I've done for you! You wouldn't even have met if it weren't for me! How could you do this to me?"

*

At the party, with most of Seokjin's new furniture in half-assed, half-assembled pieces scattered across the living room floor, Hoseok sits on the couch between the press of Namjoon's and Yoongi's bodies. He's a bit over-warm and more than a little tipsy, a half-empty beer clutched in his hand. Seokjin's in the kitchen, listing out the contents of his cupboards and fridge, but there isn't much worth eating since he hasn't been able to cook much or go grocery shopping this past week with rehearsal every night.

"Maybe we should order in," Yoongi suggests, but nobody can decide on what they want to eat.

Hoseok keeps his head on Yoongi's shoulder, leaning heavily against his side and one his knees hooked over Namjoon's legs. His eyelids are heavy, attention mostly focused on the terrible movie still playing as little more than background noise. Yoongi keeps trailing his fingers up and down Hoseok's thigh, drawing absently with his fingertips, pictures and words Hoseok can't quite parse.

"Well, we're almost out of beer," Seokjin announces, coming back into the living room. "We could go to the convenience store a couple

blocks over to pick up some more and get snacks, too."

"I like that plan," Yoongi says. He squeezes Hoseok's thigh, laughing as Hoseok squirms, and gets to his feet. "We should go now, yeah? Before we run out completely."

Hoseok looks up after him as he stands. "Get me something good, hyung?" he asks, really pushing for the cuteness as he flutters his lashes and exaggerates the pout of his bottom lip.

Yoongi stares at Hoseok for a second, ducking down and kissing him, quick and sweet. "Hyung will something special, just for you," he promises, straightening up. Namjoon pretends to throw up. Yoongi stretches his arms up over his head, smacking Namjoon with his fingertips as he drops his hands back to his sides. Namjoon grumbles, rubbing at the spot. "Ahh," Yoongi sighs. "It's probably fucking freezing out... Namjoon-ah, let me borrow your coat." Namjoon keeps grumbling, gesturing towards his coat, hanging off the back of the couch beside him.

Hoseok watches as Yoongi circles around the couch, picking it up. He shakes it out and slings it on over his shoulders. The hem of the coat, which hits Namjoon at mid-thigh, is down to Yoongi's knees, Hoseok notices with some amusement. The sleeves hang well past the tips of his fingers, and Yoongi frowns, shoving them up over his hands and fiddling with the multitude of zippers.

"Why the actual fuck are there so many straps and harnesses on this thing?" he demands, after several seconds of fruitless fidgeting.

Seokjin's eyes drag from the coat to Namjoon's flushing cheeks. "Are you kinky, Namjoon-ah?" he asks, a breathless sort of delight in his voice as if he's won the lottery and received a voucher for a free all-you-can-eat buffet all at once.

"I *knew* it," Yoongi says, still trying to zip the coat up overtop his baggy hoodie. The sleeves keep getting in the way of his fingers.

"You deviant," Seokjin adds with relish, his eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Actually, it's called *fashion*," Namjoon says.

Yoongi throws his hands up in the air, trying to shove the sleeves up over his elbows. "Actually, it's called *dumb*, is what it is," he goes on, still attempting to do *something* to close the front of the coat. "Look at

these fucking sleeves, how do you even do anything with your hands? This is impossible!"

Seokjin curls his hand in the back of the coat, dragging Yoongi with him towards the door. "Yes, yes," he says, "Come on. Let's go get the beer—"

"...Not all of us are pocket-sized," Namjoon mutters, at the same time.

Still scrunching up the sleeves even as he stuffs his feet into his boots, Yoongi flips Namjoon off before he follows Seokjin's squeaking laughter out of the apartment.

Namjoon huffs an exasperated laugh, tipping his head back to rest on the couch cushion behind him. "...Just like when they were dating," he sighs. "It's almost like nothing's changed at all."

Hoseok feels like the bottom of his stomach drops six feet. He can't have heard that right. He shakes his head, blinking, pressure building up behind his eyes. "...Wait, what?" he asks.

"Shit," Namjoon breathes, reaching out towards Hoseok. "*Shit*, Hoseok-ah, I thought you knew? They dated for almost a year. They didn't tell you?"

There's a funny ringing in his ears and he's abruptly very glad he's still sitting down. "No," Hoseok replies. His voice sounds so strange, small and distant. "No, he never told me. Neither of them did." A slow, sick feeling starts to twist into knots deep inside him. He hugs one of Seokjin's new cushions to his chest, staring at the dismantled furniture on the floor without really seeing it. Almost a *year*, and they never told him. All those nights they went out together on their own, and they *never* told him.

His whole world seems to have tipped on its axis, rearranging itself and slotting back into place. All of the little off-handed comments Seokjin or Yoongi made about each other in the past come into sharper focus. The tips of his fingers tingle, a strange wash of cold like the time he let his sister take him to the beach and he nearly drowned in an undercurrent. He feels almost caught in that same undertow again now, struggling to get his feet back on solid ground. He tightens his grip on the pillow. They never told him. Hoseok's breathing hitches, sharp and sudden like a punch in the gut. Why didn't they tell him?

Namjoon shifts forward, placing his hand on Hoseok's shoulder, a

warm and reassuring weight. "Hey," he says. "You know Yoongi hyung loves you more than anything. He'd never do something like that to you." He rubs Hoseok's upper arm. "Look at me, Hoseok-ah." It takes a moment to come back into focus, but Hoseok blinks and shakes his head again, lifting his head to meet Namjoon's gaze. Namjoon digs his fingertips into Hoseok's skin, grounding him. Hoseok sucks in another breath.

"Stop thinking whatever you're thinking," Namjoon says. "Remember that Yoongi hyung loves you, Hoseok-ah. You know that. I know you do."

He does know. Hoseok looks away, picking at the loose threads surrounding a hole worn through his jeans. He thinks of how Yoongi looks after him in small, little ways. Of how often he tells Hoseok he loves him in actions rather than words, in the way his eyes light up when he laughs and every single kiss good morning. He tries to be so cool, acting like he doesn't care, even when he cares so much, so deeply, so much his heart could burst with it. The way he trails his hands across Hoseok's skin in the middle of the night like Hoseok's something precious, some intangible dream he expects to wake up from. The way he clings to Hoseok sometimes, holding on tight like he never wants to let him go.

The fluttering press of his mouth against Hoseok's, how he leans in to every embrace, tangling his fingers in Hoseok's hair and kissing him like he means it. Like he chooses *him*, chooses *them*, every second of every day. How special he makes Hoseok feel, how worthy of being loved.

How could Hoseok doubt that?

Sniffling, Hoseok ducks his head, half-hiding his tearing eyes behind the pillow. "Yeah," he says, and scrubs a hand over his face. "Yeah, you're right. It's nothing to worry about." He looks up and meets Namjoon's gaze with a watery smile. "Thank you, Namjoon-ah." Namjoon smiles back at him, letting his hand slip down Hoseok's back and drawing away.

Hoseok pushes the pillow aside, hopping up off the couch to wash his face in the bathroom. He returns after a moment, hesitating beside the dismantled furniture. "Want to help?" he asks, crouching down. "You can hold the directions for me. Don't rip them, I don't know where Seokjin hyung keeps his tape."

Namjoon laughs. "I'll do my best not to destroy anything, Hoseok-ah," he says, sliding off the couch to join Hoseok on the cold tile floor.

Ten minutes later finds Seokjin and Yoongi stumbling through the door, laughing too hard to even stay on their feet. They each carry a bag in their opposite hands, leaning onto each other for support as they joke around. Yoongi kicks off his boots and attempts to tug off Namjoon's coat until Seokjin takes pity on him and helps.

Hoseok, having just finished one of Seokjin's new tables, looks up over at them with a smile. "Hey," he says, getting to his feet. He crosses over to the couch and sprawls out. "Did you get everything you wanted?" he asks, as Namjoon settles in the chair nearby him.

"Yes," Yoongi says, making a beeline for Hoseok. He drops down beside him, both legs thrown up over Hoseok's lap. Shifting over, he cups Hoseok's jaw in his palm and presses a kiss to his cheek. It's a bit sloppy, off mark and catching the corner of Hoseok's mouth. "Here's your treat," he murmurs, warm breath fanning across Hoseok's cheek.

Eyes fluttering shut, Hoseok leans into it, letting Yoongi pull him close with a happy sigh. "Thanks, it's just what I wanted." He turns his head to meet Yoongi's mouth, and Yoongi smiles into the kiss, his hand sliding down the side of Hoseok's neck to curl about his nape, instead. Hoseok tangles his fingers in Yoongi's baggy hoodie.

Seokjin complains and throws beer bottle caps at them — most miss, but one does catch Yoongi right on the temple. He breaks the kiss with a little curse, rubbing at the spot and scowling at Seokjin. Namjoon, laughing, shushes him and asks Seokjin to pick the next movie to distract him for a while. Seokjin does, but not without a constant stream of grumbling.

Hoseok's glad. He brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair and strokes along his cheekbone with a thumb. Yoongi blinks up at him with a smile, tilting his head and leaning in for another kiss. His hands slip down Hoseok's back and curl over his ass, just resting there but still sending a shiver down Hoseok's spine.

Chapter End Notes

still a belated anniversary present. i can't make any promises, but health (and life)-willing, i'll try to update at least another four or five times before the end of the year! please be patient with me. thank you.

warm on a cold night

Chapter Notes

nothing to warn for! takes place in january! can't say exactly when bc [spoilers], but it's the latest in the timeline so far

and i can't help but wonder
how we ended up alright
and i love you like no other
cause this has never felt so right
yeah, you can keep me warm on a cold night
(warm on a cold night by honne)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Something frigid brushes against Yoongi's warm cheek, startling him out of a deep sleep. He jerks, instinctively drawing away from the cold, blinking his groggy eyes open. "Wha—?" he begins, shaking his head as the dark shape hovering over him comes into sharper focus. His tongue feels too heavy for his mouth. "Hoseok-ah?"

"Sorry, hyung," Hoseok whispers, even as he lies down beside Yoongi, trying to worm his way underneath the blanket without slipping off the edge of the couch. His teeth are chattering and he smells like *snow*. "You looked so warm, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to wake you."

Yoongi curls his arm around Hoseok's waist to keep him close and swipes his other hand out, pushing at the heavy curtains covering the windows. The sky overhead is dark and cloudy, obscured by the flurry of snow and illuminated by an eerie orange glow from the streetlights. His gut sinks. He *hates* this time of year. "It's fine, come here," he says as Hoseok finds the edge of the blanket at last. He relaxes back against the cushion and pulls Hoseok fully on top of him. "How long has it been snowing? How late is it?"

Hoseok buries his chilled face in the crook of Yoongi's neck and Yoongi can't quite bite back a gasp. A full body shiver rustles through him, and he curls his arms even tighter around Hoseok's waist despite it, spreading his thighs for Hoseok to fit between them more comfortably. Hoseok's lashes flutter against Yoongi's skin, his breath a warm and shuddering exhale. He's still trembling from the cold.

"Snow started during my last lecture," Hoseok answers with a little sniffle. "By the time I got out, it was coming down so hard I was scared I might not make it home tonight." His cold fingers wiggle against Yoongi's sides in silent question, and Yoongi lifts his arms just enough for Hoseok to slip his hands underneath his back. "I waited at the bus stop, but the bus was full and couldn't take on more passengers. It was so cold I couldn't even feel my toes." He shakes his head, resting his head on Yoongi's chest. "A couple girls I know from one of my classes walked by me on their way to the parking lot and asked if I wanted a ride."

"I'm glad they offered," Yoongi murmurs, ducking his chin and brushing a kiss over the top of Hoseok's head. He blinks up at the sliver of light on the ceiling from the gap in the curtains, stroking his fingers up and down Hoseok's back over his thick hoodie, following the length of his spine. Hoseok lets out a soft sound, somewhere between a sigh and a little moan. He relaxes further against Yoongi. "I'm glad you're home safe, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok hums, nuzzling Yoongi's chest with his temple. "Me too, hyung."

They lie in silence for several minutes. Hoseok's breaths even out as his body heat starts to rise and his hands curl in the sides of Yoongi's shirt. Yoongi keeps stroking up and down Hoseok's back. It's peaceful and still, a comforting sort of calm settling around them with each falling snowflake.

"Do you want me to make hot chocolate?" Hoseok whispers, lifting his head from Yoongi's chest at last. Yoongi can make out a small smile lurking at the corners of his mouth in the dark. He can't help the way his heartbeat picks up in his chest, cupping Hoseok's dimpled cheek in his hand. "We could watch the snow."

Yoongi stares at Hoseok for a moment. His first instinct is to complain or suggest going to bed instead, but... "Sure," he whispers, stroking across Hoseok's cheekbone with his thumb. "On one condition." Hoseok nods, waiting, his hands curled in the front of Yoongi's shirt. Yoongi smiles. "Kiss me first, before you go."

Hoseok's smile stretches across his face, his eyes catching the light and glittering as he rises up over Yoongi once more to press their mouths together. Yoongi sighs into the kiss, hand slipping back to brush through Hoseok's hair and keep him close for even a minute longer. He might hate this time of year, but he loves quiet moments like this.

It's all he wants.

Chapter End Notes

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

021815

Chapter Notes

this takes place just after hoseok and yoongi start dating.
warnings for a little angst and homesickness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok's so engrossed in studying that he doesn't notice someone behind him until something soft brushes across the nape of his neck. He yelps with a start, slamming his knee into the underside of his study table and clapping a hand over his mouth as if he could somehow force the sound back down his throat in as several students look towards him with disapproving expressions on their faces. Flapping a hand in apology, Hoseok turns around with a scowl, free hand rubbing at his knee to soothe the pain.

Park Jimin stands just behind Hoseok with the sleeves of his sweater tugged down to cover his fingertips, pink-cheeked as he makes a valiant effort to keep his giggles contained.

"What the fuck," Hoseok hisses.

Jimin lets out a snicker. "Sorry, hyung," he replies without sounding sincere in the least, and drops down into the chair beside Hoseok. "I didn't think you'd jump that much."

Hoseok scrubs across the back of his neck, frowning. "What do you want?" he asks, turning his attention back to his textbook. "I'm trying to review this module."

"I was looking for you," Jimin says, scooting his chair closer and resting his chin on Hoseok's shoulder. "I think that formula's wrong, by the way," he whispers, reaching out and tapping Hoseok's notes. "You have to multiply the breath rate by three, not four, and then divide that by—"

"Oh, I know that," Hoseok interrupts, flipping through the pages. "My prof said it could be either two or three, depending on the problem." He nudges his textbook towards Jimin, "but this particular formula is for calculating heartbeats per minute, not breaths."

Jimin blinks. "Oh. Nevermind, then."

Smiling, Hoseok nudges Jimin in the ribs with his elbow. "Why were you looking for me?" he asks. "I really want to get through this practice quiz before I have to go to work in an hour."

"Do you have to work 'til closing?" Jimin asks, digging his chin into Hoseok's upper arm until Hoseok shoves him off with a laugh he hastily muffles. Jimin looks up to meet Hoseok's eyes, a sweet smile spreading across his face. "Taehyungie and I are going to noraebang tonight with a couple friends, do you want to come with us?"

Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth, staring hard at his notes until the formulas start to blur together. "I won't get off until after midnight," he says, "so I don't think I can? I've got an early dance class tomorrow, I shouldn't be out so late..." He glances over at Jimin. "Thank you for inviting me, though."

Jimin's expression falls. He doesn't speak again for a while, disappointment clear in his slumped shoulders and the way he picks listlessly at a loose thread in the sleeve of his sweater. "It's okay," he says, after a moment's pause, and his smile starts to return, quirking at the corners of his mouth. "Maybe on Friday or Saturday, then, hyung."

"Sure, let's do Friday, then," Hoseok says, reaching out to squeeze Jimin's shoulder.

His phone, hidden on the table amongst loose pages and textbooks, buzzes. He releases Jimin to dig through the mess, surprised to see several message notifications waiting for him on the screen: One from Seokjin, three from Namjoon, and this most recent one from Taehyung. Hoseok taps to open it.

[01:21:22] **Taehyung:** hyung! has jiminnie tracked you down yet? will you come to noraebang with us? i feel like i haven't seen you in foreverrrr

The corner of Hoseok's mouth quirks. "Apologize to Taehyungie for me, won't you?" he asks, turning towards Jimin. "We'll do whatever you want to do on Friday, okay?"

Jimin's smile starts to grow again. "Anything?" he asks slyly.

This can't lead anywhere good, but... "Anything," Hoseok confirms,

grinning. At least it'll be fun, even if it ends in embarrassment.

"Good!" Jimin crows, throwing his hands up over his head and almost toppling off the chair in his excitement. He catches himself with wide eyes and clambers to his feet. "I'll leave you to your quiz, hyung," he says. "Try not to stress about it too much, you're going to do well."

Hoseok smiles up at him, reaching out and taking his hand. "Thank you, Jiminnie. I'll call you, okay?"

Jimin just shakes his head, still grinning. "No, you won't."

"Well, I promise I'll think about it, at least," Hoseok replies, squeezing Jimin's fingers once before releasing him. "Now go away, I have to study. Seokjin hyung should be in the arts building if you want to go bug him instead. I think he said he was going to be at rehearsal all afternoon, go give him an audience. You know how much he likes that."

"Yeah, yeah," Jimin says, waving as he makes his way back to the stairs. "See you at crew practice tomorrow night, hyung."

[01:25:49] **Hoseok:** hyung's sorry taehyungie, i have to work tonight! i'm all yours on friday, though \@-@/

Hoseok taps Seokjin's and Namjoon's group message next.

[12:31:03] **Namjoon:** happy birthday, hoseok-ah!
[12:32:18] **Seokjin:** yes, happy birthday, hoseok-ah!
[12:33:30] **Namjoon:** i know you have to work tonight, but do you want to go out and get drinks after?
[12:34:26] **Namjoon:** whatever you want, man, just say the word.

Hoseok's smile fades. Apart from the messages he'd received from his parents and sister earlier, Hoseok had thought that maybe this year he would get away with pretending it wasn't happening. Not so. He catches his lip between his teeth, nails digging into his palm as he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He'll just have to lie, then.

[01:30:59] **Hoseok:** thank you!
[01:31:04] **Hoseok:** i have to work until closing tonight, don't worry about it. i think i'm going to stay over at yoongi hyung's tonight anyway. thank you, though
[01:33:20] **Hoseok:** we can maybe do something on the weekend if you want! i should be free on saturday, unless you want to hang out with jiminnie and taehyungie on friday

He sets his phone down on the table with a clatter, his hands trembling as he sucks another breath deep into his lungs. It'll be fine. It'll be *fine*. Just a few more hours, and it will be over. He can go back to pretending like there's nothing wrong, that everything's okay for another year.

At work that night, he's let off a bit earlier than usual. Smiling, Hoseok bows and thanks them. On the sidewalk the smile melts off his face and he stares up at the cloudy night sky overhead. His breath mists in front of his face, drifting away on the chill breeze that winds down the street. What is he supposed to do now?

Well... He did tell namjoon he was going to stay at Yoongi's. That's a start, at least. Squaring his shoulders, Hoseok heads for the bus stop nearby the restaurant that will take him close to Yoongi's apartment building. His stomach squirms with anxiety the entire time. How will Yoongi react to him just showing up on his doorstep, uninvited and unannounced?

Outside the doors, Hoseok punches in Yoongi's apartment code, but receives no answer. He tries another code at random and someone answers to lets him into the building. Hoseok makes his way up the stairs to Yoongi's floor, and when he knocks on the door to no response, he remembers that he borrowed Yoongi's spare key last time he spent the weekend. It takes a moment to find the key squirreled away in the bottom of his backpack, but he unlocks the door. Bracing his shoulder against it, he wiggles the handle, lifts, and pushes the door open with a loud, scraping creak.

Hoseok peers around. It's always weird being here without Yoongi, the unnerving quiet almost *expectant* somehow. Shivering, he kicks off his shoes and goes into the bathroom to take a shower, washing the restaurant from his pores. He curls up on Yoongi's couch after,

hugging himself and staring at his reflection in the TV.

He looks as lonely as he feels.

As that thought registers, more of that crippling loneliness and homesickness starts to creep up on him, his gut flipping over. He swallows hard, his eyelids fluttering shut. How will Yoongi react to him being here, a sad and pathetic lump on his sofa? He can't just *leave* now, though, not now that he's here, not now that he's told Namjoon he wouldn't be back tonight.

Where else would he go?

He wants to go home.

To distract himself, he hooks his phone up to Yoongi's impressive sound system, playing his favourite songs to drown out his swirling negative thoughts and the numbness gnawing at his bones. He wants to dance, but he's making enough noise, now. He sprawls out in the middle of Yoongi's bed, staring up at the ceiling and mouthing along to the lyrics.

Two hours later, Yoongi falters when he catches sight of Hoseok, but he doesn't seem displeased to see him. "Hey," he says, loosening his tie and grinning as he approaches the bed. Hoseok turns the music down, and Yoongi climbs half up onto the mattress to kiss him. It's warm, the first real thing Hoseok's felt in hours. "What are you doing here?"

Hoseok tangles his hand in the front of Yoongi's shirt and pulls him down. "I stole your spare key again the last time I was here." He swallows, dropping his gaze from Yoongi's face to his hand still clenched in the front of Yoongi's button-up shirt, wrinkling the fabric. "I just... I wanted to see you. Is that okay?"

Yoongi's grin broadens. "Little punk," he mutters, kissing him again to soften his tone, and Hoseok laughs into his mouth. "Yeah, it's okay." Hoseok lies back, pulling Yoongi down on top of him. Yoongi cups Hoseok's jaw in his hand, reaching down to push at Hoseok's clothes.

Chapter End Notes

first | timeline | mix

030915

Chapter Notes

> this takes place after hoseok's birthday in chapter 47. warnings for lying by omission and brief tension wrt that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey, nerd," Yoongi hears from down the hall behind him, and he turns to see Yoo Kihyun making a beeline for him with an amused tilt to his mouth. "When am I picking you up for dinner?"

Yoongi adjusts the strap of his bag over his shoulder. "Hey, loser— did we have plans?" he asks when Kihyun's caught up with him, continuing down the hall.

"No," Kihyun replies after a moment, "but it's your birthday, isn't it?"

"So?" Yoongi asks, double-checking on his watch. He has twenty minutes before his next class on the opposite side of campus. "It's Monday. Why would I go out on a Monday."

"Why *wouldn't* you go out on a Monday," Kihyun counters, "especially with me, one of your very best friends?" He holds out his arms grandly, and Yoongi snickers, ducking his head away. "Come on, Yoongi-yah," he says. "I've hardly seen you all year!"

Yoongi gives an exasperated shake of his head, nudging Kihyun in the ribs with his elbow. "I saw you at Seokjin hyung's New Year's Eve party, man, it's only been three months," he says, but he can't quite bite back a grin. "It's not my fault you switched majors. How's your boyfriend?"

Kihyun stuffs his hands into his pockets with a scowl. "Minhyuk? Still annoying as always," he replies. "Can't live with him, can't live without him. How's yours?"

"Hoseok?" Yoongi says, humming, "Awful. Can't imagine life without him, now." He turns the corner and leads the way down the hall to the flight of stairs that will lead them down to the main level of the building. "I— you know what? Thank you for the offer, but I don't think I want to go out tonight. Maybe later in the week if you're free? I just want a quiet night in, you know I don't care about making a big fuss."

"I suppose I could free up my schedule for you," Kihyun says, following Yoongi down the stairs. They don't speak for several moments as they walk down the hall towards the building doors side by side. He nudges Yoongi in the ribs with a sly smile. "You just want to fuck your boyfriend, don't you."

Yoongi snickers again. "Well, it *is* my birthday," he says, letting the grin stretch across his face as Kihyun laughs and pushes at his shoulder. "Why shouldn't I do what I want? He's got such a cute ass, Kihyun-ah." He pauses for emphasis. "My hands are a perfect fit, it's as if we were puzzle pieces. Meant to be. It's like I was born to grab that ass, I'm not joking."

Kihyun heaves an impressive sigh, slinging an arm around Yoongi's shoulders to give him a half-hug. "Who am I to deny you that," he replies with amusement lurking beneath his otherwise aloof tone. "I might be able to do lunch on Thursday— do you still get out of class early that afternoon?" He pushes open the door, pulling Yoongi out after him.

"Yeah, I could do Thursday," Yoongi confirms, hugging Kihyun around the waist and pulling him closer for a moment before letting go. "We can meet at the train station at two and argue about where we'll go like we won't end up getting ramen and kimbap at our usual kimbap restaurant a couple stops away."

"Sounds like a plan," Kihyun says, bumping his jaw against Yoongi's cheek with an exaggerated smack of his lips. "Happy birthday, nerd. I hope it's a good one."

Yoongi shoves him off. "Thanks, loser." He watches Kihyun leave, heading in the opposite direction across the quad. Pursing his lips, he pulls his phone from his pocket. He didn't plan on asking anyone over tonight, instead figuring he'd spend the time drinking and contemplating his existence in solitude as he has the past four years running, but... Well, why shouldn't he?

Hoseok answers on the third ring, "Hey, hyung." His voice is sweet and flirtatious over the line, bringing the smile back to Yoongi's face. "I was just about to call to wish you a happy birthday!"

"Would you rather do it in person?" Yoongi asks. "I was calling to see if you want to come over. Do you have to work tonight?"

"No," Hoseok replies. Yoongi can hear the ambient noise of trains whining as they rattle over the rails in the background. "I have a

dance class this afternoon, but after that, I could be all yours until ten tomorrow... I'll buy dinner, how about that?"

A pleased shiver rustles down Yoongi's spine. He catches his bottom lip between his teeth, biting back the urge to say, '*Don't bother, I'll just eat you instead.*' Yoongi clears his throat. "Sounds good," he says, a smile stretching across his face as he hears Hoseok huff a soft laugh over the line. "See you tonight."

"Tonight," Hoseok promises.

Yoongi slides his phone back into his pocket and hurries across the quad to make it to his class in time. As he steps into his class a minute before it's slated to begin, it occurs to him that he... doesn't know when Hoseok's birthday is. That's strange. He slides into an empty seat near the back and pulls his books out of his bag. It just never came up, somehow. He makes a mental note to ask about it later, turning his attention to his professor as she stands up beside her piano and smiles at the class.

That night, Yoongi hops up off his couch at the sound of a buzzer. It's the second one that night; the pizza Hoseok ordered and paid for arrived mere minutes earlier, the closed box waiting for them on the island counter in the kitchen. Yoongi crosses the room to his door, flipping on the security feed and smiling at Hoseok's somewhat warped, fuzzy form appearing on the screen. Yoongi presses down on the intercom button. "Hey."

"Hey," comes Hoseok's response, crackling with static. "Come down here to meet me, I don't think I can carry your present up the stairs. The elevator's still out of service, right?"

"Yes, it is," Yoongi says and blinks in surprise as Hoseok's words register. "Wait, present? What present?" he asks. "Hoseok-ah, you didn't have to—"

Hoseok heaves a dramatic sigh but Yoongi watches the smile stretch across his face. "I know, hyung. I wanted to. Now come down here already, it's *cold*."

"Alright, alright," Yoongi sighs, pushing the button to unlock the front door. "Wait in the lobby for me, then, I'll be right down."

Grabbing his keys and stuffing his feet into his sneakers, Yoongi pulls the door open and makes his way through the hall, and down seven flights to stairs to the building lobby. He's a bit out of breath when he

arrives. "Hey," he says, as he catches sight of Hoseok. A large, rectangular package rests at Hoseok's side, wrapped in bright green paper and with golden ribbon knotted around it into a bow. "Seriously, what the hell, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok beams. "It's nothing much, hyung, seriously," he says. "It's just a bit unwieldy to carry upstairs on my own. I hoped the elevator would be fixed by now."

Yoongi laughs, coming closer and helping Hoseok lift the present. It's not very heavy, only an awkward shape for one person to carry in the narrow stairwell. "How did you get it here?" he asks, grabbing one end and leading the way back to the stairs.

"I borrowed Namjoonie's big, strong arms," Hoseok replies as if it were obvious, following after Yoongi. "He was on his way to meet Taehyungie, they're going to see a movie or something together, I don't know. He was pretty secretive about it, but we were heading in the same direction..."

After pizza and a single, shared, slice of chocolate cake from the bakery near Namjoon and Hoseok's place, Hoseok slides the present across the floor from where it rested against the coffee table. Yoongi shakes his head. "I can't believe you got me something," he says. There's a slight fluttering in his gut, and he rubs a hand over his stomach. "You shouldn't have."

Hoseok smiles, a soft quirk at the corners of his mouth that dimples his cheeks. "Shut up, hyung. I wanted to. Here," he presses the package into Yoongi's hands and bounces on the couch in excitement, "open it."

Sighing, Yoongi rips at the paper to reveal three thick, black picture frames. "What—?" Yoongi begins, pulling the wrappings aside. His mouth falls open in shock, a warm feeling swelling up inside him. "You— you framed the Star Wars theatre posters for me," he hears himself say, his voice a bit distant. "Hoseok-ah, you—" He separates the frames from the paper, setting each up side by side, in order, from episodes four to six. Hoseok looks incredibly pleased with himself when Yoongi turns to stare at him. "Thank you."

"I told you it wasn't a big deal," Hoseok says. "I just..." He ducks his head and shakes it, scratching at the back of his neck with a beautiful, bashful little laugh. Yoongi feels a broad smile stretch across his face. "We watched those movies together so many times before we even

started dating, it just... It seemed like the right thing to do, hyung."

"How fuckin' romantic," Yoongi mutters, reaching out to cup Hoseok's cheek. As Hoseok lifts his head, Yoongi presses their mouths together. Hoseok leans into the kiss, sliding his arms around Yoongi's shoulders to pull him closer. "What do you think?" Yoongi breathes between kisses. "Should I put them over my bed?" Hoseok just hums in agreement, nuzzling back in and licking into Yoongi's mouth.

Much, much later, after making out and hanging the posters up over the bed and getting each other off (interrupted by Hoseok humming the 'Happy Birthday' song at random intervals and subsequent fits of laughter making it difficult to continue), they find themselves back on the couch, watching Star Wars for the umpteenth time. It's comforting. Yoongi's half-dozing, propped on the cushions. Hoseok lies on his side between Yoongi's legs, head resting against Yoongi's chest. His eyelids droop a little more with each brush of Yoongi's fingers through his hair.

"Hey," Yoongi says after a moment, playing with Hoseok's earlobe. "When's your birthday, anyway?" Hoseok freezes. He doesn't even *breathe*. What's... What's going on? All at once, Yoongi feels like he's been doused in cold water, any trace of earlier sleepiness vanished. "...Hoseok-ah?"

Hoseok swallows, pushing himself up until he's sitting. His hands flex on Yoongi's thighs splayed to either side of his hips. "Um," he begins hesitantly, "a little over two weeks ago?" He flinches like he expects to get hit.

What the fuck? Yoongi tugs at Hoseok's shirt until they face each other fully. "Why didn't you say anything?" Yoongi asks, frowns. What was he even *doing* two weeks ago? He can't remember. "When is it?" Hoseok stares down at the floor, looking so small and *sad*. Yoongi tries to swallow down the hurt, but it keeps rising in his throat like persistent bile.

"Hey," Yoongi says after another few moments, gratified that his voice doesn't shake, but it comes out flat. Hoseok doesn't quite flinch this time, but he braces himself visibly like he's imagining the worst. Yoongi feels a bit sick. He closes his eyes and tries again. "I just..." He clears his throat and softens his tone, "I just want to understand why you didn't tell me, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok doesn't respond right away, staring hard at the floor. His

hands slide off Yoongi's thighs, balling into fists in his lap. "I'm sorry," he says, so quiet that Yoongi almost doesn't hear him over the movie still playing on the TV. "It's on the eighteenth," he says. "February eighteenth." He swallows again, nails digging into his palms. "I didn't say anything because it's... I don't *like* my birthday anymore. I used to, you know? My parents and my sister, they'd always make it into this big event, I felt so special. It always really felt like it was *my* day."

Licking his lips, Hoseok's gaze darts up towards Yoongi's face but flashes away before he makes eye contact. Yoongi's heart sinks. "That changed when I moved away from Gwangju. I just... I didn't have a lot of friends, back then. I knew Namjoon, and he introduced me to Seokjin hyung and Dongh— well, he introduced me to a few people. They tried, but it wasn't the same. I was still so lonely and homesick and everything they did just reminded me of what I was missing." He swallows, scrubbing the back of his hand over his eyes. "It hurt too much to keep trying if that makes sense. So I decided to downplay it and not to tell anyone else what day it is, to try and make it less painful, like it's just another day. I make sure I schedule work so I'm busy enough that I don't have to deal with how bad I feel. It works, kind of."

Yoongi takes a moment to digest that. Hoseok hasn't spoken much about his past before they met, but Yoongi's known almost from the day they met how close Hoseok is with his family. Yoongi can't believe he didn't clue into how homesick Hoseok must feel sooner.

"I should've told you, I'm so stupid—"

Reaching up, he brushes hair out of Hoseok's eyes. "Hey," he interrupts, softer. He curls his hand around the nape of Hoseok's neck and pulls him closer until their foreheads press together. "It's okay, Hoseok-ah," he murmurs. "I understand now, okay? I'm not mad at you."

Hoseok sucks in a trembling breath, his eyes fluttering shut. Yoongi tilts his head up and presses a kiss to his forehead. "I'm sorry," Hoseok whispers.

"I get weird on my birthday, too," Yoongi says, staying close. "I always feel like... I don't know, that there's some sort of impossible standard I'm just not meeting, that I could never live up to no matter how hard I try." It's easier to admit this out loud than he thought it would be. He shouldn't be surprised; it's always been like this with Hoseok. "I always seem to fall short, and it's always hardest around my birthday because

I feel like I haven't done enough since last year. It feels so stagnant."

He sighs, trying to think of what else he could possibly say. "I'm glad you're here with me now," he whispers, after a moment. "There's nobody I'd rather spend tonight with."

Hoseok sits back just enough to meet Yoongi's gaze. His eyes are wet, the tips of his ears flushed pink. "I spent my birthday here with you," he says, his voice thick, and he takes Yoongi's hand in his. "Do you remember that night I was already here when you came home?"

"*That* was your birthday?" Yoongi whispers, slotting his fingers between Hoseok's and gripping tight. "Well... I'm glad we fucked, then. I remember being pretty tired, all I wanted to do was sleep before i got home and saw you waiting for me in my bed. Felt like it was my birthday and Christmas all rolled into one." Hoseok snickers, ducking his head. He lets Yoongi pull him in close, and Yoongi presses kisses along Hoseok's cheek, down his jaw. "Seriously, next year I'm going to give you the best birthday ever to make up for it."

"Hyung," Hoseok laughs again. It still sounds a bit damp, and Yoongi's heart hurts for a moment. "You made me come twice on my birthday and then again in the morning before I left, " he says, and he sounds so amused that it eases that ache. "That counts as a pretty good celebration as far as I'm concerned." Yoongi noses along Hoseok's throat, nipping at his skin. Hoseok squirms and Yoongi's lips stretch into a smile. "Thank you, hyung," he says, curling his free hand in the front of Yoongi's shirt. "Being with you is kind of... It's kind of enough. I don't feel as lonely when I'm with you."

Yoongi kisses Hoseok's neck. "Good," he says softly. "Because I don't feel like as much of a failure when I'm with you."

Hoseok pulls Yoongi closer, tipping his head back with a little sigh. Yoongi takes advantage of the space, nipping and sucking at Hoseok's skin. "You're not a failure," he murmurs. "You're anything but a failure." Yoongi feels his cheeks heat and he buries his face in the crook of Hoseok's shoulder, letting his eyes fall shut. Hoseok's hand slides around to Yoongi's back, stroking up and down the length of his spine. "Do you want to fuck me?" he asks, ducking his head and nuzzling the side of Yoongi's face.

"If you promise you won't start singing 'Happy Birthday' again, yes," Yoongi mumbles, curling his hands in Hoseok's shirt, smiling as Hoseok bursts out laughing. He lifts his head, blinking in the light.

Hoseok smiles back at him, his eyes warm and fond. Yoongi wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue. "Yeah, lie back."

Chapter End Notes

domestic au hit 2k kudos a little earlier this week and i cried ? this was a tentative goal i've had since... early last year? that i never really thought i'd reach. thank you so much.

first | timeline | mix

the bathroom chronicles

Chapter Notes

this takes place a few weeks or so before yoongi asks hobi to move in with him. early days in their relationship, so things are a bit awkward still.

warnings for second-hand embarrassment, totally natural (if embarrassing) bodily functions before (and after) sex, bathroom humour.

i'm so sorry. this was based on a true story (not mine, but a friend of a friend).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A chill breeze seems to aim straight for Yoongi's face as they stand on the sidewalk outside the cineplex, breathing in the cool night air. It smells like it might snow. Yoongi burrows deeper into his coat and thick woolen scarf to combat the cold and checks the time on his phone. The train home won't be arriving at the station up the block for another fifteen minutes. Hoseok bounces up and down on the balls of his feet as they talk about what they liked and disliked about the film.

"...D'you want to sleep over tonight?" Yoongi interrupts, halfway through Hoseok complaining about how long the villain's final monologue was before the big battle, and Hoseok falls quiet. Yoongi's gut clenches, a sharp pain. It's been so long since he's tried to do this, to be in a relationship, he's still not used to it. What if he said it wrong? Fuck. He definitely said it wrong. His gut clenches again, and he hugs himself, staring down at the pavement. Hoseok's not going to want to come over. He should just take it back. He should laugh it off and say... What? What could he say?

The silence stretches. Out the corner of his eye, Yoongi sees Hoseok suck in a breath, about to speak. An uncomfortable prickling creeps across Yoongi's skin as warmth surges into his cheeks and the nape of his neck, and he ducks his head. His heart thuds in his throat. He should take it back. He opens his mouth, but

"Sure," Hoseok replies. He's grinning when Yoongi looks up at him in surprise. His eyes catch the street lights and the tip of his nose is

starting to turn pink from the cold. "I have to leave early tomorrow morning for a ballet class, though, so don't keep me up all night."

"I would never," Yoongi says, almost sounding offended but not quite managing to keep a straight face as Hoseok starts to laugh. He ducks his chin back into his scarf to hide his smile as relief floods through him. He'd been so sure Hoseok was going to tell him *no*.

They take the train back to Yoongi's and stand together near a door, each with one of their hands tucked into the massive pocket of Yoongi's coat for warmth. The train ride isn't long. Yoongi twines his fingers between Hoseok's, pretending to stare out the window while he watches Hoseok's reflection. Hoseok, with one arm hooked around a pole for support, plays a game on his phone, though he occasionally glances over at Yoongi with a soft smile on his face.

When they arrive at Yoongi's apartment, Yoongi makes himself a couple cups of coffee while Hoseok fishes a kettle from one of the cupboards to make some tea. They sit down at either end of the couch to drink and warm up, with a variety show that neither of them cares about on as background noise. Yoongi worms his cold feet into Hoseok's lap and instead of pushing Yoongi's cold toes away, Hoseok rubs warmth into his skin as he talks about one of his dance classes.

Every so often Yoongi makes a sound or asks questions to encourage Hoseok to keep going, smiling to himself as he listens. It's comfortable. It's always comfortable with Hoseok. The later it gets, the more often Hoseok lapses into silence, his head drooping against the back of the couch. Yoongi could fall asleep like this. He kind of wants to, with Hoseok warm and pliant, snuggled up against his chest. Maybe later. It's still early, after all, only a quarter to midnight.

Even with the quiet, Yoongi can't quite get himself to relax fully. He's not that tired yet. Not when there are still things they could do tonight. He's not *good* at this part anymore. If he's honest with himself, he never really was. His gut still twinges. He should do something.

As they finish their drinks, Yoongi scoots across the couch towards Hoseok, leaning over to kiss his cheek as soon as he's close enough. Hoseok smiles, tilting his head on the cushion and pulling Yoongi over onto his lap. *This* is familiar. *This* is easy. Yoongi knows how to do this.

They make out for a bit, pressing against each other's bodies. It's good. Yoongi relaxes more, grabbing at Hoseok's hair and stroking over any

bared skin, meeting each and every sweet kiss. It's not heated, not yet, growing in intensity in little increments until they're pushing at each other's clothes. Hoseok bites at Yoongi's bottom lip, soothing the sting with his tongue and Yoongi gasps into his mouth, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hair until Hoseok moans.

Eager for more, Yoongi pulls Hoseok up off the couch and they stumble back towards the bed, stripping off their clothes. Hoseok surges back in for a kiss for each fallen article of clothing, like it's a reward for making it so far across the floor. Yoongi keeps his arms around Hoseok, stroking his back and chest, reluctant to part with him for more than a few seconds.

Hoseok pushes Yoongi down onto the bed, leaning over to kiss him again. His hands curl around Yoongi's hips, and Yoongi hums into the kiss, pleased. As he pushes up against Hoseok's hold, a jolt of arousal shooting through him when Hoseok pins him down. Hoseok settles his weight over Yoongi's thighs, kissing down his throat and chest.

Yoongi curls his hands in the sheets and Hoseok's hair as he keeps kissing down, down, down. He tips his head back with a breathless curse as Hoseok takes Yoongi's cock into his mouth. Lifting his head with some difficulty, he blinks his eyes open. Hoseok has his eyes closed, his long lashes dark and fluttering, mouth pink and wet and stretched so perfectly, so beautifully around the girth of his cock like it was meant to go there.

Yoongi rises up on his elbow, and reaching down, he rubs his thumb over the corner of Hoseok's mouth. He can feel his cock moving beneath Hoseok's top lip and it's *hot*. His cock hardens up even more as Hoseok moans, taking him a bit deeper and curling his hand around the base to meet his mouth. "Fuck," Yoongi gasps again. "Hoseok-ah, you're so hot."

Hoseok's eyes gleam in the low lamplight from the bedside table. He moans again, the corners of his mouth twitching into almost a smile, stretched around Yoongi's cock. Yoongi collapses back against the mattress with another groaned curse, his hand tightening and twisting in the sheets. He makes a weak noise when Hoseok pulls off, shifting on the bed as Hoseok keeps stroking him, firm and slow.

"Do you want to fuck tonight?" Hoseok asks, voice already somewhat rough.

"Yes," Yoongi says, hitching his hips to try and urge Hoseok's hand

into jerking him faster. "Do you want me to fuck you, or do you want to fuck me?"

"I don't mind," Hoseok replies, and Yoongi rises back up onto his elbows to look at him. "Either would be really good." He lowers his head, rubbing his tongue over the head of Yoongi's cock, Yoongi makes another weak noise, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. Hoseok's eyes flick back up to meet Yoongi's. "We've both been so busy with work lately and I've missed you, hyung."

In the end, they decide to play Rock, Paper, Scissors to decide who tops. Hoseok wins best four of six, and Yoongi doesn't mind in the slightest. He catches Hoseok around the waist, rolling him over onto his back to kiss him once more before slithering off the bed to go clean up in the bathroom. He still feels *off* in some indeterminable way, but it eases up while he's in there. Must just be nerves and a weird bout of anxiety; Hoseok was right, they haven't had much time for each other these past few weeks.

As Yoongi makes his way back out, he finds Hoseok still sprawled out in the middle of the bed, idly flipping through one of his textbooks. "See anything interesting?" he asks.

"I do now," Hoseok replies with a little smile quirking the corners of his mouth, his cheeks dimpling. He sets the book back onto Yoongi's nightstand and reaches out for Yoongi with his free hand. "Come here, hyung."

Yoongi shakes his head with a little laugh. "That was bad," he says, "you should feel bad," but he lets Hoseok pull him down onto the bed. They come together almost at once to kiss again, to reacquaint themselves with each other and warm back up. Yoongi lies back and spreads his legs as Hoseok slicks up his fingers and starts to press into him. He sighs, tipping his head back. It's a good sort of pressure.

Hoseok kisses down the side of Yoongi's neck again, zig-zagging across his chest and still stroking his fingers in and out of Yoongi's hole with a leisured, honey-slow pace. He pauses seemingly at random, sucking bruises and dragging his teeth over Yoongi's skin.

It's not hard enough to hurt, digging in just enough to leave stinging tingles singing through Yoongi's nerve endings. He gasps again, arching his back up off the mattress to meet Hoseok's mouth. The pressure in his gut is starting to build again, bordering on painful.

Continuing on, Hoseok sucks bruises into the crease of Yoongi's hips,

nipping at his hipbone before ducking in to take Yoongi's cock back into his mouth, his eyes falling shut once more. He quickens the thrusts of his fingers until he's up to three. Yoongi rolls his hips, fucking down onto Hoseok's fingers and up into his mouth. Hoseok moans, taking it, just letting Yoongi use him as he sucks at the head.

"God, you're beautiful," Yoongi whispers, his voice hoarse and low. He cups Hoseok's cheek in his palm, "You take my cock so good, don't you?"

Hoseok's eyelids flutter before opening and his heated gaze meets Yoongi's. He bobs his head, suddenly taking Yoongi deeper into his mouth, his tongue swiping a teasing pattern along the underside. Yoongi bites his lip to muffle a shouted curse in response, tipping his hips up and pushing further inside just that much more before Hoseok pins him back down with an arm braced across his hips. Hoseok pulls back, suckling at the head and treating Yoongi to teasing little kitten licks as he meets Yoongi's stare. His teary eyes glimmer with a promise. He lessens the pressure of his arm pressing Yoongi down into the mattress, hand sliding up to rest over Yoongi's abdomen, a gentle pressure.

He slips his fingers out too fast and lets Yoongi's cock fall from his mouth as he sits back up. His dick slaps against the back of Hoseok's hand, still pressed beneath Yoongi's navel, leaving a sticky trail of spit and precome on his skin. Yoongi makes a strangled noise,

"Wait, what're you—"

The lid of the lube cap snaps shut beneath Hoseok's thumb. He looks up at Yoongi with a smirk. "Did you just want me to suck you off, hyung?" he asks, leaning back in. His hand shifts off Yoongi's body to rest on the bed beside his hip. "I mean, we could do what if you'd prefer..." Just before his fingers can slide back into Yoongi's body,

Yoongi shifts his weight on the bed and something else sneaks out before he can clamp down on his abdominal muscles to stop it, the embarrassingly loud and smelly squeak of a fart.

Lying there, Yoongi stares up at the ceiling in mute, frozen horror. He chances a glance down at Hoseok. He's still sitting on his knees at the foot of the bed, lube-slicked fingers outstretched, with a strange and blank expression on his face. As their eyes meet, Hoseok's nose twitches.

Yoongi lets out a mortified yelp and scrambles from the bed, bolting

across the laminate flooring and almost tripping over their discarded clothes to the sound of Hoseok's startled snort of mirth. Just before he launches himself into the bathroom, Yoongi catches another glimpse of Hoseok, collapsed forward on the bed, the entire bedframe quaking beneath the force of his gleeful laughter. With another horrified sound, Yoongi slams the door shut behind him and locks it. He sinks down to his knees, hiding his face in his hands with a strangled groan.

At least the pain in his gut seems to have finally dissipated. He was just *gassy*. God. Yoongi thunks his forehead against his knees with another groan. He never should've asked Hoseok over tonight. He's going to think Yoongi's so gross, Hoseok's never going to want to sleep with him ever again, oh God, *what if Hoseok wants to break up—*

Yoongi doesn't notice Hoseok's laughter quietening until he hears a soft knock at the door, interrupting his mental breakdown.

"Hyung—"

"No," Yoongi interrupts and he sounds wretched even to his own ears. "Go away. Go home."

A moment of silence. Yoongi's heart pounds a steady, painful tattoo against his ribcage. He curls his hands into fists, nails digging into his palms.

"No, hyung," Hoseok replies, voice gentled and calming. "It's okay, it's only natural. It's not a big deal." He falls quiet for another few moments, and Yoongi closes his eyes, lip caught between his teeth. "Come back out, hyung," Hoseok coaxes, like Yoongi's a cornered animal. "I'm sorry I laughed. I wasn't laughing *at* you— I was just surprised, that's all."

Yoongi can almost *see* the soft expression on Hoseok's face, that all-too-familiar quirk of affectionate amusement at the corner of his mouth. He shakes his head. The bathroom floor tile is cold. He shifts his weight, back bumping against the door with a muffled *thump*. "No," he says again, muffled into his knees. "No, Hoseok-ah, I'm going to stay right where I am so that I can die in peace. Goodbye, it was nice knowing you."

Hoseok sighs. It's quiet for another handful of seconds, worryingly so. Then,

Yoongi hears a creaking floorboard and his heart leaps into his throat. He clenches his eyes shut even tighter, pressure building behind his

eyes and forming a lump in his throat. He doesn't want Hoseok to go, not really. He never thought Hoseok actually *would*—

Thud.

"I know you're embarrassed," Hoseok murmurs, after another long pause. His voice is much closer now, as if he's sitting on the other side of the door. Yoongi's cheeks prickle with heat. "You shouldn't be, hyung. it's really not a big deal. it happens. I'd be a lot more concerned if you didn't."

Groaning, Yoongi rubs his hands over his face, the pressure behind his eyes only growing. "It's the least sexy thing I could've done, Hoseok-ah." His voice cracks and he winces.

Hoseok huffs a laugh, so soft Yoongi almost can't hear it through the door. "Trust me, hyung, There are worse things. *I've* done worse things." There's another pause, and then Hoseok sucks in a breath. "Listen," he says, fast like he's trying to get the words out before he loses his nerve, "how about I tell you something, something really embarrassing that I did that was way worse than a fart. Would that make you feel better?"

"Kind of," slips out of Yoongi's mouth before he can stop it, and he lifts his face from his knees, uncurling his hands. He examines the lopsided crescent shapes his nails left behind on his palms. He blinks his eyes a few times, rubbing across his face with the backs of his hands. "...Is it gross?"

He can hear Hoseok laugh again, a bit louder this time, and Hoseok echoes, "Kind of." Yoongi can hear the smile in Hoseok's voice, and a tinge of something almost... Sheepish. "You have to promise you won't tell anyone else though, alright? I've never told this story to anyone, not even to *Namjoonie*. Promise me, hyung."

The corner of Yoongi's mouth twitches. "I'll take it to the grave," he says. "Tell me."

Hoseok keeps laughing. He sounds so sweet and Yoongi wants nothing more than to wrench the door open and hug him. He stays where he is, though, and waits.

"Alright," Hoseok says, clapping his hands. Yoongi startles, bumping back against the door again in his surprise. "The first time I had anal sex it was with a hyung in my dance academy who knew what he was doing, and he took care of everything for me because he knew I was

nervous," Hoseok begins. "I was overwhelmed and a bit too young and stupid so I didn't pay as close attention as I should have. It was the best first experience I could've asked for, but when the second time I had anal sex came around, I was at a bit of a loss. This happened about a week after I moved to Seoul. Over two years ago, already."

He falls silent for another few moments. Yoongi leans over to grab one of the towels from the drying rack and drapes it around his shoulders for warmth. Tipping his head back on the door, he stares up at the doorknob over his head. It would be so easy to unlock it and let Hoseok in.

"See, the second time was with this girl I met at one of Namjoonie's slam poetry competitions. She was cool and hot and she was so into the idea of pegging me. I was into it, too," Hoseok sighs. "I was ready to go for it but I didn't want to seem like a big loser, so I didn't tell her that I had no idea how to prepare myself first. We went to her place and I hid in the bathroom to do a desperate search on Naver to figure out how to clean up, but I couldn't find what I was looking for. At a loss for anything else to do, I took a really big shit, and—"

Yoongi claps a hand over his mouth to smother a surprised, squeaking laugh.

"I mean, to be fair, that is standard practice for anal play," Hoseok murmurs, which only sets Yoongi off again. "*Anyway*," he says, raising his voice to be heard over Yoongi's muffled, breathless laughter, "I finished with that and got into the shower and just... washed my ass? I stuck a finger up there to make sure I was clean, went out and we got down to business." Yoongi shakes with barely-restrained amusement.

Through the door, he can hear Hoseok making a valiant effort to keep his voice steady. "If she'd fucked me with a smaller dildo, I might've gotten away with it fine," Hoseok goes on after a moment. "But it went a little too far in and awakened what should have been left undisturbed in the depths of my, ha, bowels. She pulled out after we were done and I... uh, shat the bed?"

Yoongi gives up making any attempt to muffle his laughter, collapsing against the door in a senseless giggling heap, vision blurring with tears.

"Not a lot," Hoseok continues, his voice trembling more than ever. "Not a lot! I mean, if you saw it in the toilet bowl, you wouldn't even think that it was worth your time, you know? But there in the middle

of her otherwise pristine white sheets, I... I very much shat the bed. It was mortifying."

Yoongi slaps a hand on the door, his eyes screwed up as delighted and horrified tears stream down his face. He reaches for the handle and unlocks it, backing away from the door and pulling it open. As he blinks, more hot tears spill down his chilled cheeks, and he finds Hoseok leaning back against the doorframe with one of Yoongi's baggy hoodies pulled on for warmth.

Hoseok smiles back at Yoongi over his shoulder, a bit embarrassed. "Noona was pretty chill about it, all things considered," he finishes, catching hold of the edge of Yoongi's towel and drawing him closer. "It could have gone a lot worse. I immediately went to grab my phone and wallet from my jeans to buy her new sheets, but she just laughed over my apologies and said it would come out in the wash. I got her to teach me how to clean up properly. Turns out she had an enema kit out on the bathroom counter for me and everything."

"Okay, you were right," Yoongi says, still shaking with laughter even as Hoseok maneuvers his trembling body into his lap, "that was definitely worse than what I did."

"Exactly," Hoseok replies, nuzzling his nose in the crook of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi squirms more out of principle than anything. "*And* Hyojin noona slept with me again like four times after that, so. Don't worry, hyung. Farting's not so bad. It's just a part of life." He presses a kiss just beneath Yoongi's ear, lingering there for a moment. "You okay now? Regained your will to live?" he murmurs, lips brushing across Yoongi's skin as Yoongi nods.

His nose grazes Yoongi's jaw as he lifts his head to meet Yoongi's gaze, expression solemn. Yoongi's gut clenches again, though from genuine nerves this time. Hoseok opens his mouth to speak: "...Do you need to take a really big shit, too?" he asks. "It's alright, I'll wait."

Yoongi shoves at Hoseok's shoulder, huffing another laugh. "Fuck off, I'm fine now," he says, turning his head to meet Hoseok's laughing eyes. "Thank you."

Hoseok kisses Yoongi, soft. Yoongi leans into it, curling a hand in Hoseok's hair to keep him close, nuzzling in for another kiss, and then another. "So," Hoseok murmurs, bumping his forehead against Yoongi's. "You still wanna fuck?"

Laughing again, Yoongi nods, clambering off Hoseok's lap and helping

him to his feet. He pushes Hoseok against the doorframe once more to kiss him, harder, and tugging at Hoseok's hair until he moans. They make their way back to the bed, dropping the towel and hoodie behind in their wake. Yoongi grasps at Hoseok, reluctant to let him go for even a second.

When they fuck, it's sweet, unafraid to laugh at each other or themselves. Hoseok keeps up a steady stream of filthy jokes in Yoongi's ear, peppered with occasional farting sounds, and Yoongi laughs until he cries, clinging to Hoseok's back. And after, after. Hoseok snuggles up to Yoongi's chest, head nestled beneath Yoongi's chin. They fall asleep tangled together, warm and content.

Chapter End Notes

> ahem. i'm not sure if i'll be able to finish another update before the end of the year (tbh i'm not sure what i even want to write yet), but i'll try. in the event this is the last end note you see for a while: this fic isn't abandoned! i'm either having a life, struggling with illness, or y'know, working on other projects. please be patient with me.
>
> happy holidays, if you celebrate. happy new year, if i'm not back in time. thank you.

first | timeline | mix

at the seams

Chapter Notes

> notes: warnings for misunderstandings, tiny description of medical procedure/surgery, hospitalization, uhhhhh stitches??? and a mention of dp at the very end
>
> this takes place in that 6? month stretch of time between the time they fucked in yoongi's studio in chapter 30 (and the aftermath of that in chapter 33), and the time they decided to sleep together exclusively in chapter 17. yep.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The fifth and sixth times his messages to Yoongi go unread, Hoseok gets the point. In the two months since Yoongi last disappeared on him without a trace, he'd started to get used to talking to Yoongi, in one way or another, at least once every day. This silence on his end hurts, more than Hoseok would've expected. He should be used to this, by now.

He throws the coffee grounds, missing the trash bin under the sink, and the soggy filter hits the tile floor with a disappointing *slap*. Cursing, Hoseok slams through the cabinets, searching for something to clean up the mess. Namjoon, sitting at the kitchen counter, looks up from his laptop with a frown. Hoseok ignores him, grumbling under his breath. Seriously, do they not have any paper towels left? He just *bought* a new two-pack.

"What's your deal?" Namjoon asks. "Bad sleep?"

Well, yes. Among other things. Hoseok's frown deepens as he crouches down with a damp washcloth from the sink, doing his best to scoop up the mess of wet paper and grounds. "Yoongi hyung's fucking ignoring me again," he begins, tossing the filter into the trash and scrubbing savagely at the coffee stain on the floor. "I'm tired of this bullshit, how he thinks he can just toy with me like I'm some fucking Gameboy—"

Namjoon closes his laptop with a snap. "...Wait, you don't know?" he asks, rubbing a hand through his hair. "Fuck, Hoseok-ah. He collapsed on Friday. He had to get an appendectomy. He's been in the hospital all weekend."

Hoseok's gut clenches, staring hard at the floor. The pattern of the tile

blurs before his eyes before he closes them. A faint prickling tingles across his scalp, and he sucks in a breath. "Oh," he exhales, barely above a whisper. He blinks his eyes open, vision swimming for a moment before clearing. "Is he... is he okay?"

"Yeah, he's gonna live," Namjoon says, shaking his head. "I went to go visit him yesterday, but he was pretty out of it still. The surgery went well, routine procedure, he said. His doctor didn't think he was in that much danger of his appendix actually exploding right away, so—"

"Nope," Hoseok grits out, clenching his teeth against the sudden rise of nausea and covering his ears with his hands and the wet rag. Namjoon starts to laugh. "Nope, no, that's quite enough, thank you."

Namjoon gets up from the counter, still shaking his head with a little laugh. "You make it so easy there's hardly any sport in teasing you anymore," he says. "I'm going to go take a shower. Let me know when the coffee's ready, okay?"

"Will do," Hoseok grumbles, getting to his feet and rinsing out the rag. He goes through the motions of making coffee, filling the reservoir with water and scooping grounds into a new filter. He flicks the switch and the machine burbles to life, hissing and grumbling. Hoseok feels the same.

Later that day, Yoongi sends him a series of messages:

[01:13:59] **Yoongi:** hey, sorry
[01:14:28] **Yoongi:** my body kind of exploded on me, i had to go to the hospital for surgery and my phone died
[01:14:44] **Yoongi:** jinnie hyung finally brought me my shit and a charge cord so i saw all your messages just now
[01:15:02] **Yoongi:** so... hey, i'm alive. sorry

Hoseok closes his eyes to hide from his own shame, dropping his phone down onto the bench beside him with a clatter. He tips his head back against the wall, listening to the distant thud of bass and thumping feet from the dance studios below him. While on the one hand there's no way Hoseok could've known what was going on, he never should have automatically assumed the worst of Yoongi, either. He swallows hard, clenching his eyes shut even tighter. Fuck. *Fuck*.

His phone buzzes again, bringing Hoseok back. He squints his eyes open, fumbling his phone over so he can see the screen and Yoongi's next message:

[01:17:04] **Yoongi:** not to be weird but
[01:17:15] **Yoongi:** do you want to come visit me at the hospital tonight?

Shit. Reaching out with a trembling hand, Hoseok unlocks his phone and taps out a shaky response. That done, he closes the chat app and opens his contacts instead to call Aeyoung, begging to swap shifts with her. She agrees, but not without making him promise to cover both of her weekend dinner shifts in return.

Hoseok goes to the hospital after his last dance class of the day, stepping off his bus at the stop and hiking across the quad to the main building of the hospital. He double checks with the directions Yoongi sent him before entering, making his way to the elevators and up to Yoongi's room in the short-term surgical ward on the fourth floor. He smiles and nods at the nurses he passes in the halls, coming to a halt outside of Yoongi's room and poking his head through the open doorway. The smile on his face stretches as he catches sight of Yoongi, awake in his bed and scowling at his phone on the opposite side of the room.

He's not alone. Of the three other beds available, only one is occupied. An older man snores so loudly Hoseok's surprised the windows near Yoongi's bed aren't rattling.

Shaking his head, Hoseok goes over and perches in the chair beside Yoongi's bed. "Hey," he says, and Yoongi smiles over at Hoseok. His hair is a bit of a disarray, black strands sticking up in all directions and contrasting against the bright blue pillowcase. Hoseok kind of wants to reach out and smooth it down, but this sort of intimacy is weird when they haven't also just fooled around. He sits on his hands to fight the temptation.

Yoongi's dressed in short-sleeved a hospital gown, but Hoseok can see the neckline of a black t-shirt on underneath. "Hey," he replies, his voice a bit hoarse. He looks exhausted with heavy, dark bags under his eyes. Hoseok feels another sick swoop of guilt. "I'm glad you came."

There's an open pitcher of water and an empty paper cup on the tray table beside Yoongi's bed. Hoseok pours some water into the cup and passes it over to Yoongi, smiling as their fingers brush. "How are you feeling?" he asks. "What *happened?* Namjoon said you collapsed."

Shifting a bit on the bed, Yoongi stares down into the cup resting in his lap and exhales. "I thought it wasn't a big deal," he murmurs finally. "I woke up with some pain, but I thought it was indigestion or whatever. I figured I could just power through the day and recover at home." He drains the cup of water and Hoseok watches his adam's apple bob as he swallows.

"Then it got worse. A lot worse. I barely made it up to the floor of the studio before I threw up and collapsed." Yoongi picks at the cuticle of his thumb and squirms again, leaning against the pillows. "Lucky Namjoon was right behind me. He called an ambulance and took care of my unconscious ass until the paramedics came to collect me."

Yoongi looks up at Hoseok with a wry twist of his mouth. "Doc said that that UTI I got last week had something to do with it. Anyway, I got to the hospital and the doctors did surgery on me a few hours later, and now here I am, short one useless organ. At least the drugs they've got me on are good." He passes over his cup when Hoseok reaches out to refill it. "Want to see my stitches?"

"No," Hoseok says, wrinkling his nose and setting the cup and pitcher back down on the table.

Yoongi laughs, his eyes crinkling at the sides. "Could you help me with something, then?" he asks next. At Hoseok's nod, he pushes down his blankets and hikes up the hem of his hospital gown, revealing his pale, scrawny legs and his black boxers. "I've got this weird itch on my inner thigh, could you get it for me?" He's grinning now, eyes sparkling as he bends the leg furthest from Hoseok. "My nurses keep reminding me not to strain myself overmuch, so I don't think I can reach it."

Hoseok blinks at Yoongi for several moments, watching Yoongi's grin broaden with each second of stunned silence. "Fuck off," he says finally, casting a glance first to the other patient in the room — still sleeping — and to the open doorway, through which he can see nurses walking up and down the hallway beyond.

Reaching out, he trails his fingers along Yoongi's inner thigh and up under the hem of his boxers. His skin is cool, and Yoongi shivers at

the touch of Hoseok's warm fingertips. "Right here, hyung?" he asks, and Yoongi nods, the smile fading somewhat as he licks his lips. Hoseok pinches him and Yoongi yelps, slapping his hand away. Hoseok falls back in his chair with an amused laugh. He claps a hand over his mouth to smother himself as the patient on the other side of the room lets out a sudden, hacking cough.

"How dare you," Yoongi demands, pulling the blankets up to cover his legs once more. "Taking advantage... In my *vulnerable state*..."

"Oh please, like you didn't see that coming." Hoseok snorts with laughter again, and Yoongi leans back against his pillows with a heavy sigh, shaking his head.

Their conversation drifts to random topics, gossiping about their friends and discussing their new favourite songs, catching up with the dramas they both watch on television. Yoongi promises to send Hoseok a new playlist for him to try dancing to. Hoseok promises to let Jimin film him so he can send the video to Yoongi later if he comes up with anything good.

All the while, Hoseok's guilt keeps rising and rising in his throat. He tries to swallow it back, but it just leaves the worst taste in his mouth. He can't do this. *Fuck*, he can't do this.

"I'm sorry," he blurts out, halfway through Yoongi's rant about trying to use the bathroom with his rolling IV stand trailing after him like a lovesick puppy. Yoongi falls silent at once, blinking at Hoseok in surprise.

Hoseok swallows, staring down at his lap. "I thought you were trying to ghost me again," he admits, voice gone low and soft as he ducks his head in shame.

As Yoongi struggles to sit back up with a pained little noise, Hoseok rises from his chair at once, dropping down on the edge of Yoongi's mattress instead. "Please," he whispers, pushing Yoongi back down with a gentle hand. "I'm sorry," he repeats. "I shouldn't have—" He shakes his head, staring at his hand resting on Yoongi's thin chest, at the contrast between the light blue-grey hospital gown and his own fingers. "It was unfair of me," he says, soft and low. "You had life-threatening shit going on, and all I could think about was *me* and my hurt feelings."

"Eh," Yoongi says with a little shrug, fumbling with the controls on the side of the bedframe and rising with the bed supporting his back.

"Yeah, I could've died, no big deal." Hoseok flinches away, but Yoongi reaches out before he can get too far, halting him with a soft touch of his fingertips to Hoseok's jaw. "I'm sorry I couldn't tell you what was going on sooner," he says, dropping his hand back into his lap. "I wasn't conscious that often between surgery and now, and my phone was dead. I would've told you, if I could."

Hoseok casts his gaze downwards, playing with the fraying hem of Yoongi's blanket, pooled loosely around his waist. "Thank you," he says and swallows again. "I promise I'll be less shitty going forward." He looks up to meet Yoongi's eyes, surprised to see forgiveness there. "We're... we're kind of friends now, right?"

Yoongi smiles. "Kind of, yeah. I think so." He glances towards the other side of the room, where the old man is still sleeping. "You should kiss me," he murmurs.

"Hyung!" Hoseok hisses, but he's not that surprised. Not really. He casts another glance around to check if anyone could've heard. He doesn't see anyone around, and he's *missed* Yoongi. It's hard to say no, as Yoongi pouts at him, trailing his fingers up and down Hoseok's arm. Sighing, Hoseok leans over Yoongi's legs, grasping the edge of the curtain and pulling it over to give them at least the illusion of privacy, the curtain hooks rattling along the rail. "Fine," he says, shifting closer on the bed and pressing their mouths together.

Yoongi curls his arm around Hoseok's neck to keep his close, licking into his mouth with a satisfied little hum. His back arches up off the bed and he deflates almost at once with a hissed, pained little sound when he must stretch against his stitches. "Too soon," he gasps, sagging back onto his pillows. "Too soon." Yoongi wets his lips, looking up at Hoseok. "I get out of here tomorrow. Doc says I can't have sex for six weeks, but maybe... we can still do... stuff..."

"I'm sure we'll think of something, hyung," Hoseok replies. "We're both very creative people." He kisses Yoongi once more just because he can't help it, but sits back out of reach so Yoongi won't be tempted to try to steal another. Hoseok glances at the time on his phone. "Visiting hours will be over soon," he says, leaning down to where he dropped his bag and pulling out his and Seokjin's 3DSs out of it. "Want to play?"

In answer, Yoongi shuffles over on his bed with some difficulty, just enough for Hoseok to climb up onto the bed beside him. After a few minutes' debating over what game they could play together, they

decide upon Street Fighter. It ends up being even more fun that Hoseok expected, their respective competitive streaks rising up just enough to keep things interesting. He and Yoongi don't play together often, preferring to spend their time horizontal more than anything else, but he makes a mental note to suggest more games for their future hangouts.

Hoseok kisses Yoongi again as the clock strikes nine, slow and lingering. "I have to go," he murmurs against Yoongi's lips.

Yoongi clutches at the front of Hoseok's shirt, keeping him close and kissing him again. "If you hide under the covers, they might not know you're still here," he replies, just as soft. "You could stay longer." He shifts on the bed, letting go of Hoseok's shirt to pick at his cuticles again. He turns his head away. "If you want to, I mean, whatever. I don't care." He clears his throat. "It's just boring in this room, that's all. Old man over there's not the best company, he's usually asleep. And when he's not, he's complaining."

Smiling, Hoseok brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair. "I'll stay, then," he says, and pecks the tip of Yoongi's nose when Yoongi turns to look at him. "And Seokjin hyung said you could borrow his 3DS for a while, that should help with the boredom." They keep playing games for another hour and a half, whispering and cracking jokes, muffling laughter wherever is most convenient. Hoseok gets discovered and kicked out at half-past eleven, just as Yoongi's starting to fall asleep. He doesn't mind. It's worth it to see Yoongi to happy.

The following evening follows a similar formula. Hoseok stops by Yoongi's place to deliver food for him to eat with his meds without having to worry about cooking, and ends up getting roped into hanging out. They sit in Yoongi's bed and continue playing Street Fighter together, eating pizza between battle rounds. Hoseok makes them both a cup of tea and returns to join Yoongi on the bed.

There's still somewhat an element of fooling around even just hanging out like this, found in the way they tease each other and the way Yoongi tries to kiss Hoseok's neck to distract him so he loses the round. It's just... Sex doesn't seem to be the main attraction anymore, not to the same extent. Hoseok doesn't mind this as much as he thinks he *ought* to, but he likes spending time with Yoongi. He's always liked spending time with Yoongi, in any capacity.

Deep down, he knows Yoongi doesn't see him as more than someone to get off with, but even so... He can't help the tiny flicker of hope

deep in his heart, whenever Yoongi laughs at him or shoves his shoulder, that maybe someday Yoongi might see him as something more than that.

After they finish the entire pizza, their teacups empty, Yoongi starts to lose interest in the game. He snaps Seokjin's 3DS shut, tossing the console down towards the foot of his bed as he stretches his arms up over his head with a groan. On the way back down, his hand drops down onto the nape of Hoseok's neck. "Hey," he says, playing with the ends of Hoseok's hair, twisting the strands between his fingertips. "You should kiss me."

"Oh?" Hoseok asks, closing his own 3DS and slipping it back into his bag beside Yoongi's bed. "Why's that?"

"Nobody here to catch us at it," Yoongi whispers, hand slipping to cup Hoseok's cheek and turn his head so their eyes can meet. Hoseok wets his lips and Yoongi's gaze drops, following the roll of Hoseok's tongue across his bottom lip. "Come on, Hoseok-ah. I'll be more careful this time. Trust me."

Hoseok narrows his eyes, but he crawls closer when Yoongi tugs at the collar of his shirt. He straddles Yoongi's hips and bends forward, careful to support himself over Yoongi's torso. Yoongi curls his hands around Hoseok's neck, pulling him down until their lips brush. Hoseok sucks in a breath, tilting his head and licking into Yoongi's mouth.

Yoongi hums, one hand sliding down Hoseok's back, following the length of his spine, and tucks his fingers into the back pocket of Hoseok's shorts. He doesn't squeeze, just rests his hand here on the swell of Hoseok's ass, a warm and comforting weight. They make out for several minutes, slow and lazy, and it feels so *good* to be close to each other again. It's so easy to lose themselves in this, in each other, like this.

The wetness of their lips smacking against each other rings in Hoseok's ears. "Hyung," he sighs into Yoongi's mouth, and Yoongi hums again, almost like a question. A tease. His fingers curl in Hoseok's pocket, fingertips digging into Hoseok's ass. All at once, Hoseok wishes there wasn't a barrier between them. His nails drag across Hoseok's nape, and the breath shudders out of Hoseok, his arms trembling. He drops down to his elbows, still hovering over Yoongi.

Tipping his head back, Yoongi deepens the kiss, sucking at the tip of Hoseok's tongue. He shifts on the bed, pushing up against Hoseok's

chest, and hisses out a pained breath when he pushes himself too far.

Fuck. "I should go," Hoseok says, sitting back on his heels.

Yoongi gazes up at him, eyes glimmering in the bedside table light and half-hidden behind heavy, sultry lids. His spit-slicked lips are pink and swollen, chest rising with each quickened breath. "Yeah," he says. "If you want."

Hoseok ducks down and kisses him again, wet and deep and filthy. He grinds his hips against Yoongi's and Yoongi makes a weak sound in the back of his throat, clutching at Hoseok's shoulders. "I'm going home," Hoseok breathes, nipping at Yoongi's bottom lip, catching it between his teeth and tugging gently. He lets go and slides off Yoongi's lap and off his bed. "I'll stop by again after work tomorrow with more leftovers. Don't forget to take your fuckin' pain meds and the antibiotic with the food I brought for you, alright."

Yoongi bites his lip, sucking it into his mouth. "Yeah," he mumbles around it, voice rough, his hands curled in the sheets. He lets go of his lip, popping back out of his mouth looking even more inviting. "Okay. Whatever you say."

Standing beside the bed, Hoseok looks down at Yoongi, who pouts right back up him with a semi pushing against the confines of his sweatpants. Hoseok almost feels bad for leaving him high and dry like this, but he has to. He doesn't want to risk Yoongi ripping his stitches, internal or external. It's for the best. Fuck, but it's hard to say no to that face.

"Listen," Hoseok says, crouching down beside the bed. Yoongi's head turns on the pillow, his eyes tracking every movement. Hoseok licks his lips as he considers his options, a thrill of panic and arousal rustling through him in equal measure. "Listen," he says again, choosing his words carefully, "if you're good and let yourself heal..." He takes a deep breath, his hands trembling at his sides. "We can try double penetration, like you keep asking me for."

Yoongi perks up considerably. "Really? Because you'd look so hot with two cocks stuffed in you, I'm just saying."

Hoseok's gut swoops at the thought. "Shut up, I know," he makes himself say, and he reaches across the bed to ruffle Yoongi's hair. He gets to his feet and edges around the bed to start walking towards the door. "Good night, hyung," he says without looking back, but before he's out of sight from where Yoongi's lying.

He hears Yoongi reply, "Good night, Hoseok-ah," and keeps moving forward. Hoseok stuffs his feet into his shoes and pulls on his coat, preparing himself for the long, lonely journey back home.

Chapter End Notes

heeeeey guys. popping in real quick with a lil update and a note that i won't be updating this fic again for a while. again, i repeat: this fic is not abandoned! i'm just working on other projects for a while. i'll come back to it when i can! please be patient with me! thanks, love u!

that aside WOW i can't believe this fic finally reached 1000 comments??? that's absolutely bonkers? thank you so much for sharing your thoughts with me and letting me know what you think or even if you like what i'm doing! it means the world to me, and helps encourage me to improve and try new things and to write more for you! i also can't believe this fic is so close to 500 (public) bookmarks, i'm totally blown away. thank you, guys. i love you.

first | timeline | mix

dreams

Chapter Notes

takes place in late-march, after their second anniversary.

nothing to warn for, i don't think? it's just porn, idk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi doesn't glance up from his books when he feels and hears Hoseok drop down beside him on the couch with a heavy sigh. "Rough day?" he asks, reaching for one of his highlighters to mark an important passage.

In response, Hoseok only flops over sideways, patting at Yoongi's elbow with his fingertips until Yoongi catches the hint and lifts his arm. He rests with his head pillowed on Yoongi's thigh, eyes tearing at the corners as he yawns. Yoongi's lips twitch. He sets his highlighter down in favour of running his fingers through Hoseok's hair and scratches a bit at Hoseok's scalp, biting down hard on his bottom lip to smother a smile at the indecent sound that produces from Hoseok's mouth.

"Ah, hyung, that's so nice," Hoseok groans. He looks exhausted. With the beginning of an upcoming dance workshop only a few short days away, he's been so busy with preparations and meetings with other choreographers that Yoongi's hardly seen him for the past week and a half. "You don't mind if I nap here a bit before I go to dance practice tonight, do you?"

"Nah," Yoongi replies, tucking a wayward strand of hair behind Hoseok's ear and smiling as Hoseok all but nuzzles his head into the palm of Yoongi's hand. "Do you need me to set an alarm for you, or —?" His voice tapers off to nothing as Hoseok shakes his head, his eyelids drooping already.

"No," Hoseok murmurs. "It's okay, I've already got one set for a couple hours from now." Yoongi's eyes flick up to spy Hoseok's phone sticking out from the pocket of his coat flung across the foot of their bed.

Hoseok butts his head against Yoongi's hand, startling him into stroking through his fine, soft hair, and Hoseok hums. His fingers curl in the loose fabric of Yoongi's sweatpants, his breath evening out as gentle strokes of Yoongi's fingers send him off to sleep.

Yoongi spends another few moments brushing his fingertips down along the nape of Hoseok's neck and over his shoulder. His hand comes to a halt at the dip of Hoseok's waist, the slope of his side the perfect resting height for his arm. He tilts his textbook up on the couch cushion and continues studying.

An indeterminate amount of time passes, interrupted only by Hoseok rolling over onto his back with a soft sigh and sleeping on. Yoongi changes position, his hand sliding up to rest on Hoseok's chest instead. He takes up his highlighter once again, scanning through his notes and underlining the appropriate passages.

He startles when he hears Hoseok whisper his name. Did he wake up? Yoongi glances over, but Hoseok's still fast asleep, his breathing slow and deep. Shaking his head, Yoongi smiles. He brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, careful to keep his touch feather-light so he doesn't wake him too early.

Hoseok settles at the touch of Yoongi's hand, breathing out another sigh and stilling without another sound. Yoongi keeps brushing through Hoseok's hair. He enjoys the feeling of those silky strands slipping between his fingers, in basking in Hoseok's warmth and in indulging that sweet, soft little curl of satisfaction low in his gut that he gets every time Hoseok falls asleep on him like this.

Yoongi returns to studying, eager to finish reviewing his notes before his upcoming unit test later in the week. He loses track of time once more until Hoseok stirs a second time, shifting on the cushion.

Looking up from his notes, Yoongi sees a pink flush colouring Hoseok's cheeks, his eyelids fluttering, his breathing quickening. Sweat glistens at his temples and his hands curl into fists as he gasps out Yoongi's name again, something higher and breathier. Yoongi's eyes follow the blush from Hoseok's face, down his throat, and across his heaving chest beneath the loose tank top he's wearing. He's got a white-knuckled grip on the couch cushion beneath him, and a hard-on tenting his sweatpants. Oh. *Oh*.

Yoongi moves his hand back to Hoseok's hair, stroking through. Turning, he cups Hoseok's jaw with his other hand, thumb stroking his cheek and catching at the corner of his mouth with his thumbnail. "Hoseok-ah," he whispers, and again, louder, when Hoseok does not respond. His hand slides further down, fingertips trailing along Hoseok's neck, to grip his shoulder and shake him. "Hoseok-ah, wake up."

Hoseok stirs, his head turning on Yoongi's thigh. The tip of his nose grazes Yoongi's hip and he inhales deep. His eyes blink open and he looks up at Yoongi with a sweet, soft little smile. Yawning, he stretches out a bit on the couch. He doesn't seem to have realized yet.

"Hey," he says, rubbing a hand over his eyes and pushing further up into Yoongi's lap, a lazy grin stretching across his face. "What'd you wake me up for?"

Yoongi leans over, just enough to trail his hand along Hoseok's side, all the way down to pluck at the waistband of his pants. Hoseok flinches as the elastic grazes his cock, his hips pushing up as if trying to reach Yoongi's hand. His hands jerk up to cover himself out of reflex. The red flush blooms back to life in his cheeks and Yoongi just takes a moment to stare down at him, committing the shade to memory.

"Nothing, just this," Yoongi says, licking his lips. "Didn't want you to make a mess in your pants when it's my turn for laundry duty again." He pauses for dramatic effect, watching the way Hoseok squirms a bit under his attention. "Good dream, I guess?"

The blush in Hoseok's cheeks deepens into one of Yoongi's favourite colours, a sheepish smile quirking up the corners of his mouth. "Not bad," he answers, curling his hand over his cock through his sweatpants. "Are you planning to give me a hand with this, then, hyung?"

Well. There's an idea, Yoongi supposes. He didn't have much planned beyond waking Hoseok up before he came in his pants and made a mess. "Go get the lube for me," he says softly, "and strip down."

As Hoseok stumbles off the couch, Yoongi bookmarks his place in his textbooks with loose pages of notes and sets them aside on the floor. He gets to his feet, stretching out his arms and moving around a bit before dropping back into place. He spreads his thighs further apart and braces his arm along the back of the couch, waiting.

Hoseok doesn't put on much of a show. He all but shimmies out of his loose dance clothes with a single-minded determination as he walks towards the bed. He scrambles across the mattress to get the little bottle of lube they stash on the bedframe shelf on Yoongi's side of the bed.

Yoongi watches Hoseok's cute butt wave around in the air and something glints between his cheeks, a flash of silver sparkle. When

did he—? A fond smile stretches across Yoongi's face. He knows what he's going to do now.

Wiggling back across the bed, Hoseok gets his feet back under him. His eyes are alight with excitement as he turns back around, a broad smile beaming across his face. He walks closer, the lube bottle and a condom clutched in his hand and comes to a halt beside the couch. His cock has softened somewhat since he woke, but not as much as Yoongi would've expected. He *wants* this.

"What do you have in mind?" he asks.

Yoongi pats his thigh invitingly. "Lie back down, Hoseok-ah," he murmurs.

Some of the excitement deflates Hoseok somewhat, a small frown taking place of his smile. "Okay, hyung..." he says, a little confused, but he does as Yoongi asks. He settles on the couch beside Yoongi, hissing as the cooled faux-leather meets his naked skin, and he lies back with his head pillowed on Yoongi's thigh. Blinking up at Yoongi, a smile stretches back across Hoseok's face, like he can't even help it. "Now what?"

"When did you put the plug in?" Yoongi asks, brushing his fingers through Hoseok's hair again.

Hoseok's eyelids flutter at the touch. He tilts his head to the side with a soft sound escaping his lips. "When I showered a few hours ago after my last dance class," he murmurs, his hand sliding up over his own chest. "There wasn't any reason, I didn't think I'd even see you today —" he blinks up at Yoongi, a smile creeping back across his face. "Lucky me."

Yoongi smiles back at him, scratching behind his ear and grinning broader as Hoseok lets out a low curse in response. "How much would you need to be stretched if I take that plug out?" he asks next.

"Ah," Hoseok says, lips twitching into a frown for a moment as he considers. "It is smaller than what you've seen me use before," he answers after a thoughtful pause. "I was feeling sensitive earlier and didn't think I could handle a bigger one... Anyway," he says, his eyes sparkling, "I like it best when you finger me first, hyung."

Fuck. Reaching out, Yoongi takes the lube from Hoseok's loose hold and pumps some out onto his fingertips. He spreads it across his fingers with his thumb, warming it. "You're going to tell me about the

dream you were having," he says, keeping his voice low and soft.

Hoseok's breathing picks up, and Yoongi fights a losing battle against himself to keep from smiling. He wets his lips, still staring up at Yoongi, his mouth falling open.

Yoongi thumbs at his bottom lip with his clean hand and Hoseok's tongue darts out to taste his skin. Yoongi lets himself smile again, sweet and warm. "I'm going to stroke you off," he continues. "If you tell me a really *good* story, hyung might fuck you after."

Hoseok's breath hitches. "Okay."

He keeps his touch light, slicked fingertips ghosting across the head of Hoseok's cock. He curls his fingers around the shaft, bringing him back to full hardness. Hoseok gasps again, tipping his hips up towards Yoongi's hand. He rubs his tongue across the pad of Yoongi's thumb still lingering at the corner of his mouth with more intention, his eyes heavy-lidded as he stares up at Yoongi. Yoongi strokes down the side of Hoseok's neck, rubbing at his shoulder. his muscles are tense, tight with stress.

The longer Hoseok goes without speaking, the softer and slower Yoongi's hands become, until he stops touching Hoseok at all, arms resting on the arm of the couch and the back cushions. He waits.

"Hyung—" Hoseok begins, but his mouth snaps shut when Yoongi just raises his eyebrows at him in response. Sighing, Hoseok lets his eyes flutter closed, his head tipping back on Yoongi's thigh. "Fine then," he says, moving his hand towards himself. He peeks an eye open when Yoongi makes no move to stop him.

"You can touch yourself all you want," Yoongi says. Hoseok's eyes pop open. "I won't touch you, though. I'll just watch."

Hoseok's mouth falls open in surprise. "Well, as much as I love giving you a good show, hyung," he says, "I'd much rather have you participating." Yoongi's gut swoops. Hoseok wets his lips, taking a deep breath. "Look, I don't... I don't remember a lot of the details of the dream." His hands move back to rest at his sides, and he keeps his eyes closed.

"I think it started with us in the backseat of some van... It was night, very quiet. We weren't alone, there were a few other people in the car with us, but it was too dark for me to make out any faces. I knew you were there with me, though, you were right beside me, hyung." He

squirms a bit, spreading his thighs and tipping his hips up somewhat, as if searching for some friction. "At some point, the van pulled in at a rest stop and everyone but the two of us got out for food or to use the bathroom or both, whatever."

He takes a deep breath. Yoongi catches his bottom lip between his teeth, still waiting. "As soon as those doors shut behind those other people," Hoseok continues after a pause, "your hand slid into my pants." At this, Yoongi rubs the tips of his fingers over Hoseok's cock, smiling as Hoseok's breath catches in the back of his throat.

"You had your head on my shoulder," Hoseok says. His voice hasn't changed much from Yoongi's teasing touches, not yet, but there's a beautiful edge to it that Yoongi relishes. "Your breath was so warm on the side of my neck, sent shivers down my spine— ah—"

Hoseok licks his lips, hips lifting off the couch as Yoongi drags his palm down the sensitive underside of Hoseok's cock. "*Fuck*, hyung— you started whispering to me, that you'd been waiting to do this since before we even got in the car, that you'd been wanting to do this *all day*, that you—" Yoongi grazes his fingers over Hoseok's balls and Hoseok's sentence breaks off with a soft moan, his thighs falling apart even more. "You said you wanted to get down on your knees and suck me off, you kept asking me over and over again if I'd like that... You wanted to know if I thought I could come in your mouth before everyone else returned, hyung."

Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair and curls his other hand around Hoseok's cock, squeezing him once. He can feel his own cock starting to stiffen and is at once abruptly grateful he opted to swap his tight skinny jeans for a pair of Hoseok's baggy sweatpants the moment he got home. Hoseok blinks his eyes open, tipping his head back on Yoongi's thigh as he meets Yoongi's gaze with a gasp.

"Fuck, I— I started to say something stupid, like," he exaggerates his dialect with a lower voice, "'*There's one way to find out*,' when I noticed movement out the window. The other passengers in the car were coming back. I hissed out your name and slapped your hand away," Hoseok says, and Yoongi can't help grinning. "I turned away from you and curled up under my coat, pretending to be asleep so nobody would see my pants open. You just nuzzled up against me, using me as a pillow. It was so scary, almost getting caught."

Hoseok frowns. "I don't remember what happened next, but we were driving again. It was even quieter than before. You got your hand

back into my pants and started— ah," he gasps, eyelids fluttering as Yoongi keeps stroking his hair and rubbing his cock at the same time. "Fuck, you kept teasing me, trying to keep me hard, focused on this and what we both wanted... wanted so much." Yoongi jerks him a little harder and Hoseok cries out, his nails digging into the cushion beside his hips. "Fuck, hyung, *fuck*, please—"

Yoongi rubs his palm across Hoseok's balls again, his fingers curled loosely at the base of Hoseok's cock. God, Hoseok's so *beautiful* like this, every inch of his body on display. The blush on his cheeks has spread down his chest, his golden skin just starting to glisten with sweat at his temples. His cock is hard and pulses in Yoongi's hand, flushed a deep red.

"I just— fuck," Hoseok gasps, "I tried not to make a sound, but it was so— so hard, hyung. You made me feel so good, you *always* make me —"

He breaks off again as Yoongi's fingers slip further down to trace the edge of the plug stretching out Hoseok's rim. "Please," he whimpers out, his hand shooting out to curl around Yoongi's wrist, keeping his hand there between his legs. He stares up at Yoongi for a moment, his mouth hanging open.

"...Then the dream changed," he goes on. "Next thing I knew I was sprawled out on my back in a bed." Yoongi pushes on the plug, pushing it deeper into Hoseok's body, and does his best to comfort Hoseok through a shuddering moan. "I didn't recognize the room, but it felt... kind of like home. There were shelves of toys and bears on the walls, quiet and well-lit. We both were still so quiet, but it felt... different, this time. More like it was because we wanted to be, than out of fear of getting caught."

Hoseok swallows hard and licks his lips, still looking up into Yoongi's eyes, not looking away for even a second. "It was ours, we weren't trying to put on any show. It felt... It was perfect, hyung. All I could think about was how much I love you."

Yoongi's heart does a funny little tumble in his chest. He brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, bending down to press their mouths together briefly, and Hoseok breathes into Yoongi's mouth. His other hand curls in the front of Yoongi's shirt, keeping him close, back arching up off the couch as Yoongi goes back to stroking his cock.

"Was that all?" Yoongi whispers, nipping at Hoseok's bottom lip. "That

wasn't what got you so worked up, was it?"

Shaking his head, Hoseok's eyes go a little hazy as he meets Yoongi's stare. His spit-slick lips glisten in the light from the bedside lamp nearby as he catches his bottom lip between his teeth. "No," he says, lip popping from his mouth with the word. "No, there was more," he says, his voice gone a little rougher, more strained as Yoongi rubs his palm across the head of his cock.

"You kept teasing me, kept saying we had all the time in the world... A part of me knew that wasn't *really* true, but I wanted to believe it." He tightens his hold on Yoongi's wrist, nails digging into his skin as he fucks up into Yoongi's hand. "You got me to roll over and moved up between my legs. At first, I didn't know what you were going to do, you just kept kissing my back... I don't know, I thought maybe you'd give me a massage or something?" He looks up at Yoongi through his lashes. "Can you guess what you did instead?"

"Tell me," Yoongi breathes. He lets go of Hoseok's cock and it slaps wetly against Hoseok's belly. Hoseok tenses up, his eyes slipping shut. Yoongi reaches out for the bottle of lube, slicking his fingers up again before grazing his hand over Hoseok's cock again. He brushes his other hand through Hoseok's hair, ducking down to kiss his forehead, and Hoseok relaxes once more. "Tell me, babe."

Hoseok lets out a shuddery exhale. "You kissed down my back and rubbed my thighs and my ass, like that time you surprised me in Ulsan... It felt so good, I almost melted into the mattress..." He keeps his eyes closed, pushing his hips up into Yoongi's twisting grasp. "When you ate me out, you started so slowly."

Yoongi's gut clenches. "Oh, fuck," he mutters, and Hoseok's eyes open, a smug smile stretching across his face.

"You went so slowly at first," Hoseok continues after a moment, still smiling up at Yoongi. "Just spent what felt like *hours* rubbing your tongue over me and sucking at my rim until I was wet and dripping, ready for more, hyung. I tried to hide my face in the blankets to try and stay quiet, but it felt so good. Anytime I tipped my hips up to your mouth, you'd push forward even more, your hands clamped on my thighs so hard I knew there'd be bruises later. You were so fucking good to me. You're always so fucking good to me."

A pleased little thrill rustled down Yoongi's spine. He lets his hand drop from Hoseok's cock, slipping back down to get a grip on the

handle of the plug. "Sounds like something I'd do," he says. Fuck, he hasn't eaten Hoseok out in... God, has it been more than six months ago already? He has to do that more often, clearly. As he works the plug free, Hoseok's back arches, hand clapped over his mouth to stifle a moan. "You doing okay?" he asks. "Need a break?"

Hoseok shakes his head with a gasp, his eyes shut. He takes a moment to catch his breath, his hand clenched in the cushion beside his hips. "You— you sat back and smacked both hands down on my ass, the smack *ringing* in the quiet of the room." He wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue, a full-body shiver rolling through him as the plug slips out. "Fuck," he sighs. "I yelped out your name, half-muffled with my face buried in the mattress, so you did it again. Harder."

Yoongi sets the plug aside and grabs the lube, slicking up his fingers again before slipping one into Hoseok's body. Hoseok gasps, clenching down on Yoongi's finger for a moment before relaxing. "Fuck, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi mutters, slipping two fingers in and biting down hard on his bottom lip as Hoseok moans. His cock is so hard now it almost *aches*. "Fuck, how do you want me to fuck you? Right here?" His hands are shaking.

"Yeah," Hoseok manages, somewhat faintly from behind his hand. "Fuck, hyung. I want to ride you. Can I?" He opens his eyes, blinking several times before he meets Yoongi's gaze. "Hyung, you—" he clears his throat. Yoongi fucks him a bit harder with his fingers. "Fuck— you spanked me again and then spread my cheeks apart and started eating me out again. Ah, *fuck*, hyung, yeah, just like that— you did it a couple times and it was so good, I didn't even know what to do with myself."

He tips his head back on Yoongi's thigh, rocking down to meet Yoongi's fingers even as Yoongi draws away to slip a third inside of him. "Ah, hyung, that's so good, *fuck me*, I— I could feel precome *dripping* down onto the bed in this huge messy patch on the blankets... You got your hand on me, stroked me off and ate me out at the same time. I felt so hot and tingly all over, it was all I wanted."

Yoongi raises his eyebrows at this, taking mental notes. The fact Hoseok enjoys spanking is a much more *recent* discovery, coming off their second anniversary only a few weeks ago. He's eager to explore that more, though. From the sounds of it, so is Hoseok. "I can do that," he says, fucking into Hoseok faster.

Hoseok's lips twist into a grin. "Good," he says. "I want you to." Yoongi

twists his fingers and his hips jerk, mouth falling open on another moan. "*Fuck*—" he gasps. "Hyung, in the dream you promised you'd fuck me, but just as you were about to, I fucking woke up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Yoongi murmurs. "Sounds like you were about to get the ride of your life." He keeps fucking into Hoseok with his fingers. Every few strokes, he drags his fingertips across Hoseok's prostate and watches the precome dribble out from Hoseok's cock, puddling on his stomach. The slick, wet sounds of the lube make Yoongi's gut clench. He wants to fuck Hoseok *now*. "I'll do my best to live up to your expectations."

Shuddering, Hoseok grips onto Yoongi's arm, rolling his hips down towards Yoongi's hand. He clenches down hard around Yoongi's fingers. "Fuck, hyung," he whimpers, his voice pitching a bit higher, more desperate. "The real thing's always better than anything I could dream up." His nails scrabble across Yoongi's shoulder, digging in but dulled by the layer of fabric between them. He clenches again. He's close. "Please, I—"

"Can you come like this?" Yoongi whispers, ducking down and kissing the corner of Hoseok's mouth. He keeps up the same pace and Hoseok's hips twitch down as he crooks his fingers. "Do you want this or do you want me to stroke you?"

"This," Hoseok manages to get out on a wail, and he tightens his grip on Yoongi's shoulder. "This is all I need, hyung, please— *please*—" His other hand slides down but he doesn't grab his cock. He catches hold of the back of his thigh, pulling his legs further apart, his head tipped back in Yoongi's lap as Yoongi plays with his hair. His hips buck upwards into nothing. "Fuck, I'm so—"

Hoseok comes with a startled cry, clenching down hard on Yoongi's fingers. His eyes shut tight, cock twitching as he stripes his skin with white. Yoongi keeps fucking him and brushing his hand through Hoseok's hair, easing him through it. Hoseok's chest heaves with each breath, his hands tightening and loosening their grip rhythmically in time with his hole around Yoongi's fingers.

"Fuck," Hoseok gasps as he comes back down from it, his voice gone rough. His thighs are still trembling. "Hyung, that was... *Fuck*."

"You did so well," Yoongi murmurs, ducking down to press a kiss to Hoseok's forehead. "You told me such a good story, and you kept going even when it was starting to get overwhelming." He pulls his

fingers out, and Hoseok shudders. "You did so well."

The flush in Hoseok's cheeks deepens as he lets out a squawk. He hides his face behind his hands. "Hyung," he whines, muffled into his palms. "Come on, you don't have to be so embarrassing about it—"

"No," Yoongi interrupts with a whisper. "I'm just telling the truth. Don't hide, Hoseok-ah. Look at me." After a moment, Hoseok parts his fingers just enough to peer up at Yoongi through the gaps. "Hey," Yoongi says, smiling, finger-combing through Hoseok's hair. "Was that good?" he whispers.

"...Yeah," Hoseok answers hoarsely, half-hidden behind his hands. after a moment he lowers them, rolling over onto his side to press his heated cheek into Yoongi's thigh. "Yeah, it was... It was good, hyung. It's always good." He clenches one of his hands in Yoongi's sweatpants, tugging at them. "take these off," he says, tilting his head to squint up towards Yoongi's face. "I want you."

Yoongi scratches behind Hoseok's ear. "Okay," he replies, hand dropping to Hoseok's shoulder and pushing at him. "Up." He waits as Hoseok grumbles under his breath, sitting up in slow increments, until Hoseok's moved out of the way. Getting to his feet, Yoongi starts to push at his clothes.

Hoseok reaches out, grazing his fingertips across any bared skin. He grips onto the edges of Yoongi's clothes, helping to strip away layers without moving himself overmuch. Yoongi turns towards him, faltering when Hoseok hisses out a breath.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Looks like it hurts," Hoseok replies. His fingers cup the head of Yoongi's cock, flushed dark and wet with precome already.

Yoongi's hips twitch towards Hoseok's hand, a shudder rustling down his spine. "A bit," he admits in a murmur. "You don't have to ride me if you don't want to—"

Hoseok shakes his head, looking up at Yoongi through his fringe. "I want. Trust me, I— I want, hyung." He licks his lips, his eyes dropping back down to Yoongi's cock. "More than anything."

Lowering himself back down, Yoongi angles his body towards the arm of the couch more than the back cushions to give Hoseok room to manoeuvre. Hoseok scoops up the bottle of lube from where Yoongi

left it. Yoongi helps Hoseok up to straddle his lap, pulling him close as Hoseok reaches behind himself, lining up Yoongi's cock with his hole and sinking down upon him.

"Oh, fuck," Yoongi groans out low, tipping his head back on the cushion. Hoseok's grinning when Yoongi manages to lift his heavy head back up just enough to look at him. His eyes sparkle from behind the fall of his hair. Yoongi curls his hands around Hoseok's thighs, gripping tightly as Hoseok swivels his hips and starts fucking himself down onto Yoongi's cock in earnest. Bracing his elbow on the couch, Yoongi pushes himself up for a kiss.

Hoseok licks deeper into Yoongi's mouth, one of his arms sliding around the nape of Yoongi's neck to keep him close enough to share a breath. "Hey," Hoseok gasps, nails digging into Yoongi's shoulder. "Thank you for looking after me," he whispers, tipping his head to the side and pressing his mouth right against Yoongi's ear. "Thank you for, ah— for loving me so much. You always seem to know exactly what I need, even before I do."

Yoongi clenches his eyes shut, tucking his head in Hoseok's shoulder, and he clings onto Hoseok as if his life depends on it.

After, they stay close together for several minutes, tangled and curled in towards each other as they try to catch their breath. Yoongi curls his arm tighter around Hoseok's waist, his mouth open and panting against Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok shudders with a soft moan as both Yoongi's cock and his fingers slide free from his body, his lips pressed to Yoongi's temple.

Yoongi pushes his fingers back into Hoseok's hole, thrusting in slow and careful, working the come and lube out of Hoseok's body. He swipes at the mess with his t-shirt. Hoseok whines, squirming in Yoongi's lap, still so sensitive. Yoongi kisses Hoseok's shoulder, murmuring praise under his breath until Hoseok settles against him once more.

A sudden loud sound blares to life behind them, and Hoseok startles so badly he nearly slips right out of Yoongi's lap. Yoongi tightens his grip around Hoseok, pulling him closer.

"Hyung," Hoseok whispers with a sighing laugh that's among the top ten most beautiful things Yoongi's heard in years, even barely audible over Hoseok's phone alarm. "Come on, it's back to the real world now."

"This is just as real," Yoongi replies, stubbornly refusing to let Hoseok

go. Not yet. He pushes his face into the crook of Hoseok's neck, licking a clean stripe through the sweat glistening on his collarbone. Hoseok squirms again, huffing out another laugh. His fingers curl into Yoongi's hair. "Don't leave."

Hoseok sighs again. He shifts, and Yoongi feels the warm puff of Hoseok's breath across the top of his head before Hoseok kisses him there.

"If I could stay, I would," Hoseok says. "Come on, hyung. You know I can't miss this meeting." Yoongi closes his eyes, digging his nails into Hoseok's skin. Hoseok gasps, his back arching as he rubs up against Yoongi's chest. "Fuck," he says, laughing again, and he pushes at Yoongi's hands, moving them away. "No, we don't have time for another round, stop it."

"I know that's a lie," Yoongi grumbles. "I could be quick." He chases after Hoseok, trying to pull him back down into his lap, but he's too fast.

Ducking in, Hoseok pecks Yoongi on the lips, quick. "I'll be back after midnight," he says. "Bet you won't even notice I'm gone, with all the studying you need to do."

Yoongi's eyes dart to the clock on their bedside table. It's only half-past six. He feels his bottom lip push out into a pout and doesn't even bother trying to hide it.

"I'll try to get out of it early if I can," Hoseok says, kissing Yoongi one final time before pulling back out of reach. "There're leftovers in the fridge," he adds, ducking down to scoop up his clothes. He stops by the bed, fishing out his phone and silencing the alarm.

"I guess," Yoongi sighs, still frowning. He tugs his sweatshirt back on over his head, crossing his arms over his chest. "...Promise you'll *try* to get out early?"

Hoseok looks up from his phone and smiles over at Yoongi. "Yeah," he says softly. "I promise, hyung."

Chapter End Notes

> hey hello, did u miss me. it's been a while, everything happens All At Once and i'm prob gonna disappear for another couple months, sorry (not that sorry)

030916 (morning)

Chapter Notes

> this takes place about two weeks after their not-cheating argument. warnings for blowjobs, some hair-pulling and a wee bit of face-fucking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok's still blearily poking at the rice in the pan with his chopsticks when Yoongi shuffles up beside him. He grunts at Yoongi in good morning. The corner of his mouth twitches as Yoongi gives a hoarse grunt in response. They stand side by side, with Hoseok cooking breakfast, and Yoongi measuring out careful spoonfuls of coffee grounds and adding water into the reservoir in the coffee maker.

After stumbling out of bed, Hoseok scooped up one of Yoongi's baggy black sweaters from where it lay crumpled on the foot of their bed. He pulled it on over his head on his way out the door while Yoongi, cursing under his breath, dealt with his morning alarm. Now joining Hoseok in the land of the living, Yoongi's wearing nothing but his boxers and a throw blanket from the couch slung over his head and shoulders like a cape.

While they wait, they trade sweet kisses back and forth, a bit clumsy and sleepy. Hoseok discovers a patch of dried toothpaste foam at the corner of Yoongi's mouth between frying up the rice and cooking their omelets. It's adorable.

Hoseok plates up their breakfast, carefully setting the omelets over the rice and tucking in the edges like making up a neat, fluffy bed. As soon as he sets the heavy frying pan back down on the stovetop, Yoongi's fingers curl through the loose knit of the sweater Hoseok's wearing. He opens up the blanket, enveloping Hoseok inside it with him, his arms sliding around Hoseok's waist and jerking him closer. Hoseok huffs out a laugh, cupping Yoongi's cheek in his palm as their lips meet. They make out slow and lazy and easy, humming proper greetings into each other's mouths while they wait for the coffee to finish brewing.

As the machine burbles and rumbles to a halt, beeping at their elbows, they pull away from each other with a great reluctance. Hoseok's skin tingles with beard burn from Yoongi's still unshaven cheeks. He likes

it.

They sit on opposite counters in the kitchen to eat and drink their coffee, not speaking much, slowly waking as early morning sunlight filters through the window blinds. Hoseok finishes first, stacking his plate in the sink. It's Yoongi's turn to do the breakfast dishes, anyway. He pecks Yoongi's cheek while Yoongi grumbles half-heartedly, and Hoseok smiles as he makes his way to the bathroom to wash up.

After a few minutes (there was only a handful of things to clean), Yoongi follows. Hoseok listens as he brushes his teeth, still grumbling away in a voice too low to hear over the hiss of the shower. He smiles anyway, ducking his head back under the shower to wet his hair.

The curtain rattles as Yoongi pulls it aside. He steps into the tub, coming up behind Hoseok and pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade. He helps wash Hoseok's back and runs his fingers through the shampoo suds in Hoseok's hair, scrubbing at his scalp. Hoseok's eyes flutter shut and he tips his head back on Yoongi's shoulder with a pleased little moan.

"Hey," he sighs.

"Hey, yourself," Yoongi mutters against Hoseok's cheek before kissing him there. "Move your ass, I'm cold."

Finished rinsing off, Hoseok shifts back out of the way so Yoongi can take a turn beneath the spray. He reaches up to wash Yoongi's back. Eased by the soap, he seeks out any tight muscles and knots he feels bunched up under Yoongi's skin. Yoongi sighs, letting his head hang heavy.

Hoseok lets his hands slip further down, rubbing at the top of Yoongi's ass and his hips, and moving down even further, washing between his cheeks. He pushes between Yoongi's spread thighs to play with his balls and cock. He's not hard, soft and almost vulnerable in Hoseok's hand.

Yoongi tips his head back onto Hoseok's shoulder, tilting his head to kiss Hoseok's neck. "You know we don't have time, Hoseok-ah," he says, his voice a low, meandering rumble.

"We have *some* time," Hoseok replies, stroking up Yoongi's stomach and chest with his other hand to thumb at a nipple. Yoongi makes a weak sound, and Hoseok can feel his cock starting to stiffen. Hoseok smiles. He drops his voice, adopting a huskier tone, "It's your birthday

after all, hyung. Let me take care of you."

"Kiss me, then," Yoongi breathes after a moment. Hoseok tips his head to oblige. After a moment, Yoongi turns in Hoseok's arms, sliding his hands up the length of Hoseok's back and pressing their lips back together. Hoseok sighs into Yoongi's mouth, letting his hands slip down to curl over Yoongi's ass and squeeze.

Neither of them have shaved yet, each preferring to wait for their skin to soften in the heat of the shower, so every kiss has more of a bite of friction to it. Sometimes, Hoseok likes it this way the best. This morning is one of those times. Yoongi presses a knee between Hoseok's thighs, grinding against his cock.

Yoongi's tongue rolls into Hoseok's mouth, slick and hot. Hoseok sucks at the tip of it, reveling in Yoongi's responding moan and how he presses in even tighter until there's nothing between them. Teeth close on Hoseok's bottom lip, a gentle tug, and Hoseok gasps for breath, his nails digging into Yoongi's hipbones. Yoongi's hardening cock twitches against Hoseok's thigh, and they grind against each other, breathing into each other's mouths.

Hoseok pushes Yoongi up against the shower wall. Yoongi's back arches up off the cold tile with a hissed breath, his nails digging into Hoseok's shoulders. "Okay?" Hoseok murmurs, mouthing at the side of Yoongi's neck.

"Okay," Yoongi sighs, curling a palm around Hoseok's neck and cupping his cheek in his other hand. "Kiss me," he repeats. "Hoseok-ah, kiss me."

Surging forward, Hoseok presses their lips back together. Yoongi huffs an amused, pleased sound into Hoseok's mouth, stroking his thumb across Hoseok's damp cheekbone. Hoseok rubs at Yoongi's cock, grinding against him and Yoongi shifts with a low groan rumbling in his chest as Hoseok sinks down before him.

The tub floor is unforgiving to his knees, but Hoseok doesn't let that dull twinge of discomfort stop him from leaning forward. He nuzzles against Yoongi's cock, pressing kisses along the shaft, keeping his touch light and soft. Loving. Yoongi makes a weak little noise, half-aborted and mangled in a way that almost sounds like Hoseok's name.

Hoseok smiles, licking at the head before letting his lips part and taking Yoongi's cock into his mouth. His eyes fall shut as Yoongi's cock stiffens and hardens against his tongue. He pushes himself further

even as Yoongi's cock lengthens and grows in his mouth. Despite his attempts, he still can't take all of Yoongi in yet, but he realizes with a swell of pride as his eyes prickle with tears, this is still more than he's ever been able to take before.

Breathing through his nose, Hoseok swallows around the head of Yoongi's cock. He puts all of his focus into making everything sound as wet and filthy as he possibly can, bobbing his head, spit dripping down his chin and onto his hand, twisting at the base of Yoongi's cock. With his eyes closed and his ears pricked, he picks up on all of Yoongi's low moans and bitten off curses even over the shower still running behind them.

Yoongi's hands brush through Hoseok's hair, gripping tight. Hoseok glances up through his lashes, pleased to see Yoongi staring down at him with his bottom lip caught between his teeth. He tries to muffle his low groans but the sound reverberates around, bouncing off the tile back to them, and Hoseok *loves* it.

He drops one of his hands to curl around himself, his own moans muffled around Yoongi's cock in his mouth. Hoseok tries to edge Yoongi a bit, backing off to breathe a few times as he starts to feel Yoongi getting close, as he hears Yoongi's tells. He swipes the back of his hand across his mouth. Yoongi's chest heaves, his knees shaking, one of his hands still tangled in Hoseok's hair at the back of his head.

"Good?" Hoseok asks after the third time, his voice gone a bit breathless and hoarse.

Yoongi swipes his tongue across his bottom lip, his hips twitching towards Hoseok's face. "Good," he grunts, his grip tightening in Hoseok's hair, just enough for Hoseok's breath to catch in the back of his throat. His back arches a bit, swaying back towards the swollen, glistening head of Yoongi's cock.

Well, he might as well finish what he started.

It is Yoongi's birthday, after all.

Though he's sure Yoongi would hold out for longer if their roles were reversed, Hoseok sucks Yoongi's cock back into his mouth, trying to take him in even further. He chokes but pushes through it, swiping his tongue along the underside. Yoongi's hips twitch, his moans getting a little more desperate, his thighs trembling.

"Ah, fuck, *babe*—" Yoongi gasps.

Hoseok pins him to the wall with both hands. He moans as Yoongi tugs at his hair, pulling him forward and then back, guiding him. His own orgasm catches him off guard, a choked moan as he takes Yoongi's cock even further into his throat. Yoongi tightens his grip on Hoseok's hair, tugging him back until the head rests on Hoseok's bottom lip just as he comes. A few strands spurt into Hoseok's mouth but the rest splatters across his cheek and chin, dripping off the edge of his face.

"Fuck," Hoseok gasps, trying to catch his breath, closing his eyes as Yoongi loosens his hold. A breath hisses out from between his teeth. Fuck, but the ache is a good one. "Haven't done that in a while."

Yoongi laughs, his knees trembling, and if it weren't for Hoseok holding him up he'd probably collapse into Hoseok's lap. He folds forward and Hoseok can feel Yoongi's huffed breaths against the back of his head before Yoongi kisses him there. He brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, almost like an apology for the rough treatment.

"Sorry," he murmurs, straightening up after a moment and trying to clean off Hoseok's face.

Hoseok laughs, squirming and whining as he just ends up getting soapy water in his eye. "Hyung," he complains.

"Stay still," Yoongi mutters, gripping Hoseok's chin a bit tighter. "I've almost got it all— *there*. you big baby."

"*Your* babe," Hoseok says, grinning as Yoongi rolls his eyes towards the ceiling. Hoseok wiggles a bit on the floor, straightening up as Yoongi tugs on his arms. He stumbles into Yoongi's chest, his sore knees knocking together. "Fuck," he mutters.

Yoongi pulls Hoseok close, kissing him on the mouth. "Thank you," he murmurs. Hoseok grins into the next kiss, smoothing his hands up and down Yoongi's back, skin chilled from the cold shower wall. "That was a good birthday present."

Hoseok bites his lip resisting the urge to tell Yoongi what else is in store. It would ruin the surprise. "I'm glad you liked it," he replies, just as soft.

They both yelp as the hot water abruptly ends, a sudden shock of lukewarm bordering on cold. Muttering a curse, Yoongi stumbles past Hoseok to shut off the stream. Hoseok sags against the wall with his hand clapped over his chest, hiccuping giggles hitching in his throat.

After they dry off, they take turns shaving beside the sink. Yoongi helps Hoseok with the one spot on his neck that he always seems to miss. Hoseok kisses Yoongi's freshly shaven skin, burying his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck and blowing raspberries until Yoongi manages to shove him away fully, pink-cheeked and breathless from laughing.

For a bit, they separate to prepare for their days. Yoongi has an early morning class. Hoseok doesn't have to leave for his dance class until later, but he'll need to be at the studio for a package delivery so he's heading out, too. That afternoon, he plans to meet Seokjin at a grocery store near the studio, to pick up a few important ingredients for Yoongi's birthday surprise.

They part ways outside their building with another kiss. Hoseok smacks Yoongi's ass as he pulls away. "See you tonight, hyung," he says, winking. Yoongi just rolls his eyes and tries to seem unaffected but Hoseok sees the way his mouth curves into a smile just before he turns away in a huff.

Chapter End Notes

> hey friends. this chapter was originally meant to be longer but you'll have to wait on it. i'll try to get it up soon, but i can't make any promises since i'll be babysitting all weekend. i will try, though! thank you for sticking with me. i hope you're all doing good.

first | timeline | mix

summer in gwangju, 2017

Chapter Notes

> hello friends, i give to you this humble offering of homegrown fluff with nothing to warn for. please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With great difficulty, Hoseok pushes himself up off the floor of his parents' living room. He turns his head towards his sister, sprawled out on the couch nearby, still dressed in her pyjamas. "Do you know where my boyfriend is?" he asks.

The last Hoseok had seen Yoongi was a few hours ago when he'd been playing with Dawon's dog in the yard while Hoseok had been helping his father in the garden. Mickey is now curled up at Dawon's feet on the couch, twitching paws accompanying his gentle snores as he dreams.

Dawon lobs a pillow at Hoseok's head. Hoseok ducks out of the way, and the pillow flops harmlessly onto the carpet behind him. "Last I saw him, he was heading upstairs," she replies, voice somewhat muffled into the couch cushion. "He looked kinda pale." She gives an inelegant snort of amusement. "Paler than usual, and that's saying something. You sure he's not a ghost?"

Ah. "Thanks, noona," he says, throwing the pillow right back at her. He misses, hitting the back of the couch behind her, instead. Fuck. "No, Yoongi's not a ghost, but I should go check on him anyway," Hoseok murmurs, getting to his feet. "He probably just needed to rest. He gets heat exhaustion so easily, and he was out in the sun for a while." He glances at the clock hanging above the television. It's ten to two. "Noona, when is Jieun coming, again?"

"Two," Dawon mumbles in response, nuzzling into the cushion. After a moment's pause, she sits up abruptly. "Wait, what time is it?"

"Nearly two," Hoseok replies, a bit amused as Dawon curses in response. "You should go make yourself presentable before your girlfriend gets here."

"What? She's not my—!" Dawon sputters, stumbling off the couch. Mickey startles awake with a wide, adorable yawn. He hops down to the carpeted floor, dancing circles around Dawon's feet and yipping as

she makes her way towards the stairs. "You keep your mouth shut, Hoseok-ah," she says. "She doesn't know I like her like that yet, and I'm not sure if I'm ready to tell her."

Hoseok smiles, ducking his chin. That sounds familiar. "I promise I won't say anything, noona." He tips his head up to watch his sister ascend the stairs with her little dog hot on her heels. "Good luck," he murmurs. "I hope it works out for you the way it did for me." He gives her a few moments' head start before following.

On the upper level of the house, he passes by his sister's room, grinning as he hears her thrashing around behind the closed door. He checks the bathroom as he passes, just to be safe, but he doesn't find Yoongi. After pausing for a quick shower to wash off the morning sun, he walks down to the end of the hall, pushing open the partially closed door of his own room.

As expected, Yoongi's sprawled out on his back in Hoseok's childhood bed, stripped down to a t-shirt and pair of sweatpants as he sleeps.

What a good idea. taking his lead, Hoseok steps out of his shorts and pulls off his t-shirt, moving forward. He climbs up onto the bed and on top of Yoongi. "Shh," he murmurs as Yoongi stirs, nuzzling his cheek against Yoongi's chest. He tugs the bedsheet up to cover his shoulders. "Go back to sleep, hyung."

Yoongi strokes clumsy, sleep-warm fingers through Hoseok's damp hair, lulling him to sleep with the sound of a steady heartbeat and slow, deep breaths.

Hoseok wakes some indeterminate amount of time later, comfortable and refreshed. Yoongi's still combing through Hoseok's hair with his fingers. Tilting his head up, he smiles to see Yoongi awake, reading something on his phone. Sighing, Hoseok rubs his cheek against Yoongi's chest. "Hey," he says, still a bit hoarse from sleep.

"Your mom came looking for you," Yoongi replies without looking away from his phone. He taps at something. "She wanted to know what you wanted for dinner. I said bibim naengmyeon."

"Of course you did," Hoseok says with a laugh interrupted by a yawn.

He settles back against Yoongi's chest, his eyelids heavy. He's so *warm*, a pleasing contrast to the otherwise over-air-conditioned room. Yoongi's fingers slip down to stroke along the nape of Hoseok's neck, and his eyelids droop even further in response. He could fall back

asleep like this, sleep the rest of the day away, nestled here.

Well. Maybe tomorrow, before they head back to Seoul, but not today. Today, Hoseok thinks there's a much better use of their time.

"Hyung," he murmurs, rocking his and Yoongi's bodies from side to side on the mattress. "Hey, hyung."

Yoongi only grunts in response, and when Hoseok glances back up at him, he's still looking at his phone. "What."

"You should pay attention to me," Hoseok says. "We've got the afternoon all to ourselves, you know."

"Do we?" Yoongi murmurs, tracing his nails in patterns across the nape of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok shivers. It almost feels like words, but Hoseok can't seem to make himself focus enough to decipher the code. "I'm feeling pretty comfortable just like this, though."

Hoseok pushes up off Yoongi's body, rising on hands and knees above him. Yoongi doesn't look away from his phone screen, even as his hand drops to the bed with a *thump*. Hoseok pouts. "Hey," he says again. Moving forward, he bends back down, brushing his lips over Yoongi's stubbled jaw and down the side of his throat. "Hyung," he whispers into Yoongi's skin. "Pay attention to me."

Yoongi turns his head at last, catching Hoseok's mouth with his. He drops his phone, both hands coming up to curl in Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok sinks back down to straddle Yoongi's hips. the tired, old, metal bedframe creaks, broadcasting their every movement. That's familiar, too.

It's sweet at first, Hoseok smiling against Yoongi's mouth and wiggling in his lap. Yoongi nips at Hoseok's bottom lip, one of his hands continuing to slide down Hoseok's bare back, gripping his ass through his underwear. His tongue slips into Hoseok's mouth and Hoseok lets out an embarrassingly needy noise, his hands clenching in the front of Yoongi's t-shirt.

Yoongi huffs a laugh more breath than sound, their lips slick and smacking as they part. He tilts his head, licking deeper into Hoseok's mouth, soft and wet. Hoseok gasps, and Yoongi sucks at the tip of Hoseok's tongue.

Hoseok cups Yoongi's jaw in his palms and kisses him again and again, rolling his hips in little circles, first down into Yoongi's lap and then

back into his hands. Yoongi hums, a pleased sound, his lip caught between Hoseok's teeth. Hoseok sucks at the flesh for a moment before releasing him, his fingers sliding back into Yoongi's hair to tip his head back and deepen the next kiss.

Gasping, Yoongi slides his hand down Hoseok's back from his hair, his fingernails skimming across Hoseok's skin. His other hand tightens and loosens its grip on Hoseok's ass, almost absent-minded. His breath is hot, damp and close, flaring across Hoseok's cheek.

They roll over onto their sides facing each other, their legs tangled. The bedframe creaks with the movement. Yoongi's hand is still curved over Hoseok's ass and he plays with the bottom hem of Hoseok's boxers, pushing and bunching the fabric up until he gets his fingers on bare skin. He hitches Hoseok's leg up even higher, curling around his hip. Hoseok gasps into Yoongi's mouth, his grip tightening in Yoongi's hair.

Yoongi smiles into the next kiss. He drags his tongue over Hoseok's parted lips, the tip flicking at his cupid's bow. His hands shift, gripping Hoseok's hips fully, and he pushes Hoseok over onto his back before climbing up on top of him. The old bedframe shakes, springs in the mattress squeaking.

Inwardly, Hoseok knows they can't hide out in this room for the rest of the day, much as he'd like to. Still, he curls his legs tighter about Yoongi's hips, pulling him closer. His hands slip up underneath the hem of Yoongi's shirt and Yoongi arches forward into Hoseok's chest. He cups Hoseok's jaw in his hand, nipping at his bottom lip.

The bedframe gives the occasional protesting creak of complaint as they move and shift against each other. Hoseok sighs, tipping his head up to meet Yoongi's mouth again. He wraps his arms around Yoongi's waist beneath his baggy t-shirt, pleased by the weight of Yoongi pinning him down to the mattress.

His bed. His old bed. So many years' worth of memories were made here. Why not one more? Yoongi's lips drift, catching Hoseok's jaw, and he nuzzles into the side of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok gasps for breath, his lips tingling. "You know," he murmurs, slow and meandering, "I lost my virginity in this bed. Both times."

"Oh?" Yoongi murmurs, nipping at Hoseok's throat. Hoseok's breath catches. He tilts his head further to the side. Yoongi takes the hint and keeps kissing his neck.

Hoseok hums in reply, pulling one arm out from under Yoongi's shirt to smooth fingers through Yoongi's hair. "My first girlfriend and I had sex in this bed one night when my parents were away on holiday for the weekend," he whispers, grinning as Yoongi huffs an amused laugh into his skin. "And then my hyung, the one I told you about from my dance school, he fucked me here a few months later. I—"

Yoongi sucks a bruise under Hoseok's collarbone, his teeth digging Hoseok's skin. The breath skitters out of Hoseok's lungs on a shuddering exhale, his legs tightening around Yoongi's hips. "Ah, *fuck*, hyung, I—" he gasps. He curls his arm around the nape of Yoongi's neck, ducking his chin and kissing his temple.

"Hyung," he whispers, rocking his hips up against Yoongi's weight pinning him down. "I kind of— I kind of want you to fuck me here, too. Is that... Is that weird?"

"A bit," Yoongi murmurs, huffing a laugh across Hoseok's spit-damp skin. Hoseok shivers, his cheeks warming. "I will if you want me to, though," Yoongi says softly, lifting his head to meet Hoseok's gaze. Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his palm, and the corner of his mouth quirks into a stupidly attractive smirk. "I've always known you were weird." Hoseok squirms under Yoongi, his cheeks growing even hotter. "I like it."

Yoongi tips his head, leaning in and catching Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok sighs into the kiss, letting his hand slip back down the length of Yoongi's spine, curving over his ass and squeezing. Yoongi huffs a laugh, warm, damp air puffing against Hoseok's chin, and Hoseok smiles, blinking his eyes open to see Yoongi smiling down at him.

"Hey," Hoseok murmurs, squeezing Yoongi's ass cheek again. "You know, this ass really is my favourite."

"Shut up," Yoongi says with another little laugh, his eyes sparkling.

"Make me," Hoseok replies, grinning wide, letting his other arm slide down so he can properly grip both cheeks in his palms. "Anyway, what's not to love? Your ass is just so soft but still perky, and fits so perfectly in my hands—"

Yoongi interrupts him with a kiss and Hoseok makes a muffled, pleased sound in response. He pulls Yoongi's hips down to meet him as he rolls up off the bed, grinding together. Yoongi makes a soft sound, his hands curling around the backs of Hoseok's thighs under his boxers and spreading his legs even further apart. His hips undulate,

slow and mindful, and Hoseok lets out a rough, low moan. His nails dig into Yoongi's ass through his sweatpants, and Yoongi does it again, pressing against Hoseok's ass even harder.

"Hold on," Hoseok gasps, legs tightening around Yoongi even more, "Hyung, I didn't mean fuck me right *now*."

Yoongi laughs again, ducking his head and kissing Hoseok's neck. "No, you couldn't be quiet if your life depended on it, could you?"

"Not even a little," Hoseok murmurs, tipping his head back on the pillow with a little whine. "Hyung, *fuck*." Yoongi grins against the side of Hoseok's throat, teeth bared like all he wants to do is bite down. A shudder rolls down Hoseok's spine and he bucks up against Yoongi even harder, the bedframe squeaking with the force of it. "Oh, but please, *please*— I want it—"

A knock at the door makes them both freeze. Hoseok stares up at the ceiling, eyes wide. His arms and legs clamp down tight on Yoongi, muscles tense. He doesn't even dare *breathe*. Did someone hear him—?

"Hey, mom told me to come tell you dinner's ready," Dawon calls through the door.

They hear her footsteps down the hall as she walks away and Yoongi drops down onto Hoseok so hard, so fast, all the breath wheezes out of Hoseok's lungs in a rush. Groaning, Yoongi buries his face in the side of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok struggles to breathe, still clinging to Yoongi tightly. "I thought we were about to get caught," Yoongi whispers. "You're so *noisy*."

Hoseok huffs out a breathless laugh, rolling over onto his side and shoving Yoongi away. "It's not my fault," he replies, sitting up with a groan. "You make me feel good, I can't even help it." Smirking up at Hoseok, Yoongi tucks both hands behind his head. "Yeah, yeah," Hoseok murmurs, pinching Yoongi's side. "Don't let your ego get too big. Come on, let's go. I'm hungry and they're not gonna wait for us."

Squirming, Yoongi lets out a bark of laughter that Hoseok might almost classify as a *cackle*. He slaps at Hoseok's hand, tangling their fingers together and pulling Hoseok closer. "Kiss me one more time before we go down, then."

Hesitating just long enough for Yoongi to start to pout, Hoseok rolls over on top of Yoongi, straddling his hips once again. He smiles and leans in close, brushing his lips over Yoongi's, his hands braced on the

mattress at either side of Yoongi's head. It's a soft kiss, sweet.

Yoongi smiles against Hoseok's mouth, reaching up and brushing his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "Okay, we can go now."

Hoseok laughs, kissing Yoongi once more for good measure, before rolling off him and off the bed. He holds out a hand, and Yoongi takes it, lets Hoseok pull him to his feet. His hair stands on end in cute little tufts. Reaching out, Hoseok finger-combs Yoongi's hair back into place, smoothing out the wayward strands.

"There," Hoseok says, ducking in and pecking the tip of Yoongi's nose, grinning as Yoongi's nose wrinkles in response. He moves around Yoongi, ducking down to pick up his clothes off the floor and redressing. "Now we can go."

Chapter End Notes

> i'll get the second half of this chapter up when i can, but knowing me it'll probably be a while. i hope you're doing well.

first | timeline | mix

summer in gwangju (part two), 2017

Chapter Notes

warnings for ?? sex in the middle of the night where family members could hear, rimming/felching, come eating and face fucking. mmyep.

huge thanks to amelia and to leah for your help/support with this chapter. i prob wouldn't have finished without you ♥

in the middle of the night, just wanna be your darling
running by your side, let me play along
look into your eyes, see the love we're born in
hear your heart so sweetly beat, just wanna sing its song
(love stained by tv on the radio)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After dinner and helping to clean up in the kitchen, Dawon announces that she and Jieun will be going for a walk together. When Hoseok asks if he and Yoongi can tag along, Dawon exaggerates a grimace but agrees. "If you must." She catches Yoongi watching her and the corner of her mouth twitches. She winks. Yoongi ducks his head to hide a smile.

On the walk, Yoongi and Hoseok hang back a bit to give the other two some privacy as they talk to each other in low voices. Hoseok slings an arm around Yoongi's shoulders and Yoongi tucks his hand in the back pocket of Hoseok's shorts.

The sunbaked pavement radiates heat as they walk, but it's not too overwhelming. Mickey happily trots ahead of them, tongue lolling out the side of his mouth as he walks. Hoseok's arm is a warm weight across Yoongi's shoulders, his fingertips grazing Yoongi's bicep. There's little sound aside from their shoes hitting the sidewalk and passing traffic, passersby talking. It's nice.

Soon, they come across a primary school and Hoseok hesitates for a moment, staring across the field and the racing track that circles around it. Yoongi looks up at him, eyebrows raised. Hoseok tips his head to the side, kissing Yoongi's cheek. "That's the school I went to as a kid," Hoseok murmurs against Yoongi's skin. "Me and Dawonnie."

"Want to stop for a bit?" Yoongi suggests, grinning as Hoseok leans

back just enough to meet his gaze. "We can if you want. Play on the swings, watch the sunset."

Hoseok's eyes light up. "Yeah?"

Yoongi nods, detaching himself from Hoseok just enough to twine their hands together. "Yeah, give me a boost up over the gate."

Snickering, Hoseok follows after him. "We're gonna sneak onto the campus, apparently," he calls over to his sister. "I think I've been a bad influence on Yoongi hyung, somehow."

"Shut up, I've always been badass," Yoongi replies breezily, putting his hand on the gate. The top is curved, only a foot taller than him. It shouldn't be too difficult to climb over. "If anything, I've influenced *you*. Help me up." Hoseok rolls his eyes but grins, bending down with his hands laced together. Yoongi steps into the cup of his palms and Hoseok helps hoist him up to the top of the gate and over. Yoongi clambers up onto it and jumps down on the other side. "There," he says, smiling as Dawon and Jieun approach. "Easy."

It takes a few moments for them all to climb over the fence. Mickey fits between the bars, and Yoongi and Dawon both offer to catch Hoseok when he gets scared at the top, grinning at each other. Once they're all across, Dawon points out the gated door closer to the playground for the public to use when the school isn't in session. Hoseok starts to laugh, still trembling from adrenaline in Yoongi's arms.

Jieun shrugs, saying, "This way was more fun."

Hoseok only laughs harder, burying his face in Yoongi's shoulder to try and muffle it. The corner of Yoongi's mouth quirks and he pulls Hoseok closer, rubbing his hand along Hoseok's spine. He leads them across the grass.

Dawon and Jieun keep getting closer and closer as they walk, their hands brushing against each other, cheeks flushing pink in the late evening sun. They never meet each other's eyes, glancing over only when the other woman isn't looking. It's *adorable*.

Yoongi can't help smiling when he sees them. He hopes they work things out with time. Dawon deserves a piece of happiness, and Yoongi hopes that she gets it now. He nuzzles closer to Hoseok, listening as Hoseok points towards the school and areas around it, telling him stories of his childhood.

"There was this one time I really wanted sausages," Hoseok's saying now, shaking his head in disbelief. "There was this street vendor up the block but none of my teachers would give me permission to leave the campus. I climbed over the fence during recess to go buy some." He smiles ruefully as Yoongi starts to laugh. "I got in so much trouble."

As they approach the playground, they race towards the swingset, each grabbing a swing with two left over. Dawon ties Mickey up to one of the swingset posts before hopping onto her swing. "I bet you can't swing higher than me," she calls to Hoseok.

"I bet I can!" Hoseok cries, kicking up off the ground to get a headstart while Dawon cusses him out for cheating.

Too soon, Hoseok has to stop for his fear of heights, but Yoongi takes over to defend his honor, racing against Dawon. He gets close to winning, too close, when Dawon suggests they end the race with a jumping competition. Yoongi agrees.

Dawon wins, jumping in a graceful arc from the swing and landing with an incredibly badass three-point landing. When Yoongi tries to do the same, he overbalances when he lands, falling back hard on his butt. Hoseok, sitting off to the side with Jieun and playing with Mickey, falls back into the grass with a loud laugh, clapping his hands together.

Yoongi comes over to them as Jieun gets up to join Dawon, rubbing his sore cheek. "That hurt," he complains.

Hoseok's eyes sparkle as he smiles up at Yoongi. "I'll kiss it better for you later," he promises. Yoongi smiles despite the overwhelming urge to pout, taking Hoseok's hand when he reaches out for him, and pulling the younger man to his feet. Hoseok pats Yoongi's ass as he walks past. Grinning, Yoongi follows.

They wander across the grass for a while, together but separate. Dawon and Jieun are holding hands now, talking quietly. Hoseok has Mickey's leash. He and Yoongi lie down in the middle of the soccer field to watch the sunset, the sky overhead fading from blue to pink and orange, and darken to a purplish black. Dawon and Jieun sit nearby on one of the benches surrounding the edge of the track, shifting closer and closer together.

"I wanted to thank you again for coming here with me," Hoseok murmurs, tracing his fingers across Yoongi's upper arm, drawing Yoongi's attention away from Dawon. "I know you weren't sure about

visiting, but, I—"

"Yeah," Yoongi says, taking Hoseok's hand and lacing their fingers together. "Shut up, it's not a big deal."

Ducking his head, Hoseok hides a grin. Yoongi lifts their entwined hands to his lips, turning his focus back up to the sky over their heads. "Sunset's pretty, huh?" he asks.

Hoseok shifts over on the grass, resting his cheek on Yoongi's chest as he plays with their fingers. "Yeah, hyung," he whispers. "S'pretty."

Dawon and Jieun shift closer. Huffing a soft laugh, Hoseok clambers to his feet and tugs Yoongi up by their entwined hands, whisking both Yoongi and Mickey away just as his sister and her (hopefully) new girlfriend kiss. He pulls his phone out of his pocket, sending Dawon a quick message:

[7:46:05] **Hoseok:** i'm taking mickey and yoongi hyung home, don't stay out too late but take your time coming home

A few moments later, his phone buzzes. Hoseok snorts, tilting his phone. Yoongi leans closer to see the screen:

[7:46:49] **Dawon:** [thirty-six different heart emojis, in the colours of the rainbow]

Hoseok shakes his head, grinning. "I hope they worked things out," he says, stuffing his phone back into his pocket.

Yoongi nods, taking Mickey's leash from Hoseok's hand. "Your sister deserves a bit of happiness."

They walk home together similar to how they came; Hoseok's arm around Yoongi's shoulders and Yoongi's hand tucked into Hoseok's back pocket. Hoseok talks a bit on the way back, nothing important, just small talk to fill the silence.

It's not uncomfortable, and Yoongi half-listens, resting his head on

Hoseok's shoulder. His mind drifts as they walk, back to what Hoseok said to him earlier, about wanting to be fucked in his childhood bedroom. The more he thinks about it, the hotter it seems to get. Maybe if they're quiet enough... Maybe.

Yoongi slips his hand free from Hoseok's pocket, stroking along Hoseok's ribs. Hoseok squirms, dancing out of Yoongi's reach and laughing. He starts to run up the sidewalk. Yoongi grins, double-checking with Mickey before giving chase.

Hoseok nudges Yoongi to come and sit with him outside on the back porch after their impromptu race home. Yoongi nods, following after him, pausing only to grab a few beers for each of them from the fridge. They sit together with their feet pillowed by the cool grass, watching Mickey run around in the yard.

Every so often Mickey gets scared by something in the dark, yipping and swelling up with a false bravado before getting scared again and running away. It reminds Yoongi of Hoseok, a bit, which makes him duck his head away with a smile. Cute.

"You know," Yoongi begins in a lapse of conversation, leaning back on his hands with his head tipped up towards the darkened sky above them. His stomach flips with a sudden, unexpected bout of nerves, and he swallows hard, catching his lip between his teeth.

He can see a few stars winking down through the haze of light pollution, and he takes courage from that. "...I want to talk with my advisor about my next semester," he says, finally. "I think it's time to try applying for an internship at a few record labels."

Beside him, Hoseok sucks in a breath. Yoongi winces, but barrels on, "I know it means I'll have to cut back on work hours and school credits, but... Hoseok-ah, it would be so good for my career, don't you think? A chance to make some good connections for after I graduate..."

Hoseok takes a few moments to respond, digging his nails underneath the label on his beer bottle. Yoongi watches him out the corner of his eye, his heart thundering in his ears. "I think that would be good for you, hyung," he says finally, looking up at Yoongi with a faint smile on his face. "If it's what you want to do, you should do it. It's the logical next step."

"But the money—"

Waving a hand through the air, Hoseok shakes his head. His hand drops down onto Yoongi's thigh, warm through his jeans. "We'll figure it out, hyung," he says. "If it's what you want, we'll make it happen."

Yoongi stares at Hoseok for a moment, reaching out and cupping his jaw in his palm. "Thank you," he says, leaning closer. Hoseok's lips quirk into a sweet smile that Yoongi couldn't resist kissing even if he tried. "Seriously, thank you," Yoongi says, sitting back upright and taking another sip of his beer. "Your support means a lot to me, you know."

Hoseok's smile softens even more. "I know," he says. his attention drops to fumbling with his second bottle of beer. They'd forgotten to bring a bottle opener out, and these caps aren't twist-offs. Yoongi, grinning apologetically, takes it from him, uncapping the bottle on the edge of the porch before passing it back. Hoseok snickers. "My hero."

Yoongi preens. His gaze drifts back towards Mickey, watching the dog as he sniffs around in the yard. He keeps edging closer and closer to Hoseok's parents' garden, nose to the ground. As he starts to turn in a circle, Yoongi calls out a sharp warning. "Don't piss on the flowers, you little shit!" Mickey trots towards them, head hanging as sheepishly as a small dog can muster.

"Can I talk to you about something?" Hoseok asks quietly, scooping Mickey up to sit in his lap.

"Yeah?" Yoongi says, leaning over to scratch behind Mickey's ears.

Hoseok takes a deep pull from his bottle and sets it, half-empty on the porch beside him. "There's a six-week dance workshop that I want to apply for next summer."

Yoongi's eyebrows raise. "Six *weeks?* Where?"

"Los Angeles," Hoseok replies, cuddling Mickey closer to his chest. Yoongi stares at him, wordless. *California?* "I know it's a long-shot, but it— it would be... amazing, hyung. Some of the biggest choreographers in the world will be there, some of my biggest influences. Could you even imagine how much I could learn from them? How much meeting them in person would mean to me?"

Hoseok's eyes go a little distant. "It would be expensive, though," he murmurs, dropping an absent kiss on the top of Mickey's head as the dog snuffles against his jaw. "I'd have to pay for my flight, accommodations, as well as the workshop itself. It might be more than

we could afford, especially if—" His voice cuts and he swallows. He fidgets, playing with his bracelets, mouth set in a flat line that teases out his dimples.

Yoongi's gut drops six feet. *Especially if Yoongi gets that internship.* He reaches out and takes Hoseok's hand. "Hey, like you said — we'll figure it out, Hoseok-ah," he promises, and Hoseok's whole expression brightens, like the dawn. Yoongi kisses him again, sweet and slow.

Too soon, they get overrun by bugs, all rushing inside to escape the mosquitoes. Just inside the door, Yoongi takes Hoseok's hand once more, stopping him. "You promised you'd kiss it better," he murmurs. Hoseok's eyebrows rise, amused. "You didn't forget, did you?"

"What," Hoseok replies, "do you want me to kiss your ass right here?" His knees bend as if about to drop down to the floor, startling a laugh past Yoongi's lips. Hoseok's grin broadens, as he walks away. "Be patient, hyung. I haven't forgotten."

Yoongi gets ready for bed first, brushing his teeth and washing off the summer sweat with a quick shower. He stumbles into Hoseok's bedroom, towel-drying his hair, smiling as Hoseok kisses his cheek when he passes to do the same. Yoongi perches on the edge of Hoseok's bed to finish drying his hair. That done, he sets the towel aside on the back of Hoseok's desk chair to dry and settles back against the pillows. He picks up his phone to continue reading the book he'd started earlier that afternoon.

Hoseok returns shortly after. He drops down onto the bed beside Yoongi and with little ceremony, shoves Yoongi over onto his side, tugs the waistband of his boxers down, and smacks a kiss right over the bruise blooming on Yoongi's ass cheek.

Yelping with surprise, Yoongi squirms with a laugh. He rolls over, pulling Hoseok with him. "You're ridiculous," he mutters.

Beaming, Hoseok buries his face in the side of Yoongi's throat and peppers him with kisses there, making Yoongi squirm even more. "You love it," Hoseok whispers.

"You're not wrong," Yoongi murmurs, curling his arms around Hoseok's shoulders and pulling him close. He drops a kiss on the top of Hoseok's head. "Are you going to sleep?" Hoseok nods, settling against Yoongi's side for a moment. "I'm going to stay up for a bit longer," Yoongi murmurs. "I want to finish reading this chapter. It's finally starting to get interesting."

Hoseok snorts. He tilts his head and Yoongi feels a whisper of a kiss through his tshirt before he rolls away and faces away from the light. "Good night, hyung," he murmurs. It takes a few moments, but he drifts off, breathing evening out.

Yoongi switches to his phone camera to get a few precious shots of Hoseok sleeping before settling in to read. The chapter ends on a cliffhanger. Frowning, Yoongi glances at the time; just after midnight. Well, what're another few chapters, anyway? They're not heading back home until tomorrow night, and he needs to know what happens next.

By the time Yoongi looks up again, it's almost two in the morning. Hoseok's fast asleep. Yoongi sets his phone aside, rolling over and gazing at Hoseok in the lamplight. He takes the chance to admire Hoseok fully; his face gentled, soft, pink lips parted slightly as he sleeps. The pleasant contrast between his delicate bone structure and lean, strong muscles. Broad shoulders and chest tapering down to a narrow waist with full hips visible with the sheet pooled around them. He's beautiful.

Yoongi catches his lip between his teeth. He can't imagine going six entire weeks without Hoseok. Even just the simple *idea* of it seems unthinkable to him after their two and a half years together. Hoseok's last workshop had meant five days away from home, and Yoongi traveled two hours to meet him for one night. *Six weeks*, he thinks bleakly, shaking his head. If it's what Hoseok wants, he'll deal with it, but. *Six weeks*. A lot can happen in six weeks.

Ah, he shouldn't think about this now, not with Hoseok here with him, close enough to touch. How would he react if Yoongi shook him awake in the middle of the night? If Yoongi pulled him close and kissed him? If Yoongi settled between his spread legs, sinking into his body and muffling his moans with his mouth?

God, he *wants* so much he can hardly even think right. It feels so good to be with Hoseok. He loves making Hoseok feel good and treating him right. He loves every chance he gets to take care of him, of loving him the way he deserves to be loved. With everything.

Yoongi almost reaches out towards Hoseok to shake him awake. Almost. He stops himself and rolls over.

The bed creaks, loud in the stillness of the night, even over the hum of the air conditioning unit in the window. He switches off the lamp.

They shouldn't, right? They shouldn't. What if someone heard them?

Hoseok would be mortified. fuck, *Yoongi* would be mortified; he wouldn't ever be able to look Hoseok's parents in the eye if they heard.

It's one thing to have his boyfriend's parents know that he and Hoseok are together and in love with each other in the broadest sense, but quite another to have Hoseok's parents actually *hear* them together. Yoongi would *die*.

No, this is for the best. It'd be such a cliche, anyway, fucking in the childhood bedroom. It's ridiculous. He shouldn't—

Hoseok makes a soft sound behind Yoongi, an audible sigh that borders on a whimper.

Yoongi turns his head. Hoseok rolls over onto his side, his hand sliding across the mattress and curling in the sheets. His eyelashes flutter as he dreams, lips parted.

Maybe Yoongi should wake him up. Not to fuck him, no, but just to be close to him and talk with him about their plans for the upcoming year. There's a lot they need to discuss, after all.

Anyway, what if Hoseok's having another bad dream? He's not been sleeping well lately, stress and overwork lessening his quality of rest and plaguing him with nightmares. Yoongi should wake him, just to be sure —

but Hoseok's smiling a little now. It must be a *good* dream. Yoongi wishes he could make him feel even *better*...

No. stop being so stupid. Yoongi rolls over again, huffing a loud sigh as he yanks the sheet up to cover his shoulder and willfully ignoring his burgeoning erection. He should just go to sleep and stop overthinking. For once. Just this once.

He closes his eyes, but they pop right back open mere seconds later. It's too cold in the room with the AC running. The mattress is too soft. He shifts on the bed, but no position he puts himself in seems comfortable. He rolls back over onto his other side to face Hoseok once more, who sleeps on, oblivious to Yoongi and his pathetic plight.

Good. He'd probably make fun of Yoongi if he was awake, smirking at him all teasing and sly. His beautiful eyes would glimmer in the orange streetlight streaming through the gap in the curtains. Yoongi would pull him closer, cup his cheek in his palm and bring their

mouths together just to shut him up, and—

Yoongi sighs again, even louder. He rolls back onto his other side and bites down on his bottom lip so fiercely it hurts. What is the *matter* with him? He should go take a fucking cold shower or something to calm the fuck down and shock himself off this weird train of thought he can't seem to escape from.

Shaking his head, Yoongi leans up to punch the pillow into a better shape and flops back down. The bed creaks, mattress shaking beneath the force of it. He clenches his eyes shut. He's determined to sleep, or at the very least keep his damn eyes shut until the morning.

"...The fuck," Yoongi hears from behind him, voice roughened and crackling, "are you still awake for at two in the morning?"

Shit. sheepishly, Yoongi rolls over to find Hoseok glaring blearily at him. Oh, well, at least he didn't wake him up on purpose.

"The air conditioning is too cold," Yoongi says, mortified when a hint of a whine creeps into his voice. "And the bed's too soft. I can't sleep. I miss our bed, I miss our stuff." He swallows, gaze dropping down to the rumpled sheets between them and he shifts a bit closer to Hoseok, seeking his warmth. "I... also can't stop thinking about what you said earlier. Did you really want me to fuck you?"

Hoseok blinks at Yoongi in the dark, his mouth hanging open with incredulity dulled by sleepiness. "Are... are you trying to tell me you're still awake in the middle of the night because I said I wanted you to fuck me in my childhood bedroom? What time is it, even?" He pushes himself over, reaching for his phone on the bedside table. "Two in the morning! Seriously? How old are you, fifteen?" He sets his phone back down and collapses back onto his pillow with a low groan.

Yoongi reaches out for Hoseok, pulling him closer with a laugh more huffed air than sound. Hoseok complains every centimetre he's pulled across the sheets, but he doesn't fight against Yoongi's hold in the slightest. Yoongi seeks out Hoseok's ticklish spots, getting him a bit riled up until Hoseok's giggling and squirming beneath his hands. When Yoongi kisses him, he melts into it a bit, pulling Yoongi over on top of him in the middle of the creaking bed. They make out, rocking against each other gently as they start to get hard.

"I can't believe you've got a semi already," Hoseok snorts into Yoongi's mouth. "You're so embarrassing." His tone comes out cranky and snarky from how tired he must be, but with an undercurrent of

fondness that softens the edges of his words. Yoongi can hear it in his voice, in the way Hoseok touches Yoongi. He can tell Hoseok's into it and even a little *flattered* because of it. "Were you just lying here," he says between kisses, "jerking off and thinking of me?"

"Yeah, maybe," Yoongi says with a grin. "Can you blame me?" He kisses Hoseok again, and again, and one more time for good measure before he draws away, sliding off the edge of the bed. He grabs the lube from where he stashed in the inside pocket of his backpack while Hoseok wiggles out of his briefs.

Hoseok freezes on the bed when he seems to realize what Yoongi's holding in his hand. "You brought *lube* to my parents' house?" he hisses. "*Seriously?* Hyung, what the *fuck*."

"Shut up," Yoongi says, laughing. He strips out of his own clothes and climbs back up onto the bed. The frame squeaks beneath his weight. He kisses Hoseok again, once, twice more. "It's good to be prepared, isn't it?"

"You're *embarrassing*," Hoseok whispers into Yoongi's mouth.

Yoongi grins. "That's okay, so are you. We're a good match."

Hoseok softens a bit, then, pulling Yoongi closer and kissing him again, spreading his legs. Yoongi slicks up his fingers. Hoseok shivers as Yoongi presses a finger against him, rubbing over his hole. "Do it," he mutters. Yoongi starts to push inside and Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth with a trembling exhale, head fallen back on the bed, his eyelids fluttering closed. Yoongi kisses the side of his throat and his collarbones, and Hoseok sighs, his hand coming up to cup the back of Yoongi's head, fingers curled in his hair.

As Yoongi starts to fuck into him with his fingers, the bedframe creaks rhythmically with each thrust. Hoseok's hands shoot out, curling around Yoongi's wrist. "Go slow," he whispers, his forehead tucked into the side of Yoongi's throat. "Hyung. slow, I don't want— ah, I don't want everyone to hear us."

Yoongi slows it down even more, twisting his fingers and scissoring them open, never pushing too hard. It's a smooth glide but Hoseok's so tense, clenching down more than he usually does and slow to open up. They both pause every so often, trying to control their breathing. Yoongi listens intently for any sound, for any hint of anyone else awake or moving.

After prep, Hoseok pushes Yoongi away from him. "Let's just," he huffs, grabbing the blanket from the bed and pulling them with him as he scoots to the edge of the mattress, "let's just do it on the floor, hyung."

"But my knees—" Yoongi protests, but Hoseok's already spreading the blanket across the carpet, his bare ass waving through the air. Yoongi's mouth drops open, and he shakes his head in stunned silence. Fine. That's fine. He can work with this.

His joints crack a bit as he climbs down beside Hoseok, and Hoseok just snickers into the blanket. "Hurry up, old man," he says. "Do you want to get your dick wet, or not?"

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi stuffs three fingers back into Hoseok's ass to get back at him. Hoseok lets out a quiet sound, spreading his knees apart even further and pushing back against Yoongi's hand. Pleased, Yoongi starts to tease him a bit with his tongue, and Hoseok tries to muffle himself with what looks like an entire corner of the blanket stuffed into his mouth.

Hoseok squirms. "No, no, stop— don't," he gasps for breath. "Hyung, please, I won't be able to stay quiet if you do that. Please."

Yoongi grins, biting at Hoseok's cheek. "Fine, how do you want me, then?"

"Like this is fine," Hoseok sighs, wiggling his hips again. He pushes back to chase after Yoongi's fingers as he starts to pull them out, "Just like this, hyung. Hurry up, I need you—"

"Okay," Yoongi whispers. "Okay, I've got you— hold on, let me just—" he slicks himself up with a shaking hand. Bracing one hand on Hoseok's hip, he guides his cock towards Hoseok's hole and pushes into him. It's like coming home.

Hoseok lets out a soft, low moan full of longing. He reaches back, curls his hand around Yoongi's hip and pulls him in even closer until he bottoms out, pressed all the way in. "Hyung," he sighs, hushed in the quiet. "Oh, hyung. Fuck, that's so good."

Yoongi's hands tremble until he curls both around Hoseok's hips, fingertips digging into his skin. Hoseok's so hot, stretched tight around Yoongi's cock with a gentle, distant sort of thrumming feeling that Yoongi focuses all his attention on so he doesn't come immediately. "...I can feel your heartbeat in your ass," he murmurs and starts to

snicker.

"Oh, my god, shut up," Hoseok whispers, voice shaking as he tries to fight off a fit of giggles. He smacks Yoongi's thigh with a closed fist, so gentle it barely even registers and it makes no sound. "Hurry up and fuck me."

Bending forward, Yoongi kisses Hoseok's shoulder to calm down. He starts with quick, sharp thrusts, Yoongi's fingertips digging into Hoseok's skin. Hoseok gasps, shifting his weight on his knees, trying to get a hand on himself as he pushes back against Yoongi's hips.

Hoseok was right; it *is* good. He keeps letting out these soft, hiccuping little moans with every forward push of Yoongi's hips and Yoongi's head spins. It's too much but it's so *good*. Hoseok's body clenches down around Yoongi's cock, holding tight like he doesn't ever want to let go.

Yoongi's not going *anywhere*. He tightens his grip, closing his eyes as he fucks Hoseok a little faster, a little harder. Hoseok chokes on a gasping moan. Yoongi might not go anywhere, but Hoseok will leave. One day, maybe a year from now. Six *weeks*.

All of a sudden, Hoseok reaches back and pushes at Yoongi, stopping him. Yoongi stills, his eyes popping open. It's hard to hear over the thundering of his heart in his ears, but he could've sworn he'd heard a creaking floorboard.

Further down the hall, someone, maybe Hoseok's father, coughs. Yoongi stops breathing, his hands clenched around Hoseok's waist. Hoseok's nails bite into Yoongi's thigh, with a deep, stinging ache.

Silence.

"Go," Hoseok whispers. "Go,"

and Yoongi does, fucking into him again. He's careful not to go too hard or fast so their skin doesn't slap together like before. The slick sounds of the lube dribbling back out of Hoseok's body and their hitching breaths seems amplified in the quiet.

Hoseok's body ripples around Yoongi's cock as he shudders, back bowing. He sinks down to press his face against the blanket, his hands clenched in the soft fabric as Yoongi keeps fucking into him. A flush has spread across his skin, eyelashes fluttering, his mouth open and wet, panting. His body rocks forward with each thrust. A bead of sweat rolls up his spine, and Yoongi tracks its movement, grinding his

hips against Hoseok's ass.

"Oh," Hoseok breathes, clenching down hard around Yoongi. "Oh, fuck. Help me up, hyung. That feels— that feels too good, I'm going to get too loud like this. Help me up."

Yoongi curls his arms around Hoseok's waist as Hoseok pushes up off the floor. It's not so much helping as touching Hoseok all over, as much as possible. His hands slip up Hoseok's chest, and Hoseok shudders as sweat-slicked fingertips rub across his nipples. Yoongi's other hand slides up the side of Hoseok's throat, cupping his jaw. His fingertips rub across Hoseok's mouth and slip past his lips as Hoseok tips his head back with a moan.

Hoseok falls back against Yoongi and into his lap, his head dropping onto Yoongi's shoulder. He tongues at Yoongi's fingers, hollowing his cheeks and sucking them further into his mouth, his wordless, pleading moan muffled as he rolls his hips in Yoongi's lap. Yoongi's gut clenches and he bucks up, deeper into Hoseok's body.

"You're so hot," he gasps into the side of Hoseok's neck. "Hoseok-ah, fuck."

They grind against each other, slow. Hoseok's chest heaves, his sweat-damp hair sticking to Yoongi's skin, almost ticklish. Yoongi slides his other hand across Hoseok's chest, thumbing at a nipple. He presses a grin against Hoseok's shoulder as Hoseok clenches down around his cock, almost convulsing with pleasure.

"Fuck," he gasps around Yoongi's fingers still in his mouth. "Hyung, *fuck*, please—"

Yoongi does it again and Hoseok's back arches into the touch with a stifled moan. Yoongi presses his fingers down onto Hoseok's tongue, groaning low when Hoseok sucks on them and rolls his hips in Yoongi's lap. Fingers clench in the hair at the back of Yoongi's head, nails scraping across his nape. Yoongi muffles a moan into Hoseok's throat.

His hand slides down Hoseok's quivering abdominal muscles, curling around his cock and stroking him slowly, pausing just often enough to keep him stimulated without letting him come. Hoseok's toes curl in the blanket, his hand tightening its grip in Yoongi's hair. Yoongi leaves wet, open-mouthed kisses down Hoseok's neck and his shoulder.

"You feel so good," he breathes.

Hoseok clenches down hard around Yoongi's cock, grinding back into his lap with a whining little moan. "Worth waking me up in the middle of the night?"

Yoongi bites at Hoseok's shoulder. "I don't know," he says, a low groan rumbling in his chest as Hoseok rolls his hips again. "Is it?"

"Yeah," Hoseok gasps, his other hand curling around behind them to grab onto Yoongi's ass, rolling his hips in needy little circles to fuck into Yoongi's fist and back onto his cock. Yoongi strokes him a little faster, kissing and nipping his way back up Hoseok's neck to suck his earlobe into his mouth. "Fuck, yeah— *please*," Hoseok gasps letting Yoongi's fingers fall from his mouth as he turns towards Yoongi. "Hyung, kiss me—"

Tilting his head, Yoongi catches Hoseok's mouth in a kiss. It's sloppy, half off the mark. their breathing is starting to get harsh and loud again as Hoseok keeps grinding on him. Yoongi's getting light-headed, his heart thundering in his ears. He can't seem to draw enough air into his lungs.

He fucks into Hoseok with sharper, shorter thrusts that stay deep inside his body. Gasping, Hoseok jerks down to meet each thrust. He turns his head, muffling his high, sobbing moans into the side of Yoongi's neck, each breath hissing out between his teeth.

Already Yoongi can feel the heat of his arousal twisting and twining at the base of his spine. He might not last much longer, not like this. Hoseok's whining, bouncing as quietly as he can in Yoongi's lap. His nails dig in, dragging gentle patterns across Yoongi's skin.

"Oh, hyung, fuck me—" Hoseok curls his hand around Yoongi's to jerk himself off even faster, his head falling forward. Yoongi bites at his shoulder again, sucks a bruise there. *I was here*. Hoseok moans, soft. "Hyung," he gasps. "Yoongi, baby—"

They're both so close now. they must be. He fucks into Hoseok even harder, heedless of the noise, and Hoseok grinds back against him, his free hand curled in the blanket before him, his head hanging heavy, body jolting with each thrust.

"Yoongi, Yoongi, baby, please—"

Yoongi's balls tighten up and hips jerk, his orgasm catching him by

surprise and he muffles his moan into the back of Hoseok's shoulder, teeth bared against his skin. He keeps fucking into Hoseok even as Hoseok takes over stroking himself off, through the aftershocks and the toe-curling jolt of pleasure thundering down his spine.

Hoseok clenches down hard around him, muffling himself with his face buried in the blankets as he comes, clenching down hard around Yoongi's cock. Yoongi's hips undulate out of reflex, fucking him through it. He curls his arms around Hoseok's waist, gentling him as he comes back down, kissing his neck.

"My Hoseokie," he whispers.

Hoseok's body trembles with a little whine, his hands still clenched in the blankets. He winces as Yoongi pulls out, rolling over onto his back, sated and exhausted. There are tear tracks down his cheeks. Yoongi kisses him, wiping away his tears. "Ah, hyung," Hoseok breathes into Yoongi's mouth, his arms curling around Yoongi's shoulders to keep him close. He squirms, oversensitive as Yoongi's fingers slip back inside him, slick with lube and come. His cheeks flush with colour at the sound, and Yoongi kisses him again.

"You okay?" Yoongi asks, nuzzling their noses together.

Nodding, Hoseok sighs, his hands flexing around Yoongi's shoulders. "S'good," he murmurs. "...I don't think I can make it back up to the bed, will you sleep with me on the floor?"

Yoongi laughs, kissing Hoseok again, before ducking his head down to lick the last of Hoseok's come off his chest. "Will you let me eat you out first?" he whispers. "Can you sit on my face?"

Hoseok whimpers but pushes himself up. He lets Yoongi guide him back to rest on Yoongi's chest, and then settle with his thighs straddling Yoongi's face. "Oh, fuck," he whispers, his nails digging into Yoongi's chest, a bright sting of pain. Yoongi's tongue slides right into his fucked open, sensitive hole, and Hoseok whimpers again, body trembling with the effort to stay quiet. "Fuck, baby," he whines, rocking back onto Yoongi's tongue. "That's so good."

Yoongi allows himself a moment to smile before he ducks back in, tongue circling Hoseok's swollen rim. Hoseok drops down, strokes Yoongi's half-hard cock before sucking the head into his mouth, his moans muffled. Yoongi groans, hips bucking up towards Hoseok's mouth, and Hoseok takes it. God, it feels so good it almost hurts. Hoseok takes Yoongi's cock deeper into his throat, relaxing as he seals

his lips around the base of Yoongi's cock and lets him thrust up into his mouth. His nails dig deep into Yoongi's thighs, his moans barely muffled as Yoongi licks at his rim.

Whenever he pulls off to breathe, Yoongi buries his face back between Hoseok's checks, sucking at him and working the come back out of his hole. Hoseok's legs start to shake, muscles trembling uncontrollably, almost vibrating from the intensity of it. Yoongi would be able to feel it even if his hands weren't braced on the backs of Hoseok's thighs, thumbs curled in the crease where his ass and his thighs meet. Hoseok whines, and he tries to muffle himself with Yoongi's cock back in his mouth. He's trying so *hard* to stay quiet and it just makes his whole body tremble even harder.

Hoseok comes with a muffled cry, bucking back and riding Yoongi's face as he comes. Yoongi pushes him up onto his knees just enough to fuck him with three of his fingers again, quick, just to give him something tangible to clench down around. Hoseok buries his face in Yoongi's thigh, trembling and twitching from the overstimulation. Yoongi presses kisses all over Hoseok's thighs, his ass, his back, anywhere he can reach.

"You okay?" he whispers. Hoseok grunts, his face still hidden in Yoongi's thigh. Yoongi jolts when he feels the scrape of Hoseok's teeth across his skin and a grin spreads across his face. "Did you like that?"

"'M gonna suck you off," Hoseok grumbles, nails digging into Yoongi's skin as he pushes himself back up. Yoongi's hips twitch upwards when he feels the damp heat of Hoseok's breath puff across the head of his cock. Hoseok shifts forward, millimetre by tortuous millimetre, and

his phone beeps across the room, bright chime announcing a new message.

Hoseok sucks Yoongi's cock into his mouth like he plans to ignore it until he's finished the task at hand, but his phone beeps. It beeps again. It keeps beeping, with six or seven chat notifications in a row and it's *so loud*.

"Fuck, sorry," Hoseok gasps, getting up off of Yoongi's lap and climbing across the creaking bed to get his phone. He's a bit slower coming back, knees knocking together as he slides back across the mattress. His legs shake and he drops back down into Yoongi's lap, leaning in to kiss him. Yoongi curls his hand around the nape of Hoseok's neck, pulling him close, and Hoseok sighs into the kiss. His

hand slips around Yoongi's cock, and he sits back just enough to look at his phone screen.

Yoongi's never seen his face change colour so quickly, as the pleasant post-sex flush washes out, his eyes wide, a look of pure horror crossing his features. Yoongi's gut swoops. Did someone get hurt? Was there an emergency?

"W-what's wrong?" Yoongi makes himself ask. Does he even want to know? "Hoseok-ah?" he tries, when Hoseok remains unresponsive. Fuck it. Yoongi wrestles the phone from Hoseok's grip and Hoseok collapses forward against Yoongi's chest with a low groan. Frowning, Yoongi looks at the screen:

[02:49:03] **Dawon:** hoseokie
[02:49:05] **Dawon:** hoseokie please,
[02:49:09] **Dawon:** you little fucker
[02:49:14] **Dawon:** i swear to fucking god
[02:49:22] **Dawon:** i lost the will to live twenty minutes ago
[02:49:33] **Dawon:** PLEASE shut the fuck up already so we can sleep
[02:50:59] **Dawon:** you're lucky mom and dad sleep like the dead

Yoongi stares... and snorts with faint amusement. He claps his hand over his mouth as if he could somehow force the sound back into his throat. Hoseok lifts his head, glaring at Yoongi. "What?" Yoongi asks, letting his hand drop. "Hoseokie, come on. Babe. Please—"

"Don't you *dare* 'babe' me right now, you fucking *dick*—" Hoseok scrambles and wobbles up from Yoongi's lap, clambering up onto the bed.

Yoongi's gaze drops down to his rapidly deflating boner. Heaving a sigh, he gets up and follows, bringing the blanket with him. He snuggles up to Hoseok, gratified that Hoseok lets him, despite the way Hoseok huffs or acknowledges him at all. "Sorry," he murmurs, nuzzling Hoseok's neck with his nose. Hoseok squirms and his hand drops down to cover Yoongi's around his waist, gripping tight for a moment before lazing their fingers together. He draws Yoongi's hand up to cover his heart and nestles into his pillow. Yoongi kisses his neck. "Good night, you ass."

Hoseok smiles, ducking his head. "Yeah, good night, dick."

Chapter End Notes

heeey look at me two updates in one month who the fuck am i. anyway hi i have a public twitter now, come talk to meee

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

yoongi vs dumpling: redux

Chapter Notes

nothing to warn for! takes place a few months before hoseok and yoongi go on their own little vacation in busan.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Jungkook, Taehyung, and Jimin went to Busan for the New Year long weekend to visit Jungkook's and Jimin's families, Taehyung left Hoseok and Yoongi in charge of taking care of the cat. Taehyung asked them to keep Dumpling company sometimes.

"She's on some dietary restrictions right now and needs to be fed this special wet food, so we can't just leave it out all day," he explained. "She needs to be fed around the same time every day since she can't nibble on anything in the meantime. Could you... Would you maybe spend some time with her? Even just an hour? It's just that she gets lonely, hyung," and

Hoseok's eyes got big and sad almost at once. He looked like a goddamn Disney character. Yoongi heaved an inward sigh. Hoseok nodded, "Of course, Taehyung-ah. You know I love Dumpling. I'll take care of her."

"Thank you," Taehyung said, looking relieved. " I knew I could rely on you, hyung."

Yoongi immediately felt itchy. That damned cat wasn't even around and he *still* felt itchy. His nose twitched.

For lack of anything better to do with his time, Yoongi went over with Hoseok the first two nights. Dumpling was as vicious and terrifying towards Yoongi as ever, and it took Yoongi hours to fight off a runny nose and itchy, sore eyes even after just being around her for ten minutes at a time.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I'm done."

Hoseok looked sad, but he nodded. "That's okay, hyung," he said, rubbing Yoongi's shoulder and hugging him close as they walked back towards their own building. " I can take it from here."

Now, Yoongi sits on the couch, staring down through the window as

Hoseok hops across the street, Taehyung's keys clutched in his hand. Hoseok lets himself in and disappears from view. A few minutes later, the light in Taehyung's and Jimin's apartment switches on. Hoseok appears in the window, a small grey cat clutched in his arms. He smiles and waves. Yoongi smiles and waves back.

"Ah, I forgot," Hoseok says, an hour and a half later when he's finished keeping Dumpling company and back home where he belongs, snuggled up against Yoongi's side on the bed. (Yoongi made him change his clothes before letting him back into bed, everything, even down to his underwear. Hoseok did as asked, performing a teasing little striptease as he did it. He hummed under his breath as he did it, and dodged out of the way with a yelped laugh when Yoongi threw a pillow at him.) "I've got a dance practice tomorrow night. I might not be able to make it over to stay with Dumpling... Could you at least feed her tomorrow, hyung? Please? I'll stop by and stay with her after I get home."

Shit. Yoongi shifts a bit, adjusting his arm around Hoseok's shoulders. "Fuck it, fine," he says. "I'll do what I can. If she maims me, though, you'll have that on your conscience for the rest of your life."

Hoseok laughs, pushing up on the bed to hover over Yoongi. "It won't come to that unless you provoke her," he murmurs. Yoongi pulls a face and Hoseok laughs again, swooping in and kissing him. "She's sweet, really," he says. "She misses Taehyung and just needs some extra love so she doesn't feel abandoned, that's all. I bet she'd be happy for your company, once you two get used to each other." He smiles at Yoongi, then, the sweet, unassuming one that leaves Yoongi weak in the knees and willing to do *anything* for him. "I'll pick up allergy medication from the shop for you tomorrow, okay? I know you ran out."

Yoongi sighs, curling his arms around Hoseok's shoulders to tug him back down. Hoseok lets himself be pulled, resting with his head cushioned on Yoongi's chest once again. "Thanks," Yoongi mutters, ducking his chin and kissing the top of Hoseok's head. All he receives in response is a soft sigh and nuzzle as Hoseok settles in to sleep. Yoongi brushes his fingers though Hoseok's hair, staring up at the ceiling.

Dumpling. His feline nemesis. Well, it can't be too bad, right? As long as he manages to get her fed, he can always just *leave* if she's horrible.

Which is how he finds himself sprawled across Jimin and Taehyung's shitty second-hand couch, a bit hazy and drowsy from the

antihistamines Hoseok picked up for him, watching a movie. Dumpling's been fed and has been avoiding him ever since, which Yoongi's more than fine with. The less he sees of her, the better.

He can see through the window into his own apartment across the street; he'd left the curtains open again. That was stupid. Even in the dark, he can see so clearly through to his bedroom. It's almost creepy. Hoseok's not home yet, probably won't be until well into the early morning hours. Yoongi scowls, rolling over onto his side and trying to focus on the television screen.

Some indeterminate amount of time later (the movie doesn't hold his attention much at all, his mind drifting in and out of conscious thought), he catches a flash of grey out the corner of his eye and turns his head. Dumpling lands on the arm of the couch without a sound, her tail swishing from side to side.

Yoongi tries to remember what that means. Cats aren't like dogs, that doesn't... that doesn't mean she's happy. Is she mad? He draws his legs up towards himself, slowly as to not startle her, in case she feels feisty. He's seen that look before on her face, and it never leads anywhere good. There's still a nasty scar from her sharp claws, deep and ugly, on his ankle.

Dumpling comes a little closer, climbing up onto the back of the couch and perching there. She doesn't look at him, looking around in the living room and bathing one of her front paws. Yoongi watches her, ready to hop off the couch and out of the apartment the instant she comes near enough to strike out at him, but

she doesn't. She lets out a little chirp. It sounds *sad*.

Yoongi's heart does a stupid thing in his chest. Grabbing his phone, he sends Hoseok a message: *please come home. this awful cat's sad.* "It'll be alright," he says, trying to sound as soothing as he can. "Taehyungie will be home in a few days." His phone buzzes with Hoseok's response: *we're not getting much more done tonight, i don't think. i'll be there as soon as i can, hyung.* "Hoseokie might be here in an hour, maybe. You'll be okay, Dumpling." Another response from Hoseok: *thank you for staying with her, hyung.*

The cat looks over at him, her green eyes flashing in the dim light. She shifts a bit closer. Yoongi doesn't move. She creeps across the back of the couch towards him... past him... Yoongi holds his breath. She climbs down onto the arm of the couch behind Yoongi's head, lying

down there and rubbing her face against the cushion Yoongi's lying on.

Hesitantly, Yoongi reaches up and scratches gently along her cheeks with his fingernails. She rubs against him at once, purring. Even with the meds, Yoongi's nose feels stuffy and thick and he's itchy all over, but maybe... Maybe Dumpling's not so bad. Maybe.

(Hoseok finds them there, close to each other on the couch but not quite enough to touch. Yoongi's fast asleep and drooling into Jimin's throw pillows. Dumpling chirps when she sees Hoseok, rolling over onto her back as he approaches. He scritches her tummy and scoops her up into his arms, kissing the top of her head. "Did you take good care of my boy?" he murmurs to her. In response, she purrs and nuzzles against the underside of his chin with the top of her head. Hoseok smiles.)

Chapter End Notes

> LOOK AT ME THREE UPDATES IN ONE MONTH idt i've done that ever in the past four years of writing this damn fic, like, wow, good job me (also still on twt hi)
>
> first | timeline | mix

flinch

Chapter Notes

play the way you feel it
but listen carefully to the sound
of your loneliness
like a heartbeat drives you mad
in the stillness of remembering what you had
and what you lost, and what you had, and what you lost
(dreams by fleetwood mac)

nothing to really warn for? just yoongi being. dense

takes place in that nebulous period between them fooling around more regularly (chapter 33), but waaay before they go exclusive (chapter 17).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey," Yoongi says, as he approaches the edge of the bed. He holds out a dampened washcloth that Hoseok accepts with a nod of thanks. "It's still pretty early... Do you maybe want to watch a movie or something before you go home, or did you have other plans?"

Hoseok finishes wiping himself down before rolling into the middle of the bed, stretching his arms up above his head with a soft little groan. It's cute. Yoongi ducks his head and busies himself with starting to strip the sheets from his mattress so Hoseok doesn't see him smile.

"Nah," Hoseok sighs, "you were my only plan tonight, hyung." He scoots off the bed with a little laugh before Yoongi can tangle him up in the dirtied sheets. "What did you have in mind?"

"Something stupid," Yoongi murmurs. Hoseok helps take off the fitted sheet from the opposite side of the bed, dropping the used washcloth in the middle of the pile as Yoongi bundles everything up in his arms. "Thanks," he says. "Actually... you go pick what we watch. I don't care, anything. Surprise me."

Hoseok's eyebrows rise. "Okay..." he says, slow, like he expects Yoongi to change his mind.

Yoongi just smiles in response, turning his back on Hoseok's surprised expression and makes his way to the kitchen to put the sheets in the

washing machine. Behind him, he listens as Hoseok hums quietly to himself, redressing and padding across the floor to the sofa on the opposite side of the room. He stuffs the sheets into the machine.

By the time Yoongi's finished, redressed and joined him, Hoseok has his pick for the evening paused on the screen: Thor. Yoongi pauses, tilting his head to the side as that registers. Funny, engaging enough to hold their attention without getting too soppy with the dramatics. Not bad. Yoongi drops down onto the couch with a groan, tugging at the hem of his t-shirt.

"Thor?" he asks.

"Hm," Hoseok nods. "I like big, blond, buff Australians." He snickers as he presses the play button.

Yoongi glances over at him. There's a hint of a lazy smile playing at the corner of Hoseok's mouth, head tipped back on the cushion behind him and eyes fixed on the screen. It's stupidly attractive. "Yeah," Yoongi says, a bit hoarse. "Yeah, I do too."

He squares his shoulders, sitting up a bit straighter, puffing up his chest. By the time they've gotten through the first introduction of the film, Yoongi realizes he's been flexing to make himself seem bigger. He deflates in embarrassment, hiding his face behind his hands. Fuck, he hopes Hoseok didn't *see*. What the hell was *that?* What is the *matter* with him? Did he get possessed?

Yoongi rubs his heated cheek against the couch cushion, grateful that they didn't turn many lights on in the apartment while they were fooling around earlier. "You want anything?" he asks. "I might have some chips or something if you're hungry. I'm hungry."

"Not hungry, but a glass of water would be great," Hoseok says, smiling up at Yoongi as he gets to his feet. "Thank you, hyung."

"No problem," Yoongi says, waving a hand as he walks towards the kitchen. Shaking his head, he digs through the cupboards for some sort of snack, returning with a glass of water for Hoseok, a soda for himself, and a bowl of chips to share. He sprawls out on the couch opposite Hoseok, forcing all his focus on the movie.

It's good. As he relaxes, he and Hoseok rib each other and the movie more and more as it goes on, making fun of the writing, acting choices, whatever. Yoongi's content. He pushes his feet into Hoseok's lap, not even bothering to hide his smile as Hoseok complains but rubs

at his ankles anyway.

"God, I'd let him throw me around wherever he wants," Hoseok sighs, as Thor throws down one cup and demands another.

Yoongi's mouth goes a little dry at that mental image. "Tell me about it," he says. "Hey, would you let me watch?"

Hoseok snickers, turning to watch Yoongi for a moment, his attention completely drawn from the television screen. "Yeah," he says, after a pause. "Yeah, I think I would."

The first flash of light catches them both off guard. The roll of thunder is distant, an afterthought. Hoseok flinches, covering his ears. Yoongi's heart twinges, a bit. He's not fond of thunder, either. He pauses the movie.

"I should probably—" Hoseok begins. Another flash of lightning interrupts him, and he flinches again his voice squeaking. Rain begins to pelt down, tinkling on the glass of the window behind them. "I should head home before this storm gets any worse. The trains are going to be packed..."

The thunder comes quicker this time, the storm inching ever closer. Yoongi shifts uncomfortably, rising up to stare up at the dark and ominous clouds through the window. He hadn't even noticed it getting so dark; the rain had been in the forecast, but after a day spent without a cloud in the sky, Yoongi just figured it was a mistake.

"No way I'm sending you home in this nightmare," he says. "Namjoon would kill me." Yoongi looks over at Hoseok, taking in his borderline terrified expression, his eyes wide and lips downturned in a frown. "Just stay here until the storm passes, idiot. If it's too late, I'll pay for your taxi home or whatever."

Hoseok's eyes brighten. "Really?" he asks, squeaking again as another flash of lightning splits the sky, followed by a loud crack of thunder. He darts across the couch faster than Yoongi can blink, his arms wrapped tight around Yoongi's sides. He's trembling.

Yoongi raises his arms, pulling Hoseok over into his lap properly. He lets his hands stroke up and down Hoseok's back, slow and soothing. Hoseok shudders, tucking his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck.

"Sorry about this," Hoseok murmurs into Yoongi's skin. "You must think I'm a big baby, being so scared."

"Nah," Yoongi says, shaking his head even though Hoseok's not looking at him. His heart pounds a little faster in his chest as the thunder booms overhead, and he closes his eyes, takes a deep breath. He can do this. He can take care of Hoseok, at least. "Nah, you're okay, Hoseok-ah. Hyung will keep you safe. Trust me."

Hoseok melts against Yoongi's chest then, the breath shuddering out of his lungs with a hint of a sob. Yoongi tightens his hold around Hoseok for a moment, keeping him close, before resuming the slow strokes up and down Hoseok's back. He traces out absent patterns with his fingertips to distract himself from the storm raging outside.

"Didn't think it was going to rain tonight," Yoongi murmurs after a few moments of quiet.

"Me neither," Hoseok replies, his voice just as soft. He clenches his hands in the back of Yoongi's t-shirt. He laughs, but it sounds wet. Yoongi closes his eyes. "...I didn't even bring an umbrella."

"If it's still raining, you can borrow one of mine."

Hoseok rubs his cheek against Yoongi's shoulder. "Thank you, hyung."

Another silence, but not an uncomfortable one. The flashes of lightning are followed almost immediately by rolls of thunder, the storm right overhead now. Hoseok flinches at each crack that splits the sky, and Yoongi keeps rubbing up and down his back, trying to think of a good way to distract him.

"Hey, maybe it's Thor coming to show us a good time," he jokes weakly.

Hoseok snickers. "Maybe he'll give us both a good hammering." Yoongi starts to laugh, which just sets Hoseok off, too, until they're both trembling, all curled up against each other. The next roll of thunder only makes them laugh harder, cracking more ridiculous hammer puns between fits of giggles.

The laughter fades into fond exhaustion. Hoseok is slow to calm, but the tension drains from his shoulders with each passing minute, until he's fully relaxed. He lolls against Yoongi's chest, a comforting weight.

He shifts, rolling away with his head resting on Yoongi's shoulder. Yoongi's reluctant to let him go. Reaching up, he combs his fingers through Hoseok's hair, stroking along his cheekbone with his thumb. Hoseok sighs, reaching up and taking Yoongi's hand. His palm is still

trembling.

This is stupid. Yoongi *knows* this is stupid. He should pull away, he shouldn't let Hoseok get away with this, trying to work his way into Yoongi's heart— but it feels so good. It feels so good to feel needed again, to feel wanted for more than just a quick fuck or help with some stupid assignment or to take pictures at some wedding for people he doesn't even know.

Yoongi exhales. He closes his eyes. He twines his fingers between Hoseok's, holds tight until the shakiness stills.

The storm seems to be passing now. Yoongi turns the movie on again. Hoseok drifts away a bit, putting some distance between them, letting go of Yoongi's hand. Yoongi lets him. He stays within touching distance and Yoongi draws on Hoseok's thigh with a fingertip, tracing out lines from the movie over and over again across his skin where his shorts have ridden up. Hoseok shivers.

A final, sudden, unexpected crack of thunder startles Yoongi. His nails dig into Hoseok's leg. He stutters out a curse.

Hoseok turns toward Yoongi, his eyes wide in the dark. "Hyung..." he breathes. "Wait, are you scared, too?" Yoongi doesn't answer, his cheeks flooding with warmth, hand still clamped down around Hoseok's thigh. Hoseok doesn't seem to need an answer. He crosses the distance between them again, reaching out. He pulls Yoongi close, his fingers tangled in Yoongi's hair.

Yoongi resists, trying to pull away. "Hey, don't—" he tries, but Hoseok doesn't let him go.

"Let me," he whispers, and Yoongi goes still. "Please, just this once."

Sagging forward into Hoseok's arms, Yoongi relents, burying his face in Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok rubs his hands up and down Yoongi's back, spreading his legs and leaning against the cushions behind him. Yoongi follows, spreading out with his head pillowed on Hoseok's chest, fingers tangled in Hoseok's shirt.

It's... it's *comforting*. Hoseok smells warm and clean and familiar, even after all the filthy sex they'd had an hour and a half ago. Yoongi rubs his cheek against Hoseok's warm t-shirt, letting his eyes close. He likes the way Hoseok smells. It's familiar to him now, after so many months fooling around. He likes Hoseok. Fuck, he likes him a lot, more than he should. Every moment they spend together like this is another

spent gambling with his heart.

Another flash of thunder lights the sky above them. Yoongi counts the seconds until the distant roll of thunder. He flinches again. He can't remember the equation to calculate how far away the storm is now.

"Hyung," Hoseok murmurs, and Yoongi feels a brush of lips across the top of his head. "Let me take both our minds off this storm, huh?"

Yoongi nods against Hoseok's chest, lifting his head and finding Hoseok's mouth with his in the dark. Hoseok pulls him in closer and they push each other's clothes out of the way to get their hands on each other, holding tight and moving together. It's hot and close, gasping into each other's mouths. They don't let each other go for even a second.

After, the worst of the storm has passed on, though rain still patters against the windows. The quiet is broken by their harsh breathing, the film still playing as little more than background noise. Yoongi keeps his face tucked into the side of Hoseok's throat, his lips pressed against Hoseok's skin. Hoseok's nails run gently up and down Yoongi's back, following the length of his spine. That's comforting, too.

Yoongi pushes away first, breathing out shakily as Hoseok winces beneath him. His body trembles. Yoongi can't do this. He can't. He can't let himself do this, not again. "I'll call you a cab," he murmurs, sliding off of Hoseok, getting to his feet and turning away, picking up his clothes. "Go wash up."

He turns his head to watch Hoseok go. Yoongi's release trickles down the inside of Hoseok's thigh as he makes his way across the apartment, disappearing behind the bathroom door as he shuts it behind himself. Yoongi redresses, shutting off the television, listening to the shower hiss to life. He curls up against the arm of the couch, arms wrapped tight around himself.

God, what are they even *doing?*

Why can't he make himself stop?

"See you, hyung," Hoseok calls from the door, his voice very small. Yoongi doesn't answer, doesn't move, and hates himself for it. The door screeches as it scrapes across the floor behind Hoseok as he leaves. Yoongi closes his eyes. He breathes out.

Chapter End Notes

boop boop bee doop

030916 (evening)

Chapter Notes

warnings for fire, anxiety, alcohol consumption (but they're sober when they get down to it), sex, face-fucking, tiny bit of overstim, biting, scratching, marking, you know what i'm about

takes place two weeks after the not!cheating argument arc. we're finally almost done with this time period, [jvn voice] can you BELIEVE

thank yous to tabby for beta reading, amelia for hand-holding, and dani for suggesting several potential chapter songs!

when you look in my eyes, i go soft inside
and the sound of your voice sends shivers up my spine
and at the slightest touch we're in love
(you and me and the moon by the magnetic fields)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok shoos Seokjin out of the apartment. "You already did most of the work," he says. "If I let you do the whole thing, that'll make this your birthday present to Yoongi rather than mine, won't it?" He pulls Seokjin into a hug, the door propped open with his foot. "Thank you for your help today, hyung. I owe you one."

Seokjin sighs. "You did well, Hoseok-ah," he says, his arms tightening around Hoseok's waist. "Try not to worry."

Despite the nerves fluttering in his gut, Hoseok feels some of the tension drain from his shoulders. "I won't," he promises, tucking his face into Seokjin's shoulder. "I just... I just want everything to be perfect for him tonight, that's all. He's been so stressed out lately. I'm worried."

"It will be perfect," Seokjin replies, slowly swaying them both from side to side. "I promise. Just follow the recipe instructions for frying and you should be okay. It won't take too long to make them once the oil's hot, so wait until he's on his way home or after he arrives to start."

"Okay," Hoseok murmurs, blinking and drawing away from Seokjin after a moment's pause. "He should be home in an hour, anyway. I'll

finish decorating the cake first."

Seokjin smiles, taking a step back. "He'll love it," he says. "Let me know how it goes when we all go out for dinner on Friday."

Hoseok mirrors Seokjin's smile, tucking his hands into his pockets and leaning back against the doorframe. "I will. See you, hyung." Seokjin waves, turning and walking away. Hoseok waits, watching him go, before returning inside.

An hour left. He rubs a hand over his stomach, taking a deep breath as he looks around their apartment. He kept the decorations minimal, a few balloons and paper streamers hung up in the kitchen and their bedroom, with a small banner wishing Yoongi a happy birthday over their bed.

It looks nice enough, he thinks, pausing in the threshold. Yoongi will like it. His birthday present sits in the middle of the bed, the small box neatly wrapped in navy blue paper with a gold ribbon. While he knows Yoongi will like it, he can't help a niggling feeling that it might be *too* much. He did end up having to save up for over an entire year just to pay for it, after all.

Hoseok breathes out, letting his eyes close as he rests against the wall for a moment. It's going to be perfect, no matter what happens. He takes another deep breath, tilting his head to the side. It's going to be perfect. Stop worrying.

Nerves somewhat calmed, Hoseok crosses to the fridge and opens the door. Inside on one of the shelves sits Yoongi's birthday cake, that Hoseok helped make and that Seokjin began to decorate before he left. It's a small and simple round cake, two layers of rich, dark chocolate flavoured with raspberry matcha.

Seokjin did the crumb coat layer of chocolate frosting over the cake before he left. It should be chilled enough now to frost fully. Hoseok pulls out the cake, setting it on the counter beside the bowl of frosting, and grabs a plastic tub of raspberries before shutting the door.

He finishes decorating only minutes before he expects Yoongi to be home. Setting the final raspberry in the centre of the cake, he steps back to examine his handiwork. It's not perfect by any means, and he got frosting *everywhere*, but he's still satisfied with the end result despite himself. He stuffs the cake back into the fridge, out of sight, just as the apartment door swings open.

Yoongi steps inside, his shoulders sagging and feet dragging. He drops his bag on the floor, shrugging out of his coat and kicking off his shoes, and Hoseok turns to smile at him. "Hey," Yoongi says, crossing the kitchen to pull Hoseok close to kiss him hello.

"Hey," Hoseok says, squirming and laughing as Yoongi tries to cover his cheeks with kisses. "Hyung, *what*—?"

"You have chocolate on your face," Yoongi says, cupping his hand around the nape of Hoseok's neck and keeping him still. Hoseok shivers at the scrape of teeth across his cheek. Yoongi rocks back on his heels, licking his lips. "Tastes good," he says, glancing around. "Is there any left?"

Hoseok shrugs out of Yoongi's hold, the grin stretching back across his face. "It's all on the cake. You'll have to wait until later."

Yoongi hums, eyeing Hoseok. reaching out, he scrapes his finger along the inside of the empty frosting bowl to collect what little remains and sucks it into his mouth with a pleased sound. "Tastes better off you," he says, "but this'll do for now."

A little thrill rustles up Hoseok's spine. The tips of his ears warming, Hoseok reaches up to smooth his fingers over his hair, cupping his heated cheeks. He hopes he's not blushing. "Don't be embarrassing," he says. "Go work or play video games or something while I finish making dinner now, please."

Grinning, Yoongi leans in for one more kiss. "Fine," he murmurs into Hoseok's mouth. "I'll do that, then."

Hoseok hesitates until Yoongi's occupied elsewhere before he pulls the potato and beef croquettes that Seokjin helped him make from the fridge. He begins to heat the oil. While he waits for the oil to reach the right temperature, he pulls out the rest of Yoongi's birthday meal: all of Yoongi's favourite dishes, brought home from the restaurant the night before. He sets out more pots and pans on the stovetop to reheat them.

It's a bit too much at once. As the thermometer attached to the side of the oil pot reaches the optimal temperature, Hoseok's got too many things bubbling on the stove when he starts to put the croquettes into the oil to fry up, accidentally dropping them all in at once.

The oil spits. Hoseok flinches away with a little cry, peppered with little, stinging pin-pricks. He scrubs at his hands and arms with his

fingertips, hissing out a breath between his teeth and trying to rub away the pain.

When he looks up again, somehow several of the oil splatters from the pot have caught on fire. He shouts out in horrified surprise, chanting, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" over and over again as he switches off the stove top and tries desperately to put the fires out: smothering the flames; water; nothing seems to make any difference, and the fires are spreading. "Fuck! Fuck! *Fuck!*"

The smoke alarm begins to screech and Yoongi races into the kitchen, his hands clapped over his ears. "What did you burn this ti— oh, *fuck*, Hoseok!"

They work together to get the kitchen window open to start clearing the air. It takes the both of them working in tandem since the window often gets stuck. It always needs a fair bit of jiggling and muscle to move in either direction, so they usually don't even bother with it.

Yoongi digs into one of the cupboards and pulls out a bag of salt. Immediately, he begins throwing handfuls onto the fires, sputtering them out. Hoseok moves the overheated pans and pots off the elements and switches the hood fan on, fanning the smoke out the open window away from the smoke alarm now that most of the danger has passed.

"Fuck," Yoongi exhales after the last fire is put out, dropping the bag of salt onto the counter. The alarm cuts and he reaches out for Hoseok at once, pulling him closer in a panicked frenzy as he checks over Hoseok's skin for burns. That done, he cups Hoseok's cheeks in his palms. "Look at me, are you okay? Hey," he whispers breathlessly, his eyes wide and terrified. "Fucking— *shit*, Hoseok-ah. You scared me, I thought— are you okay?"

Hoseok's vision blurs for a moment with stressed tears. His fingers curl around Yoongi's bony wrists. Tilting his head from either side, he presses a kiss to each of Yoongi's palms. "I'm okay. I'm not hurt, hyung. I'm so sorry."

Yoongi twists his hands in Hoseok's hold, pulling his hands over to press Hoseok's fingers to his lips. "Don't scare me like that," he murmurs, pulling Hoseok close and kissing his mouth, gentle and soft. Hoseok lets himself melt against him, twining his fingers between Yoongi's. He rests their foreheads together after, and they just breathe for a moment.

Together, they survey the damage. Of the sixteen croquettes Hoseok made, he only managed to save six of them. Some of the food isn't quite ruined either, but most of the dishes are burned black in the bottom of the pots. Yoongi examines the counters and cupboards and somehow they didn't damage anything too badly. It was mostly the oil that burned, leaving only small, superficial scars behind on some surfaces.

"Some fucking luck," Yoongi mutters, attempting to mop up the mess of salt and oil with a damp cloth. "Hey, d'you want me to order in?"

At Hoseok's nod, Yoongi pulls his phone from his pocket, grabbing a delivery menu from the stack of them on top of the fridge seemingly at random and placing an order. That done, they sit together on the floor to eat what's edible while they wait. The croquettes, Hoseok's pleased to discover, turn out delicious.

"I'm sorry," Hoseok says, again, inanely. "I— I tried to do too much at once, and I wouldn't let Seokjin hyung help me because I wanted... I wanted to do it all on my own for you, and it kind of... it all blew up in my face, didn't it?"

Yoongi nudges Hoseok in the ribs, leaning in and kissing him when Hoseok doesn't crack a smile. "Hey," he murmurs against Hoseok's lips, sitting back just enough to meet Hoseok's gaze without going cross-eyed. "It was an accident. Nobody got hurt, nothing important was damaged." He reaches up, brushing his fingertips through Hoseok's hair. Hoseok's eyelids flutter just like his nerves at the gentle touch. "Thank you for all you've done today, Hoseok-ah. The thought of you planning all this really... makes me feel good."

Hoseok smiles, curling his hand around Yoongi's wrist. "Do you want your present now or later?" he asks, voice barely audible over the hum of the fridge and the distant sounds of their neighbours.

"Depends," Yoongi says, stretching his shoulders a bit and grinning. "Is it a sexy present?"

"Knowing you as well as I do," Hoseok replies, pressing his thumb over Yoongi's pulse point, "yes, very much."

Yoongi sits up straight, drawing away from Hoseok, grin broadening. "Show me, then," he says, like he expects Hoseok to just *have* it, for it to be hidden away on Hoseok's body somewhere. To be fair, Hoseok has done that on more than one occasion in the past, but not this time.

Hoseok takes his time getting to his feet, reaching for the hem of his shirt as he stands as if about to tug it up. He notes the way Yoongi's eyes light up. Hoseok smirks, shaking his head, letting his hands fall to his sides. "I'll be right back, it's in our room." Yoongi watches him go. Hoseok catches his lip between his teeth, leaving to fetch the present. He returns with it, brandishing the wrapped package in Yoongi's face. "Happy birthday, hyung," he says. "I love you."

Reaching out, Yoongi takes it, looking up at Hoseok with a somewhat surprised expression on his face, like he didn't expect a physical present. "What is it?" he asks, picking at the corner of the paper. With Hoseok's nod accompanied by impatient, flapping hands, Yoongi rips at the neat wrappings.

A plain brown mailing box little bigger than a hardcover book falls into his hands. "What—?" he digs his nails under the packing tape and pulls the box open to reveal the fully-loaded, recently released professional upgrade to the music composition software Yoongi uses on an educational license.

Yoongi's jaw drops.

Hoseok bounces up and down on the balls of his feet. "Are you surprised?" he chirps, hardly able to contain himself.

"Floored," Yoongi mutters, tipping the software case out of the box and running his fingertips over the glossy, embossed cover. "Hoseok-ah, how did you— this costs—"

"I saved up a bit every month for the past year," Hoseok replies, beaming. He's been itching to tell Yoongi about his plan for *months*, but didn't want to ruin the gift. Yoongi's starting to smile now as he reads the back of the box. "I can't take all the credit for it. Namjoon and I worked out a payment plan through your faculty advisor. It was all my idea and my money, but they helped me make it work." He rocks back on his heels. "I know how much you've been lusting after it, hyung. I had to."

Yoongi stares up at Hoseok in stunned disbelief. "Y-you did all that for me?" he asks in a very small voice.

Hoseok tilts his head to the side, crouching down beside Yoongi and fiddling with the discarded ribbon. "Of course I did," he says softly, picking the ribbon up and tying it into a clumsy little bow around his neck with a smile as Yoongi watches him. "I wanted to get the update before this one for Christmas a year ago, but I definitely couldn't

afford it back then. *And* we'd only been dating for a month so I thought it might be weird if I just—"

"Take off your pants," Yoongi interrupts, setting the box aside. "Fuck. Take your pants off *now*, Jung Hoseok."

"But— the delivery—"

Yoongi reaches to loop his finger under the ribbon tied around Hoseok's throat, using it to tug Hoseok over into his lap. "We have time," he breathes. "Come here, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok leans in and kisses him, gasping as Yoongi's tongue rolls into his mouth. he digs his nails into Yoongi's shoulders through his shirt, tipping his head to the side and sliding his tongue alongside Yoongi's. his hands curl around the nape of Yoongi's neck to keep him close. Yoongi smiles into the kiss, his fingers clenching in the back of Hoseok's shirt.

"God," Yoongi breathes between kisses, his hands slipping down Hoseok's back to cup his ass in his palms. "You're so good." Hoseok surges forward into the next kiss, letting out a soft, needy sound as Yoongi squeezes his ass. He bites at Hoseok's bottom lip, tugging it between his teeth, and Hoseok shivers again. Yoongi lets out a laugh, a soft huff of air muffled into Hoseok's mouth. "You like that?"

"Shut up, you know I do," Hoseok replies, tilting his chin to slot their mouths back together.

Yoongi licks deeper into Hoseok's mouth. His hands slide back up from Hoseok's ass, fingers pushing at the hem of Hoseok's button-up shirt like he's about to try and pull it up. Hoseok makes another embarrassing little noise as Yoongi breaks the kiss.

His eyes flutter open in surprise as Yoongi licks a stripe along his neck, nipping at Hoseok's jaw. "Ah, fuck," Hoseok moans, rolling his hips and curling a hand in Yoongi's hair. It's cold with the window still open and Hoseok shivers, pressing closer to Yoongi. He can feel Yoongi's cock starting to stiffen against his ass already. Fuck. "Hyung —"

The buzzer goes off, crackling loud and obnoxious. Hoseok jerks in Yoongi's lap with a yelp, nearly toppling off him if not for the strong curl of Yoongi's arms around his waist. Yoongi huffs a breathless laugh, helping Hoseok to right himself before struggling to get out from underneath him. He kisses Hoseok once more, quick. He scoops

his present up and rises to let the delivery guy in, stabbing at the door button with his thumb.

Hoseok sags back against the cupboards, his lip caught between his teeth as he catches his breath. His heart thumps a steady tattoo against his ribcage as he watches Yoongi walk around the room.

Yoongi disappears into his office for a moment before returning with his wallet in hand, stuffing it into his pocket as he makes his way back towards Hoseok. He crouches down, bracing a hand on the counter over Hoseok's head. Tugging Hoseok forward by the ribbon a second time, Yoongi kisses him again.

It's harder, like they'd just been playing around before. Something deep and filthy, almost desperate like he can't get enough. Hoseok whines, his hands curling in the back of Yoongi's shirt, his legs splayed apart as Yoongi pushes up against him, pressing him more firmly against the cupboard door. Yoongi rolls his hips against Hoseok's, each kiss punctuated by a sharp thrust, and Hoseok feels more light-headed with each passing second.

Too soon, there's a knock at the door. Yoongi gets up, leaving Hoseok wanting, feeling and looking disheveled as he goes to answer the door. It's kind of hot. Hoseok feels kind of hot.

The delivery guy doesn't look around, just hands over their order and takes the payment, but it's still kind of hot. Hoseok's lips tingle, and he squirms on the floor, fingertips tracing his spit-slick bottom lip. His heart rate's still up, thundering even louder in his ears. The delivery guy leaves and Yoongi shuts the door, a pair of pizza boxes balanced on one arm.

"Come on," he says, leading the way into their bedroom. "Grab some beers."

Hoseok hesitates a few breaths, still leaning back against the cupboard, waiting for his heart to slow. He lets his eyes close, taking a deep breath, his hands curling into fists on his thighs.

"Hoseok-ah," comes Yoongi's voice from their room, somewhat muffled through a mouthful of pizza. "Are you coming?"

Hopefully as soon as possible, yeah. Hoseok scrambles up from the floor, using the counter for leverage as he makes his way to the fridge to grab a pair of beers for each of them. He joins Yoongi in their room, smiling as Yoongi looks up at him, cheeks puffed out from how much

food he has stuffed in his mouth. "You're so cute, hyung," he coos, dropping down onto the couch.

Yoongi's cheeks flush with colour. He chews and swallows with some difficulty, elbowing Hoseok in the ribs. "Shut up," he mutters, ducking his chin to hide a smile as Hoseok starts to laugh. He turns the volume up on the television to drown Hoseok out, which only makes Hoseok laugh harder.

They eat and chat about their respective days, the movie playing demoted to little more than background noise. Every now and then, Yoongi drops his hand down on Hoseok's thigh. His fingers trail along the inseam of Hoseok's jeans, driving him to distraction. Teasing him. reminding him of what's in store. Finished with eating, for now, Hoseok tucks his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck, kissing him there. Soon.

After they've both polished off both of the pizzas and their beers, Hoseok pulls Yoongi up off the couch, despite his complaints. Together they work to clean up the kitchen. It takes almost an hour to get most of the burned food from the pots and pans. They both agree to let the lot of them soak in the sink overnight.

Yoongi goes into the bathroom. While he's occupied, Hoseok shuts off the lights and begins to light candles in their bedroom. Too soon, Yoongi returns. He stops just inside the threshold of their room, his eyebrows raised.

Hoseok flaps a hand at him, lighting the last of the candles set up around their room, bathing them in a soft, golden light. "Go sit on the couch and close your eyes. No peeking."

Laughing, Yoongi drops down on the sofa and makes a big show of covering his eyes with his hands. Hoseok can't help but laugh, or ducking in to sneak a kiss. Yoongi makes an interested sound, but Hoseok draws away before Yoongi can catch hold of him again.

He goes to collect the cake, sticking birthday candles amongst the raspberries covering the top and lighting them. That done, Hoseok carefully scoops the cake up in his hands and walks back into their room. He sings the birthday song as he approaches, soft and low, voice hitching a bit as Yoongi peeks between his fingers at him. Yoongi's hands drop into his lap and he stares, open-mouthed, as Hoseok sets the cake down in front of him.

"Make a wish, hyung," Hoseok says.

Leaning forward, Yoongi closes his eyes for a moment before blinking and blowing out the candles.

Hoseok applauds, plucking one of the raspberries off the cake and popping it into Yoongi's mouth. "Happy birthday."

"Thank you," Yoongi says, a bit shyly.

The cake turned out delicious, the dark chocolate complemented by the sweet, crisp tartness of the raspberries. "Mm," Hoseok sighs, setting his and Yoongi's empty plates aside. "That was good, right?"

"Loved it," Yoongi replies, voice gone a little strange.

Hoseok, more concerned with setting plastic wrap over the top of the rest of the cake to keep it protected, doesn't notice until it's too late. He catches a glimpse of Yoongi's grin out the corner of his eye, just as Yoongi swipes leftover frosting across Hoseok's neck. Hoseok yelps in surprise. "Hyung!"

It's cool against Hoseok's skin, thick and creamy. Yoongi tips his head forward to lick it off and Hoseok shivers at the rasp of his tongue. Licking his lips, Hoseok takes Yoongi's fingers into his mouth to suck off what remains. Yoongi curses low, his breath puffing across Hoseok's sensitive, damp skin.

Yoongi lifts his head, mouth falling open as Hoseok sucks Yoongi's fingers deeper into his mouth. Hoseok lets his eyelashes flutter, tonguing between the digits with a soft sound, almost edging onto a moan. Yoongi's breath goes a little uneven and he pushes his fingers a little deeper into Hoseok's mouth, pressing down on the surface of his tongue. Hoseok moans again, muffled, sucking harder at Yoongi's fingers before tipping his head back, letting them slide smooth across his tongue and back out of his mouth.

"Fuck," Yoongi mutters.

"Yeah?" Hoseok asks, curling his hand around the nape of Yoongi's neck and pulling him in closer. "Come here, I've been waiting to do this all day." He hums as Yoongi licks into his mouth, his hands buried in Hoseok's hair.

Yoongi tips Hoseok's head back to deepen the kiss. Hoseok gasps, his nails digging into Yoongi's neck as Yoongi pushes Hoseok back against the cushions and climbs up on top of him. Hoseok's eyelids flutter again, hands dropping from the nape of Yoongi's neck to grip his

hipbones, holding onto him tight. Yoongi keeps brushing his hands through Hoseok's hair, soft and gentle and slow, at odds with the wickedness of his teeth and tongue at Hoseok's mouth.

"Hyung," Hoseok sighs, as Yoongi's lips drift. He nips at Hoseok's jaw and Hoseok shivers, tipping his head to the side. Yoongi kisses down the side of Hoseok's throat, nosing the ribbon still tied around his neck out of the way. One of his hands drops from Hoseok's hair to land heavy on his shoulder. He thumbs at the collar of Hoseok's button-up shirt and drags his tongue back up the side of Hoseok's neck.

Hoseok closes his eyes, leaning his head back on the cushion while Yoongi works him over. "Oh, hyung," he sighs again, releasing his hold on Yoongi's hips to run the flat of his palms up Yoongi's sides to curl over his shoulders.

Yoongi pushes at the collar of Hoseok's shirt again, his fingertips slipping beneath the fabric to dig into Hoseok's bared skin. He traces across Hoseok's collar bone almost absently as he presses their mouths back together, kissing him deeper, sweeter. His breath is damp and close, flaring hot across Hoseok's cheek. Hoseok hums again, his hands curled tight in the back of Yoongi's shirt. He might be stretching out the soft and worn jersey fabric, but he can't make himself stop.

"You're so good," Yoongi murmurs against Hoseok's lips. "Everything—everything you've done tonight has been so much, *too* much, so much more than I d—" He cuts himself off with another kiss and Hoseok moans into his mouth, his eyes clenching shut. "*Babe*," Yoongi breathes. "Fuck, I just love you so much."

Tipping his head back, Hoseok lets his tongue flick over Yoongi's lower lip before he catches it between his teeth, tugging gently. Yoongi gazes back at him behind heavy-lidded eyes, his hand slipping from Hoseok's shoulder. It drops to Hoseok's waist, the warmth of his broad hand soaking through the thin fabric of Hoseok's shirt, and suddenly Hoseok wants nothing more than for Yoongi to touch his bare skin, all over.

"I love you, too," Hoseok says, thumbing at the top buttons on his shirt, trying to loosen them from their fastenings. "Of course, I love you too, hyung. If I could give you the world, I would." He squirms underneath Yoongi's weight, tugging at the hem of his shirt and hauling it up over his head. "Hyung," he gasps, breathless and wanting. "Come here." Letting the shirt fall to the side, he cups Yoongi's jaw in his hands and kisses him again, and again.

Yoongi presses up against Hoseok, sucking Hoseok's bottom lip into his mouth. His warm hands spread across Hoseok's bared skin and seeking out his sensitive spots. Hoseok shivers, back arching up off the sofa, pressing up against Yoongi's weight still pinning him down.

Fingertips creep up Hoseok's chest between them, soft and almost feather-light in a way that drives Hoseok to distraction until Yoongi thumbs across one of Hoseok's nipples. The touch is careful, not pressing down too hard but catching the edge of his nail over it just enough to send a zing of sensation through Hoseok's nerves, pebbling the bud beneath the pad of Yoongi's thumb.

"*Fuck*," Hoseok whines, as Yoongi rubs over him again, a bit harder now. Yoongi smiles against Hoseok's mouth and starts to move back, sliding down Hoseok's body to meet his hands. He leaves a wet, sloppy trail of kisses that cool almost before he even pulls away to leave the next one, and Hoseok starts to tremble.

Yoongi drags his tongue over Hoseok's nipple, his hands curling around Hoseok's waist. Hoseok's back arches and Yoongi seems almost to be guiding the bend of Hoseok's spine up to meet his mouth. He kisses at Hoseok's chest, sucking bruises over his heart, biting at Hoseok's nipple until Hoseok's cursing the air around them black and blue.

Hoseok's fingers curl in the hair at the nape of Yoongi's neck, clenching in tight and pressing up to meet Yoongi's mouth more and more with a shameless litany of, "fuck, more, *please*, hyung," spilling past his lips. He throws his head back on the arm of the couch, bottom lip caught between his teeth.

Yoongi's hands slip down past Hoseok's waist. his nails drag across Hoseok's hipbones, working at the fastenings of his jeans. It takes him a moment of fumbling with the button with Hoseok bucking up against him, but he gets them undone. He pushes the thick denim open and down Hoseok's thighs. His hand curls hot and heavy over Hoseok's cock, pushing down over it through Hoseok's briefs.

All the while, he keeps sucking and licking at Hoseok's nipples, nipping at them and soothing the sting with a swipe of his tongue as Hoseok's breath hisses out between his teeth. His hand just rests there, pressed over Hoseok's cock.

This wasn't how Hoseok planned tonight to go.

He gasps for breath. "N— wait, hyung, wait."

Yoongi sits back on his heels at once, staring up at Hoseok with wide eyes. "You okay?" he asks, his chin slick with spit and glistening in the candlelight. *Fuck*. "Was that too much?

"No," Hoseok gasps. "I'm supposed to—" His voice cracks into nothing as Yoongi's hand shifts. Hoseok knows Yoongi's not trying to tease him, not trying to push him. Hoseok lets out an embarrassing little whine, resisting the urge to push up against him. It feels so *good*, but — he can't. He *can't*. He had a plan. He has to focus. "Hyung, I'm supposed to take care of you. It's your birthday."

Licking his lips, Yoongi says, "and what if I just want you for my birthday?" His voice comes out measured and slow, his palm hot against Hoseok's cock starting to fill and stiffen beneath his touch.

Something hot twists low in Hoseok's gut and he shifts, hips bucking up into Yoongi's hold on their own accord. Yoongi pushes down to meet him in response, grinding the heel of his palm over the base of Hoseok's cock. Hoseok shudders, his eyelids fluttering. "Fuck," he whimpers, "I— okay. Yeah."

"Then let me have you," Yoongi breathes, sitting up on his knees until he hovers over Hoseok to catch his mouth once again, kissing him breathless. His thumb strokes along Hoseok's jaw, such a sweet contrast to the filthy stroke of his tongue.

While he kisses the side of Hoseok's neck, his hand works its way under Hoseok's waistband, hot hand curling over Hoseok's cock. He doesn't stroke him, doesn't even move. His hand just stays curled there, cupped around the length of Hoseok's cock as he kisses down the side of Hoseok's neck.

Yoongi's teeth catch at Hoseok's collarbone, dragging down further before alternating kisses and long drags of his tongue across Hoseok's chest until he reaches Hoseok's nipples again. Hoseok gasps, squirming against the cushions and pushing up towards Yoongi's mouth as Yoongi works up another rhythm. Hoseok's cock twitches in Yoongi's hand, and

All at once, Hoseok realizes Yoongi wants to *feel* him get hard. Hoseok's breath hitches and he tips his head back with a moan, cradling the back of Yoongi's head in his hands. He wiggles a bit, working his jeans further down his legs without dislodging Yoongi from on top of him.

"Get back up here," he gasps, curling his fingers into Yoongi's hair and

tugging. Breath hisses out between Yoongi's teeth but he lifts his head, coming close enough for Hoseok to press their mouths back together. He feels the soft fabric of Yoongi's sweatpants graze the inside of his thigh and finds himself overwhelmed by how he's almost entirely naked now while Yoongi hasn't taken off a damn thing. Arousal spikes through him at even the idea of the image they would make together this way; Hoseok spread out naked with Yoongi on top of him, still clothed. Fuck.

"You like that?" Yoongi whispers, nipping at Hoseok's bottom lip.

Hoseok whimpers, pushing his hips up towards Yoongi's hand, seeking friction. Yoongi smiles into the next kiss, tightening his grip. A shudder rustles down Hoseok's spine, his thighs starting to shake. Yoongi just holds on a little tighter, feeling the way Hoseok twitches and trembles against his palm.

"Fuck," Hoseok mutters, staring down between them, at the reddened head of his cock glistening with precome, contrasting beautifully with Yoongi's long, pale fingers. All of a sudden, Yoongi starts to stroke his cock and Hoseok moans, caught off guard. "Hyung, *fuck*." He pulls Yoongi closer, presses up against his chest.

"Let me get you off first," Yoongi murmurs against Hoseok's lips. "I want to take my time with you. Is that okay? Can you do two for me tonight, Hoseok-ah?"

Gasping for breath, Hoseok nods, sucking Yoongi's tongue back into his mouth as Yoongi jerks him off faster. Hoseok whines at the sting of too much friction, but he doesn't want to let go. Yoongi pulls back just enough to spit into his palm, grip gliding more smoothly across Hoseok's skin. A few minutes later Hoseok comes with a sharp little cry, his fingertips digging into Yoongi's skin, raking down his back underneath his shirt.

They stay pressed together for a moment, leaning back against the arm of the couch, to catch their breath. Yoongi's still got his hand curled around the base of Hoseok's cock like he's reluctant to let go. He wipes his fingers clean on his sweatpants. Hoseok kisses him again, cupping his jaw in his hand, softer and gentler.

Hoseok snakes a hand down between them, rubbing along the hardening length of Yoongi's cock through his sweatpants. "Your turn," he murmurs, tipping his head to leave a trail of kisses and bites down the side of Yoongi's throat.

Yoongi sighs, tipping his head back. Hoseok feels Yoongi getting harder beneath his touch. He hooks his fingers underneath the waistbands of his sweatpants and his boxers and pushes them down.

"Lift your hips up, hyung," Hoseok breathes, and Yoongi does, letting Hoseok shove his pants and underwear down his thighs. His cock rests on his thigh, blushed pink in a way that matches the flush high in his cheeks. Yoongi sighs again, shifting on the couch.

Hoseok bends over his lap and nuzzles his face against Yoongi's soft stomach. Smiling, Hoseok kisses him there, dragging his tongue across his skin and nipping just to hear Yoongi's low, breathless laugh. He drifts down further, avoiding Yoongi's cock, biting and sucking bruises on the insides of Yoongi's thighs. Taking his time, he riles Yoongi up until he's squirming, pushing his hips up and trying to get Hoseok's mouth where he wants him.

Finally, with a smattering of slowly darkening pink marks littered all over Yoongi's thighs and sharp hipbones, Hoseok relents. He starts out with little kitten licks and kisses, tilting his head and up at Yoongi through his eyelashes. A pleasing pink flush colours Yoongi's cheeks, lips bitten red and slick, his eyes heavy-lidded. Beautiful.

Rubbing his lips down the length of Yoongi's cock and back up again, Hoseok takes a moment to drag his tongue over the head. He digs into the slit for a moment with the tip of his tongue, his hand curled tight around the base. Yoongi's breath catches with the barest hint at a moan. Too quiet. That won't do at all.

Hoseok takes him into his mouth, then, sinking down. He bobs slowly at first, letting his jaw relax as his eyes flutter closed. To his surprise, he takes in more than he expected to in this position. It's almost... easier. Hoseok moans a bit, pleased. Yoongi makes a broken little sound.

He takes his time with it, mouth moving soft and hot as he moves back up to work over the head of Yoongi's cock until Yoongi starts to get a little louder. His hips twitch a bit, his control slipping. there. Hoseok takes Yoongi in deeper now, rubbing his tongue along the shaft. He gets him wet, reveling in how it feels to have Yoongi's cock hardening against his tongue. This close he can taste the sweat on Yoongi's skin, breathing in through his nose as he goes down, as far as he can before he hits his gag reflex and has to back off.

Letting his mouth flood with saliva, he hollows his cheeks and sucks

hard as he comes back up, the sound wet and filthy. He swallows, tonguing at the head again before pulling off to breathe, jerking Yoongi off a bit as he tries to further relax his jaw. With another deep breath, Hoseok sinks down on him once more. His hand slips down to palm Yoongi's balls as he bobs his head. Yoongi's hips buck up hard and Hoseok chokes, tears in his eyes and slipping down his cheeks.

"Fuck," Yoongi gasps. "Fuck, Hoseok-ah, I'm sorry—"

Through the haze of tears, Hoseok sees Yoongi clench his hands into fists at his sides, his thighs straining as he tries to force himself to stay still. Hoseok shakes his head. "No, hyung," he murmurs, reaching out for Yoongi's hands, gently unfurling them before placing them on the back of his head. His eyelids flutter as Yoongi's fingers thread through his hair. "Like this," he says, meeting Yoongi's concerned eyes. "I can take it."

Yoongi shifts, looking torn. He wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue. "Hoseok-ah—"

"I'll stop if it's too much," Hoseok says, leaning in and kissing Yoongi, sweet and slow. "I want to do this. Let me." With one final kiss, he moves back down, taking Yoongi's cock back into his mouth. The further down he sinks, the tighter Yoongi's grip gets in Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok moans, pleasure flashing behind his closed eyelids and rolling down his spine. Fuck.

Gasping for breath, Hoseok looks up at Yoongi, hitting the head of Yoongi's cock against his tongue. "I want you to fuck my mouth," he says. "Just a bit. I'll pinch you if I can't do it. Trust me, hyung." Yoongi lets out another moan, quiet and pained. He nods, and Hoseok goes down on him again, sucking Yoongi's cock and moaning as Yoongi thrusts up into his mouth.

He's slow and hesitant at first, careful, his grip tight in Hoseok's hair as he holds his head steady. Hoseok braces his hands on Yoongi's thighs, taking it as Yoongi's thrusts get a little faster, go a little deeper. It still hurts, but doesn't seem to be enough to trigger his gag reflex again. Hoseok almost feels... more used to it, this way. He files that away for later, distracted as Yoongi moans again, breathless.

"Fuck, Hoseok-ah," he gasps. "That's so good." One of his hands slides up Hoseok's back from his hair, following the length of his spine and curving over Hoseok's ass. Sweat-slick fingertips rub over Hoseok's hole, pushing against his rim.

Moaning, Hoseok takes more of Yoongi's cock into his throat. He moans again, louder even muffled around Yoongi, because this is the furthest he's ever gotten. Pride swells in his chest so quickly he feels almost dizzy with it, his cock hard and dripping precome between his thighs. He arches his back, pushing back against Yoongi's fingertips.

"That's enough," Yoongi says, voice gone low and hoarse. "Fuck, I can't wait anymore, let's go to the bed." He lets go of Hoseok, waiting just long enough for his cock to slip from Hoseok's opened mouth. He gets to his feet.

Hoseok watches him go for a moment, trying to catch his breath. His heartbeat thunders in his ears as Yoongi wrenches his shirt up over his head. The muscles Yoongi swears he doesn't have in his back, broad shoulders and arms are thrown into sharp relief in the light of the candles.

Hoseok lets his gaze linger there a moment, on the expanse of smooth, pale skin. He doesn't think he'll ever get sick of seeing Yoongi stripped down like this. Casual, efficient. An afterthought.

He shivers at the sudden ripple of goosebumps across his back, arms, and thighs. The sweat seems to be cooling even faster on his skin in Yoongi's absence. The soreness in his knees and back from being cramped up for so long creeps into his awareness slowly.

His jaw aches a bit. The bright swell of pride inflates still further like a red balloon beneath his breastbone. He's getting closer. He might be able to let Yoongi fuck his mouth properly soon. What a surprise that would be. He swallows, loud in the stillness, still staring after Yoongi, unmoving.

The veins in Yoongi's arms seem more pronounced in the dark, leading down to his hands, broad palms and long fingers that Hoseok knows better than his own. Yoongi shoves his sweatpants and boxers down, stepping out of them on his way to their bed, and Hoseok follows the movement, focusing on Yoongi's ass, following the length of his toned thighs, his trim calves. His cute, knobbly ankles crack with every step he takes. The subconscious but not less confident swagger as Yoongi walks the distance between the couch and the bed, only a few short strides that Hoseok wishes could stretch on for miles.

Turning, Yoongi drops down on the foot of their bed. Hoseok stares at his face, then, at the flush in his cheeks, the way his eyes catch the light. He already looks a bit fucked out, chest still heaving with every

breath. Yoongi tips his head back and Hoseok watches his throat work as he swallows, highlighted and haloed in golden candlelight. His jaw seems even sharper in the soft lighting, the tip of his button nose a gentle curve. His plump lips shine, slick and bitten pink.

Yoongi drags his tongue across them now, biting his lip as he glances over to catch Hoseok staring. Hoseok swallows. Yoongi's eyebrow cocks. "...You're smiling at me," he says, voice hushed in the quiet.

"Yeah," Hoseok agrees, because he couldn't stop it even if he tried. "I guess I just like you."

Yoongi reaches out a hand, beckoning Hoseok closer with an easy flick of his fingers. "Come here, then."

Without hesitating, Hoseok pushes up off the couch and goes over to join him. Yoongi catches Hoseok around the backs of his thighs as soon as he's close enough. Hoseok laughs, sudden and bright, as Yoongi drags him down onto the bed. He rolls into Yoongi's arms, tipping his head up to kiss him, cupping his jaw in his hands.

Somehow it never seems to get old, the press of their bodies together. Light touches turn into grasping holds, pulling each other closer and closer. A push and pull flowing together like the ebb of the tides, breathing into each other and not once letting go. Yoongi's hands slide down Hoseok's back to grip at his hips, fingernails biting into Hoseok's skin as he nips at Hoseok's bottom lip. Hoseok gasps into Yoongi's mouth, hands sliding back and carding through Yoongi's hair.

"Roll over onto your front," Yoongi gasps between kisses, his fingertips still digging into Hoseok's hipbones. "Spread your legs for me."

Hoseok hums into Yoongi's mouth, arms still tight around Yoongi's shoulders. He indulges himself a few more kisses, sucking Yoongi's tongue into his mouth. Yoongi makes a soft noise, his hands sliding down to curl around Hoseok's ass. Hoseok hums again, hiking his leg higher up around Yoongi's hip, tipping his head to the side and deepening the kiss. Fingers inch down further and further, spreading Hoseok's cheeks apart and circling his hole with a fingertip.

"Oh," Hoseok sighs, tipping his head back. Yoongi surges forward, kissing his neck, and Hoseok tightens his hold in Yoongi's hair. "Oh, fine, hyung. Just don't take forever about it."

Yoongi nips at Hoseok's throat, teeth bared in a grin. "I'll take as long as I like, Hoseok-ah. As you keep reminding me, it's my birthday, after

all."

Hoseok laughs, rolling away from Yoongi. "Ah, you're right." He lies on his stomach, pushing his hips teasingly up into the air. "Happy birthday, hyung." He hears the click of a plastic lid snapping closed behind him, and closes his eyes. A cool finger brushes across his hole, and Hoseok shivers, hips jerking.

"Sorry," Yoongi murmurs, hesitating. "Is it too cold?"

"No," Hoseok sighs, pushing back against Yoongi's fingertip. "It's perfect, hyung."

Yoongi hums and rubs over Hoseok again with a bit more intent. It slips inside and Yoongi pushes forward, millimetre by millimetre. Hoseok feels himself part around the intrusion, and shudders at the feeling. Yoongi pushes all the way in and stops for a moment, as if waiting for something, and then begins to pull back. He goes so slowly, pulling back from more lube and rubbing it deep inside of Hoseok, rotating his hand around each time he pulls back out. He stays on the single finger for so long, but just as Hoseok starts to squirm, he slides back in with two.

Hoseok moans aloud at the feeling, at the stretch. It feels so much better already. His hands slide up the bed, gripping at the sheets. His fingers brush against the soft pillowcase at the head of the bed and he grabs the pillow, tugging it down to bury his face in it. Yoongi keeps fucking him with his fingers, still going so slowly. He presses kisses to the backs of Hoseok's thighs and over his ass, slicked hand rubbing over Hoseok's cock in time with his fingers pumping in and out of Hoseok's hole.

When he finally gets up to three fingers, he keeps up the same pattern for so long that Hoseok trembles when Yoongi suddenly stretches his fingers apart, opening him up. Hoseok muffles his moans into the pillow, arching his back to try and get Yoongi's fingers to rub across his prostate again, and again.

"Fuck," Hoseok gasps, tipping his head to the side and rocking back against Yoongi's hand, trying to look back at him over his shoulder. All he can see is the top of Yoongi's hair, the black strands mussed from Hoseok's fingers running through it earlier. "Hyung— do you have any regrets about tonight? Where we ended up?"

"No," comes Yoongi's reply, and he ducks his head, kissing Hoseok on his asscheek again, gentle and lingering. "How could I? I'm right

where I want to be." He twists his fingers and crooks them, his knuckles spreading Hoseok apart even wider in anticipation of what's to come. Hoseok chokes on a moan, eyelids fluttering shut. he spreads his thighs apart, trying to ride Yoongi's fingers. It's good, but it's not what he wants.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Yoongi murmurs. "There's nowhere else I'd rather be than right here with you, like this. All spread out for me. Fuck. I wish you could see how beautiful you are. I'm going to make you feel so good."

The tips of Hoseok's ears burn, satisfaction twisting in his gut as he clenches his hands in the sheets. "Hyung," he starts to say, but the word hitches into a loud moan as Yoongi pushes back in with four fingers, spreading Hoseok open wide. "Fuck," he whines, spreading his thighs and rocking back to meet Yoongi's hand. "Hyung, *fuck*, please."

"You want more?" Yoongi says, still pushing in so slowly.

Wordless, breathless, Hoseok nods, clutching at the sheets and moaning. Yoongi fucks him harder, rising up on his knees and bracing his other hand on Hoseok's hip. Hoseok rocks up across the bed from the force of it, moans pitching higher and louder in response. he reaches down between his thighs, stroking himself in time. Already he can feel his second orgasm creeping up on him, and he clenches down hard around Yoongi's fingers.

"Stop, hyung," he gasps, rocking forward. Yoongi's fingers slip free and he shudders, clenching down hard around nothing. "Fuck, that was too close. I don't think I could come again after this, I still want you to fuck me."

Yoongi hums again, kissing Hoseok's back. "Okay," he says. "How do you want to do this?"

Hoseok sits up, turning his head to look at Yoongi with a smile. "Lie down," he says. Maybe he won't be able to rub Yoongi's back and fuck him slow and sweet into the mattress like he planned... not tonight, at least... but he's still going to do most of the work.

As Yoongi lies back, Hoseok slides into his lap, facing away from him. "Like this, okay?" he asks, sliding his hands over his thighs, up to his ass and hold himself open.

"Fuck," Yoongi mutters. "Yeah," he says, reaching up and rolling his thumb across Hoseok's hole. The tip of it slips inside so smoothly, so

easily. Hoseok shivers, and Yoongi laughs. "Yeah, like this." Hoseok lowers himself down onto Yoongi's cock as he holds it steady.

Taking a deep breath, Hoseok lets himself sink down fast, moaning out loud and digging his nails into Yoongi's thighs. He takes a moment to adjust, rolling his hips slowly, rising up and sinking back down several times. Yoongi's warm hands curl around his hipbones, holding him tight. His hips twitch, fucking into Hoseok a little deeper, and Hoseok moans again, a shudder rippling down his spine.

He slides his hands down Yoongi's thighs, rising up slightly on his knees and rocking back down. Yoongi makes a weak noise, hands slipping off Hoseok's thighs and curling around his ankles instead. He shifts his hips, fucking up into Hoseok on the downstroke to meet each bounce. Hoseok increases his pace, riding the length of Yoongi's cock, swiveling his hips as he comes back down.

"Feel good?" Hoseok manages to gasp out, his toes curling in the sheets. His chest heaves with each breath, the sensation of being so filled is overwhelming.

"Fuck," Yoongi moans. "Yeah, it's good. It's always good. Oh my god—" His hands and thighs are trembling, which sends another thrill down Hoseok's spine. "You feel so good—"

Hoseok laughs, rocking in Yoongi's lap. "If I feel even half as good as you feel to me right now," he says, lifting up on Yoongi's cock and dropping back down with a shuddering little moan. "Well, neither of us are going to last very long, are we?"

"We'll see about that," Yoongi mutters, rubbing his thumb along the top of Hoseok's hole, where their bodies meet. In this position, Yoongi can't move much, can't fuck up into Hoseok's body the way he usually would, which is exactly what Hoseok wants. He takes full control, clenching down around Yoongi's cock. He does the most he can to make Yoongi feel as good as he possibly can — and judging from Yoongi's muffled groans, doing a decent enough job of it.

"Slide your leg up," Hoseok gasps, "I need— I need something to lean against." Yoongi lifts his leg and Hoseok braces his chest on his thigh, twisting his body slightly and moaning aloud at how much deeper Yoongi's cock seems to slide inside of him. His own cock rubs between their bodies, just shy of too much stimulation. "*Fuck*," he mutters. "That's—"

"Good," Yoongi groans, tipping his hips and meeting Hoseok's ass as

Hoseok rides his thigh. He reaches out and rubs his hand across Hoseok's back, down to his ass, across his hip. "This reminds me of that time you rode my thigh in the bathroom at your dance studio. Was that last year? It was before the studio moved."

Hoseok's cheeks heat. "I think so. Anyway, it wasn't my fault," he says, digging his nails into Yoongi's leg and rocking back onto Yoongi's cock with a little moan. "You kept riling me up all day. How was I supposed to react when I saw you, hyung?"

"I was just sending you pictures and making suggestions," Yoongi says, and Hoseok doesn't have to be looking at him to hear the smug smile spreading across Yoongi's face. "Then I showed up at the studio and there you were, dressed in those baggy pants and that loose tank top — you should wear those more often, by the way, it's hot and your nipples are pretty — well, I had to keep teasing you, didn't I?" His thumb rubs over Hoseok's hole again, pushing a bit, almost like he might try to slip it in alongside his cock.

A shudder rolls down Hoseok's spine. "You're lucky I didn't kick you out," he says, arching his back and grinding down even harder in Yoongi's lap. "I thought about it, you know."

Yoongi laughs. "Yeah, but you didn't, did you?"

No, Hoseok did not. Instead of kicking Yoongi out, Hoseok had grabbed Yoongi and dragged him into the bathroom with the door that did not lock. He shoved Yoongi up against it and kissed him to shut him up. He ground down on Yoongi's thigh when it slipped between his legs and rode him like that until he came and made a mess in those baggy sweatpants.

Hoseok's cheeks burn at the memory of awkwardly riding the subway with Yoongi beside him, his own release drying inside of his clothes. Yoongi made it up to him, fucked him on the bathroom floor and washed his clothes afterward. Still,

"It was *embarrassing*," Hoseok says, laughing now, reaching back and catching Yoongi's hand at his hip, pulling him up to grasp at his thigh instead. "It's embarrassing what you do to me, hyung."

"Yeah, but you do the same to me," Yoongi says, rubbing his hands along Hoseok's thighs. Hoseok's heart lifts somewhat, warmth radiating in his chest. He ducks his head, smiling. "Hey," Yoongi says, lowering his leg, "let's switch positions, I want to touch you, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok hums, folding forward, clambering up onto his hands and knees. "Where?" he asks.

"Just like this," Yoongi says, sitting up behind him and sliding back into Hoseok's body. Hoseok moans at the shift and how his body opens back up again around Yoongi's cock. Bending forward, Yoongi kisses Hoseok's shoulders, down his back, trailing his fingers across Hoseok's skin. Hoseok tilts his head, his breath catching as their gazes meet over his shoulder. Yoongi's eyes reflect the soft candlelight, his lips quirked in a small smile.

His hands clench around Hoseok's hipbones, and Hoseok lets his body sway back to meet the forward thrust of Yoongi's hips. He goes slow, letting Yoongi direct the movements of their bodies for the time being. Hoseok's fingers curl in the sheets, his head hanging heavy as his eyes close. He breathes in, rocking his hips back to meet every few thrusts.

Yoongi's fingertips dig into Hoseok's skin. "You can keep riding me if you want," he says, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hips before releasing him, sliding his hands up Hoseok's back, following the curve of his spine. "I just want to touch you."

Hoseok snorts, rolling his hips. "Good," he says, grinding back onto Yoongi's cock before rocking forward until he slips out. "That's what I planned." Reaching back with one hand, he grips Yoongi's cock, rubbing the head of it against his hole and moaning as Yoongi's fingernails bite into Hoseok's ass, spreading him open. "*Fuck*, hyung. Yeah, just like that." He swivels his hips, breath catching in his throat as the head of Yoongi's cock pops past his rim, sliding back into Hoseok's body like he belongs there.

Spreading his knees further apart on the bed to brace himself, Hoseok begins to work himself back onto Yoongi's cock. Yoongi lets out a soft little groan, his hands spread across Hoseok's ass. Smiling, Hoseok picks up the pace once again. His breathing grows harsher and harsher the faster he goes, each moan hiccuping out of him with the force of their bodies slapping together.

Yoongi's groans get a bit louder, rising above the wetness of the lube Hoseok can feel dribbling back out of his hole from the movement, sliding slick across his skin. Hoseok rocks back onto Yoongi's hips, grinding and undulating against him as he catches his breath. A low groan shudders all the way down his spine, his fingers and toes both curling in the sheets.

"Fuck, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi mutters, tightening his grip around Hoseok's hips. He moves forward to meet Hoseok's next push back, meeting him thrust for thrust. His palms are hot, burning into Hoseok's skin like a brand. "My turn."

As Yoongi fucks into him, Hoseok's next moan leaves him with the force of a punch. He angles his hips up a bit higher as he feels the head of Yoongi's cock graze over his prostate and moans as pleasure licks up his spine. "Fuck, hyung," he gasps, reaching back and gripping Yoongi's hip, guiding him. "Please, there—"

"There?" Yoongi's hands curl around Hoseok's shoulders and he thrusts into Hoseok even deeper and harder with shallow little dips of his hips that pound against Hoseok's ass. Hoseok's body rocks forward with each forward undulation, his hand twisting in the sheets. Yoongi tips forward, resting his head on Hoseok's back. "Hoseok-ah, you feel so good," he gasps.

Hoseok's sweaty hand slips on the sheets and he falls forward onto the mattress with a grunt, wincing as Yoongi's cock pops free from his body. "Fuck," he gasps. Yoongi hesitates, rubbing his hands over Hoseok's hips. "Hyung, keep going," Hoseok says, pushing his hips up for Yoongi to keep fucking into him, and he buries his face in the blankets with a moan as Yoongi does, their skin slapping together. He clenches down hard around Yoongi's cock. "Just like that. Please, hyung—"

Yoongi's hands shift from his hips to his lower back, forcing him down flat to the bed. Hoseok tries to muffle his loud moans, but he can't. He cries out, spreading his legs and grinding against the sheets as Yoongi fucks into him again, and again, and again. His moans hitch into little sobs, pleasure rippling through his entire body in waves. Hoseok writhes, pinned beneath Yoongi's weight.

His hands scrabble across the sheets for something tangible to cling to. Reaching back, Hoseok holds himself open so that Yoongi can see the way his cock slams into Hoseok's body. He keeps his forehead pressed against the mattress, eyelids fluttering so much he can't keep his eyes fully open or closed. His moans seem to get even louder, more guttural and desperate, the air forced from his lungs with each forward thrust of Yoongi's hips.

Hoseok shudders as Yoongi pulls almost all the way out before rolling back inside. Gasping for breath, Hoseok rolls his hips up as best he can to meet each pounding thrust. He catches hold of Yoongi's ass, he

squeezes him tight and pulls him in so he fucks Hoseok even harder.

"Fuck, Hoseok-ah," Yoongi gasps, his hands slipping off Hoseok's body as he braces himself on the mattress. Hoseok half twists over to his side, lifting his leg up so he can reach back for Yoongi, looking back at him over his shoulder.

Yoongi's eyes catch the light, glistening as he meets Hoseok's gaze. His mouth hangs open as he breathes, his lips pink and shining. He looks close. "Hoseok-ah," he repeats, folding forward and brushing their mouths together. "Fuck, you're so beautiful."

Hoseok lets out a broken little whine, cupping Yoongi's cheek in his palm and deepening the kiss. Yoongi grinds against Hoseok's ass, staying deep inside him. Hoseok tips his head back, staring up at the ceiling as Yoongi's lips drift, kissing the side of Hoseok's face, his neck and his shoulder.

"Kiss me again," Hoseok murmurs. Yoongi swoops in, hitching Hoseok's leg up even higher so he can get closer, pressed to the side of Hoseok's body. It's sweeter, slower, more indulgent and fond. Hoseok brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair, smiling at him when Yoongi draws back for breath. "Hi," he says, his voice a bit hoarse and wobbling from the tears.

The corner of Yoongi's mouth twitches. "Hi," he says, and he leans in to kiss Hoseok breathless, rolling his hips against Hoseok's ass. Hoseok pushes down against him, meeting his thrusts and gasping out at how much deeper it feels. Yoongi's thumb brushes along Hoseok's cheek, and he breaks the kiss.

Hoseok clenches down around nothing, crying out when Yoongi suddenly draws back. "What—?"

"Roll onto your back," Yoongi says, sliding his hands across Hoseok's legs, helping to turn him over. He moves up between Hoseok's spread thighs once he's settled, leaning in to kiss Hoseok again. Sighing into Yoongi's mouth, Hoseok curls his arms around Yoongi's shoulders, pulling him closer.

Yoongi's fingers smooth across Hoseok's body, tracing slow and delicate patterns over his skin with a gentled sort of reverence. Hoseok squirms, ticklish, laughing into the kiss. His legs curl around Yoongi's waist, pulling him closer, and Hoseok can feel the curve of Yoongi's smile against his lips.

When Yoongi sits back on his heels, his hands sliding down across Hoseok's chest, Hoseok blinks up at him, still smiling. Yoongi's thumbs circle Hoseok's nipples, still sore and sensitive from his attention earlier. Hoseok lets out a soft noise, shifting on the mattress. Yoongi's gaze feels heavy as it drags across his body, from the top of his head down to the tips of his toes.

Hoseok's cheeks flood with an unexpected warmth. "...You're staring at me," he mutters.

Yoongi's eyes snap up to meet Hoseok's gaze, and the corner of his mouth twitches. "I am," he says, tipping his head to the side and ducking in to leave a trail of kisses down the side of Hoseok's throat. He pauses for a moment at Hoseok's collarbone, sucking a bruise there, and pushes himself further down.

For a moment, he hovers over Hoseok's chest like he might start kissing over his nipples again. Hoseok's breath catches, his heart thundering in his ears. Yoongi moves down further still, dropping kisses along Hoseok's ribs and his side.

It's a firmer touch, not enough to trigger Hoseok's ticklish reflexes. Hoseok squirms with a breathless chuckle, pushing at Yoongi's head. his fingers tangle in Yoongi's hair. "Creep," he says.

Hot breath puffs across Hoseok's skin as Yoongi laughs, moving even further and further, dropping a kiss over Hoseok's navel. His teeth graze underneath it, enough for Hoseok to gasp. He nips at Hoseok's hipbone with sharp teeth and sucks a bruise on the inside of his thigh.

Yoongi takes Hoseok's hands from the back of his head, sitting up again between Hoseok's thighs. He turns his head, meeting Hoseok's gaze as he presses his lips over Hoseok's fluttering pulse point. Hoseok doesn't even dare breathe. Yoongi pushes his hands up over Hoseok's head, leaning over him and staring into his eyes. His hips rut against Hoseok's ass for a moment before he reaches down, grasping his cock and pushing back into Hoseok's body.

Hoseok's laugh tapers off into a gasp, his head tipping back on the bed, but he can't look away. "You're so *weird*, why do I love you?" he asks, unable to break eye contact. The warmth in his cheeks intensifies, radiating from his skin.

The corners of Yoongi's lips twitch like he's fighting back a smile. "I seem to recall you said it had something to do with my dick," he says, rolling his hips sweet and slow. He sighs, curling his hands around

Hoseok's thighs, holding them apart. "And also my willingness to catch spiders without making fun of you for screaming too much."

Hoseok tips his head to the side, his heartbeat thrumming in his ears. "There're a lot of reasons, I guess. You're still a creep." He pauses, his lip caught between his teeth, eyes fluttering closed. "*My* creep."

He hears Yoongi's low little chuckle, still can feel the weight of Yoongi's gaze on him, but... He likes it. He likes Yoongi's attention, he likes Yoongi looking at him like this. He always has.

Hoseok's back arches up off the mattress when Yoongi starts to pick up speed once more. He moans, rolling his head back on the mattress, his hands still up above his head. He curls his legs tight around Yoongi's hips, the heels of his feet digging into Yoongi's ass, egging him on as his orgasm sneaks back up on him again, so close he can almost taste it.

"Fuck, don't stop, don't stop," he whines, his hands curling in the sheets. "Please—" Yoongi's teeth dig into Hoseok's shoulder, and Hoseok jerks, back arching up off the bed with a shocked moan. "Fuck, Yoongi, please," he gasps out as jagged pleasure jolts through him like a lightning bolt.

Hoseok comes at once, untouched as Yoongi thrusts into him. His body trembles, clenching down hard and almost blacking out for a second. He trembles, his head tipped back on the bed, tightening up around Yoongi's cock as Yoongi keeps fucking him through it. Hoseok wraps his arms around Yoongi's shoulders, keeping him close. He drags his nails down Yoongi's back.

Yoongi's rhythm grows more and more frantic, his breathing gone ragged as he draws nearer to the edge. Hoseok burns from the overstimulation. He buries his face in Yoongi's shoulder to muffle his cries, lying there and taking it as Yoongi keeps fucking him. Yoongi's speaking, his low voice hitching and rumbling beside Hoseok's ear, but Hoseok can't make any sense of any of it. He clings to Yoongi, rolling down against him and gasping as Yoongi slams into him one final time with a loud groan as he comes.

Their harsh breathing breaks the stillness of the night. Yoongi turns his head, kissing Hoseok's temple, grazing his cheekbone. Hoseok shifts on the bed, holding him tight as they both come back down from it all. His mouth drifts, seeking out Hoseok's lips as Hoseok turns his head.

It's a soft kiss, sweet and wanting. Hoseok clings to Yoongi's back, his legs still tight around Yoongi's hips, keeping him from moving away. Yoongi cups Hoseok's jaw in his hand, his fingertips trembling until they press into Hoseok's skin.

Yoongi leans back, meeting Hoseok's eyes. His hair is mussed with sweat, eyes bright and a pleased smile turning up the corners of his mouth. Hoseok can't help but smile back at him, tipping his head up off the bed for another kiss. Yoongi laughs a bit, his hand sliding back into Hoseok's hair.

Hoseok sighs, releasing his hold and relaxing back on the bed. He winces as Yoongi pulls out, clenching down around nothing. Yoongi's fingertips brush over his hole, pressing against his sore, stretched out rim, and Hoseok shudders at the wet of lube and come sliding slick across his skin. "Fuck," he whispers, wetting his lips with a swipe of his tongue.

"I'll be right back," Yoongi whispers with one final kiss, clambering off the bed. Hoseok tilts his head, watching him upside-down as he moves away, and closes his eyes, stretching out luxuriously across the mattress with a groan.

A few moments later Yoongi returns with a warm, damp cloth that he cleans Hoseok with. Reaching out, Hoseok tugs Yoongi back into his arms, and Yoongi tumbles back onto the bed with a startled yelp. Despite his complaints, he lets Hoseok snuggle up against his side without fighting him off.

Hoseok's breathing slows, his eyelids fluttering shut as he presses his cheek to Yoongi's chest. He could sleep like this. It would be so easy to drift off. He won't, of course, he still has to shower and brush his teeth. It's impossible to ignore how comfortable he feels like this, though, with Yoongi's warmth surrounding him and fingers carding gently through his hair. He traces his fingers up and down Yoongi's chest, drawing out little swirls and curlicues across Yoongi's skin.

Yoongi's almost hesitant when he starts to speak. "You know, I've always thought it was so cute that you did that."

Hoseok tilts his head to the side, trying to think. What did he do? Draw on Yoongi's skin? Snuggle up against his chest? Neither of those are something he would consider worth remarking upon, and he frowns. "Did what?"

"You..." Yoongi sighs, rubbing his thumb along the base of Hoseok's

skull. Hoseok relaxes against Yoongi's chest at the drain of tension from his shoulders with a little groan. He hadn't even noticed himself getting a bit wound up. Yoongi laughs. "You have this thing where you... You don't call me hyung when you're about to come. You always say my name. It's cute, I always love it when you do it."

"I do *what*," Hoseok sputters, his cheeks heating up. "I do not! Shut up, hyung!" Yoongi's chest shakes beneath Hoseok's hot, blushing cheek as he laughs even harder, his whole body trembling. Hoseok rises up on his elbow and smacks Yoongi's shoulder. He scowls, but it's hard to maintain his annoyance from how amused Yoongi looks. "Maybe I've done it once or twice," he allows, after a moment. Yoongi's still laughing, his eyes dancing in the candlelight. "I definitely don't do it every time, though. Stop laughing at me."

"You do it every time," Yoongi manages between giggles, his every word dripping with fondness. "Even before we started dating. It's adorable."

"I—" Hoseok's cheeks get even hotter as he realizes with an uncomfortable clench in his gut that he did, in fact, call Yoongi by his name not even ten minutes ago. He collapses down on the bed, rolling away from Yoongi with an anguished groan. "Oh, my *god*, I *did*." He covers his face with his hands. "Do I really do it all the time? Fuck, I never realized I did that, hyung. I'm so sorry—"

Yoongi's arms curl around Hoseok's waist, tugging him over. He's still laughing a bit, but his lips brush over the top of Hoseok's head, which softens the sting of it. "Don't apologize," he says, his laughter dying down at last. "Hey, look at me."

Hoseok hesitates a moment longer before turning in Yoongi's arms and looking up at him. He pouts as their eyes meet, his cheeks so hot he wouldn't be surprised if he could fry an egg on his skin. "What," he says, petulantly.

Shaking his head, Yoongi says, "I love when you do it." He brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, pushing the strands back off Hoseok's forehead. "It's hot that you forget yourself that much, that I can make you feel that good. Don't be embarrassed."

Hoseok rubs his forehead against Yoongi's shoulder. His mortification isn't fading much, but he feels somewhat better knowing Yoongi at least *likes* it. God, he can't believe he never realized how often he's done it before. "...Yoongi," he whispers into Yoongi's shoulder, kissing

him there.

Yoongi brushes his hand through Hoseok's hair but freezes at the nape of Hoseok's neck, squeezing gently. "Hey," he says. "You can't do it all the time, though, you brat."

Laughing, Hoseok shifts up and kisses Yoongi's neck. He lifts his head and meets Yoongi's eyes, and they smile at each other. Hoseok's cheeks still feel overheated, but he slides his arm around Yoongi's waist, pulling him closer. "Yoongi," he says again, a little thrill rustling through him as Yoongi's smile doesn't falter at the sound of it. "Yoongi, Yoongi, *Yoongi*... I love you."

"I love you too, babe," Yoongi says, so simply, so easily.

Hoseok freezes up, his mouth falling open, heart thundering in his ears. "Three times in one day," he whispers after a moment. "I think that's some sort of record." Yoongi's eyes widen, his cheeks flooding with pink, his hand clenching around the nape of Hoseok's neck. He looks almost like he hopes a sinkhole might open up beside the bed for him to roll into. Hoseok sits up, clutching his warm cheeks in his hands. "You're so cute," he says. "Fuck, you're so cute. How am I supposed to deal with this, huh? I can't deal with this."

Yoongi's eyes flash. "No, no, how am I supposed to deal with *you*," he counters, tightening his hold around Hoseok and tugging him back down into his arms. Hoseok laughs, bracing himself on the bed so he doesn't collapse face-first into Yoongi's chest. "Do you even understand how cute you are?" Yoongi asks. "Do you?"

"Yeah, right," Hoseok says, still laughing. "You're always cute," he says. "Impossibly cute. You don't even have to *try*—"

"What, like you do?" Yoongi interrupts, chuckling. His hands slide down Hoseok's back, curling around his ass and hauling him bodily back on top of him. "You're the cutest person I've ever met in my entire *life*—"

"Shut up, that's just because you haven't met yourself," Hoseok snorts, tipping his head forward and burying his face in the side of Yoongi's neck. "I think if you ever did, you would agree that *you*—"

Yoongi laughs. "Oh, shut up," he mutters fondly. "You're cuter than me. I think everyone thinks so. I'll hold a vote on friday when we go out for dinner with our friends, then you'll see."

"I'm not going down without a fight," Hoseok replies, digging his nails into Yoongi's sides, and Yoongi squirms, laughing even harder. "I think you'd be surprised how the general consensus is that you're the cutest person they've ever met in their entire lives. Even that cranky old man who lives two floors down, he thinks you're cute too. I heard him say it," he adopts a lower, much creakier voice, aided by how fucked-out and hoarse he already is. "'Why, that Min Yoongi, he sure is a cute individual. It always makes my mean old man day when I see him in the lobby, you know—'"

"*Stop*," Yoongi groans, still laughing.

"Never," Hoseok says, kissing Yoongi's neck and sitting up in his lap. "I'm never going to think I'm cuter than you, so you should just give up."

Yoongi stares up at Hoseok, his cheeks still pink, lips parted as he breathes. "...Is it okay if I think the same about you?" he asks, rubbing his hands along Hoseok's thighs. "If I think you're the cutest, and the sexiest, and the smartest, and that I'm the luckiest man in the world because I *am*—"

Hoseok snorts, sliding off Yoongi. He glances towards the clock on the bedside table; it's just after midnight, now. He catches hold of Yoongi's hands when he reaches out to tug him back down, using that momentum to pull him towards the edge of the mattress. "Let's get ready for bed already, you sap," he says, still smiling as he leads the way towards the bathroom.

Together they brush their teeth and then step into the shower. Hoseok smiles. It's almost a mirror image of how they got up, but it's Yoongi taking care of Hoseok this time, instead of the other way around. Yoongi takes his time, fingering the last of the lube and come out of Hoseok's body. Hoseok bites his lip to muffle his moans, clinging to Yoongi's shoulders, his head buried in the side of Yoongi's neck.

Yoongi strokes his other hand up and down Hoseok's back, soothing him. He's sweet, tender and gentle as he always is after they've had sex. It makes Hoseok feel warm, taken care of, well-loved. The water's hot. Their bodies pressed tightly together feels perfect. Yoongi ducks his head, kissing Hoseok's temple, the curve of Hoseok's neck, his shoulder.

Hoseok catches Yoongi's hands, lacing their fingers together. Lifting his head, he presses his mouth to the backs of Yoongi's hands, and

then his mouth. "Happy birthday," he murmurs. "Was it good?"

Yoongi doesn't respond right away, turning his head and kissing down the side of Hoseok's neck. Hoseok gasps, tipping his head back to give Yoongi more room. Yoongi's hands clench around Hoseok's. "The best one yet," he says finally, softly, barely audible over the shower. "Thank you."

"I'm glad," Hoseok replies, tipping his head and kissing Yoongi's temple. he unlaces their hands, reaching out and shutting off the water. "Let's go to bed, hm?"

After they've dried off, redressed and stripped and remade their bed, Yoongi pulls Hoseok closer into his arms. He whispers, "*Babe*," one more as Hoseok relaxes against his chest. Hoseok's cheeks radiate warmth, and he rubs his cheek against Yoongi's t-shirt. Yoongi's arms curl tighter around Hoseok's shoulders, keeping him close.

Chapter End Notes

> squeezing in just under the wire here. happy fourth anniversary to this fic. can't believe it's still going. can't believe people are still READING it, like. it means a lot to me, and writing this fic has got me through a lot of rough shit these past four years. thank you from the bottom of my heart. i love you.
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

synthesize

Chapter Notes

warnings for uhhhhh sads, slightly more insight into hobi's destructive tendencies wrt sex as a means of self-harm

takes place immediately after the resolution of the not!cheating arc, the aftermath of the power outage and everything that went on. finally these losers are gonna talk about their feelings a bit.

thank you to amelia for helping me out when i awkwardly asked her things without trying to give too much of it away lmao it's much harder to be vague irl

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi rolls over onto his back. His eyes catch the light shining between a gap in the curtains, his gaze fixed on the ceiling overhead. His mouth opens, but he doesn't speak.

It's three in the morning — perhaps it's not the best time for such a heart-to-heart, but Hoseok's tired of putting it off. He watches Yoongi, his hands still curled in the blanket to keep himself from reaching out. He stays quiet. He waits for Yoongi to talk.

"You know..." Yoongi begins hesitantly. "I never had any serious relationships in high school or after I moved up here for school," he says. "Nothing but casual sex and dates for my entire first year... Everything changed when I met Seokjin, though. We were friends first, but I always had a thing for him. He was so beautiful, seemed so untouchable... but he always made me laugh."

Hoseok closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Even though he *asked* for this, he's still not entirely sure if he's ready to know. His gut clenches, twisting uncomfortably, and he tightens his grip on the blanket.

"We lived together even before we started dating, but it... It always felt inevitable, to me." He lets out a laugh more breath than sound, dry and humourless. "I fell for him hard and fast, I couldn't have stopped it even if I tried. He was... So much more than I expected, and I loved him so much than I ever thought I could love anyone. It was so good for so long, but..."

Yoongi takes a moment, his voice faltering. Hoseok waits. His hands curl tighter in the blanket.

"...But then I got busy," Yoongi continues finally. "Seokjin was in the process of transferring to your school for the drama program. So we spent a lot of time apart, too much time, too much distance. Physically and emotionally. I didn't..." Yoongi takes a deep breath, shifting on the bed. Hoseok opens his eyes to see Yoongi still staring up at the ceiling, his face blank. "...I never noticed that he was unhappy. I had no idea what was coming. I never noticed him drawing away from me, that he stayed out later and later each night — until he stopped coming back altogether."

"Oh, hyung," Hoseok whispers, unclenching his hands from the blanket and reaching out for Yoongi's. Yoongi lets him, but he doesn't turn his gaze away from the ceiling. "If it's too much— you don't have to, I shouldn't have– I'm sorry."

Yoongi shakes his head. "No," he says. "No, I should—" He takes a deep breath, looking over at Hoseok at last. "I should talk about it. You deserve to know what happened." The corners of his mouth twitch into a ghost of a smile. "It's okay now, Hoseok-ah. I'm okay. I have you."

His gaze slips away, his eyes closing. "See, hyung never cheated on me physically," Yoongi continues, after a moment. "But there was a girl he worked with at the tutoring centre that he fell in love with, and that was it." The smile on his face takes a more sardonic edge to it. "We held out for another two months, we tried to make it work, but... Deep down, I knew it wasn't going to. He didn't want to, anymore. He broke my heart, broke *me*, and all he could say was, '*Sorry*'."

Yoongi's eyes open. "It wasn't dramatic. One day, Seokjin hyung was there. The next, he was packing up his half of our apartment and moving out." He blinks, swallows. "I... I didn't take it well. I shut off for about a month, locked up in my room to drink myself stupid every night, trying to hide from the hurt. Didn't work. It got worse before it got better, especially when Seokjin started dating that other girl, a few months after we split. That stung."

Hoseok's heart sinks. He tightens his grip on Yoongi's hand, cupping it protectively between both of his.

"Namjoon and Kihyun, especially, helped me out a lot in the months that followed. They helped me get through it, gave me the support I

needed. Let me cry and scream when I needed to. It was like I had to completely relearn how to live." Yoongi smiles, glancing over at Hoseok again. "After a few months, Seokjin reached out to me. It took a while, we went slow, but we became friends again." He laughs, shaking his head. "I think he was trying to ease his own guilt over what happened. I don't think he ever loved me the way I loved him."

"You don't know that," Hoseok whispers.

Yoongi's smile softens. "I don't," he agrees, and sighs. "It took me a long time to trust again, and I didn't learn how to until... Well, until after Seokjin tried to set me up with you after a long string of horrible first dates and hook-ups. I didn't want to, but he talked me into it." He rubs his thumb along the side of Hoseok's hand. "Lucky he did."

Hoseok swallows, turning his face away. He stares up at the sliver of light splitting the ceiling into two perfect halves. "Right," he murmurs, pulling one of his hands free from Yoongi's grasp and scrubbing the back of it across his sore, tired eyes.

"I wasn't ready," Yoongi murmurs, still stroking Hoseok's hand with his thumb. "At least, I told myself that I wasn't, that I wasn't worth loving. That kind of misery can get addictive." He shifts on the pillows. "It's not an excuse for how shitty I was," he says. Hoseok closes his eyes. " I was scared. I didn't want to get my heart broken like that again, so I tried to keep you at a distance. I'm sorry about that, Hoseok-ah." He takes a deep breath. his hand trembles in Hoseok's hold. "I can't remember if I ever apologized for how I treated you back then, Hoseok-ah. I'm so sorry. You didn't deserve that."

Shaking his head, Hoseok blinks his eyes open. Yoongi stares plaintively back at him, his lips downturned at the corners. Hoseok rolls over, shifting closer to Yoongi until they share the same pillow. He brushes his fingertips over Yoongi's face, gently tracing out his features. Yoongi's eyelids flutter shut. Hoseok shifts a bit closer and kisses Yoongi's forehead. "I forgave you then," he whispers into Yoongi's skin, leaning back as Yoongi blinks his eyes open. His hand curls around the nape of Yoongi's neck. "And I forgive you now, too, if you need to hear it."

Yoongi lifts their entwined hands up and kisses the back of Hoseok's hand. "Your turn. Tell me about—" his voice catches, and he frowns. "Tell me about Donghyuk. I want to know."

Hoseok purses his lips, turning his head away. "It wasn't just him," he

says. "There's— hyung, he was just a small piece of it, you know?" His fingers twitch in Yoongi's grip as he tries to organize his thoughts. "It's... hard to pinpoint when it started, exactly, when my view of sex and relationships got so skewed and destructive."

Yoongi falls silent and still. Hoseok watches him out the corner of his eye. He doesn't even look like he's *breathing*.

Taking a deep breath, Hoseok closes his eyes, pulls his hand away. "I guess... Maybe it started with this one girl I was seeing back in high school who thought I was weird for the things I liked, who got so dismissive of my interests to an extent that I started to feel ashamed of myself, like the things I enjoyed didn't matter."

Hoseok's gut clenches and he blinks, staring into the dark. When he speaks again, his voice is softer, more hesitant. "After she broke up with me, I started to use sex as a way to get affection and to feel needed. I... changed a lot of myself to please them, to be what they wanted me to be."

A sharp inhale. Hoseok doesn't look over at Yoongi, keeps his face turned away. "I met Donghyuk the day after I got to Seoul. Namjoon introduced us, but I don't think he ever expected what would happen," he says, low and emotionless in the dark. "To Donghyuk, I was just a hole for him to get off into, and I convinced myself that nobody else would want me any other way."

Yoongi lets out a soft sound and reaches out for Hoseok then, pulling him closer. Hoseok lets him, burying his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck. "I've struggled a lot with sex," he murmurs. "I've hurt myself a lot with sex. I'd seek out strangers at clubs, do whatever they wanted, laugh about it afterward." He shakes his head, curling his hands in the front of Yoongi's shirt. "I was so *stupid*," he whispers. "Jimin and Taehyung both fucked me, too. Full disclosure."

"Thank you for telling me," Yoongi murmurs. He brushes his hand through Hoseok's hair, keeping him close. "What happened next?"

Hoseok takes a deep, shuddering breath. "Namjoon did," he replies. "When he found out what I was doing, he took me to get tested every month. I never caught anything, but I could have. It would've been so easy, I was too reckless, I didn't *care*... but Namjoon did. He took care of me. Then he wanted to know what it was like to get fucked, so I slept with him, but I... I didn't want to hurt him the way I'd been hurt, and that—" He closes his eyes, listens to Yoongi's slow, steady

breathing. "It helped me start to heal, and then... well, then I met you, hyung."

It takes a moment for Hoseok to register the faint tremor in Yoongi's hands. "I was such a dick," Yoongi mutters. "I was *such* a dick." That startles a laugh past Hoseok's lips. Yoongi combs his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "God, I love you."

"I love you, too," Hoseok whispers, pressing a kiss to Yoongi's shoulder before lifting his head to meet Yoongi's gaze. "You were a dick," he continues after a moment. Yoongi's eyes close, his brow furrowed. Hoseok smiles. "But you weren't all the time. There were these moments that you were so sweet to me, moments when you let your guard down, and I wanted to know *that* you better. I'm so glad I got the chance to, hyung."

Tilting his head, Hoseok kisses Yoongi's cheek. "You've helped me grow and heal so much," he whispers. "Do you even realize?" Yoongi shivers, his eyelids fluttering. His cheeks radiate heat, and Hoseok's smile stretches across his face. "I wouldn't be who I am now without you," Hoseok continues, cupping Yoongi's warm cheeks in his palms. Yoongi's eyes open, catching the light. "I don't think I would have learned how to love like this without you, hyung."

Yoongi ducks his head, bashful, but he leans in and kisses Hoseok, keeping him close. Hoseok tangles his hands back into Yoongi's shirt, rolling Yoongi over onto back to kiss him again, and again. "I love you," Yoongi mutters between kisses. "You know that? Do you know how much I—" Hoseok kisses him again, licking deeper into his mouth, and Yoongi makes a weak sound. "I'm so lucky, I know I'm lucky, I— I love you. You're so beautiful and talented, and perfect, and—"

"*Yours*," Hoseok interrupts. "Hyung, I don't want anyone else. Just you." Yoongi's eyes shine a little more bright in the dark. Smiling, Hoseok leans back in and kisses him so sweetly, so gently.

Curling his arms around Hoseok's shoulders, Yoongi pulls him in close, kisses him harder. Yoongi's hands tangle in Hoseok's hair, tugging at the strands. A shiver rustles down Hoseok's spine and he moans into Yoongi's mouth, grasping at Yoongi even tighter. Hoseok rides Yoongi careful and loving and slow, tangled together and not once letting go.

Chapter End Notes

hehe posting from a completely different timezone which is weird

but hello friends i am in australia on holiday and it's been wonderful! i had some free time the other day recovering from back-to-back day tours and took advantage of those hours to write a bit! maybe i'll have more free time before i travel back home to canadaland on the 18th?? and can write a bit more?? we'll see how it goes! i hope you're doing well ♥

first | timeline | chapter song | mix

021816

Chapter Notes

there's nothing to warn for this time, amazingly. some sads, maybe.

takes place a couple days after the not!cheating argument arc. FINALLY ALMOST DONE WITH THIS TIME PERIOD YOU GUYS, THERE'S JUST ONE CHAPTER LEFT [muffled hallelujah chorus in the distance]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hyung..."

Yoongi looks up from his textbooks as Hoseok slumps into their room, the corners of his mouth downturned, his beautiful eyes lacking their usual lustre. He sets his books aside at once, reaching out for him. Hoseok lets himself be dragged down onto the couch beside Yoongi, snuggling up in his arms. He turns his face into Yoongi's chest, mumbling,

"Aeyoungie's sick, I need to cover her shifts this weekend." He sniffles, and Yoongi's heart does a backflip in his chest. "I can't go home." Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, stroking down his back as he leans against the couch cushions and pulls Hoseok down with him. Hoseok sniffles again, his voice a gone wet when he speaks again, "...I can't go home."

Yoongi's relief is palpable. He immediately feels a rush of guilt for it, as soon as that thought registers. He holds Hoseok a bit tighter, turning to press a kiss to the top of Hoseok's head. The last thing he wanted was for Hoseok to leave him behind so soon after they've started to recover from their argument. It was only a few days ago, after all.

His heart aches for Hoseok, though, too. He knows how much Hoseok was looking forward to going home and seeing his family. He knows what being with them for his birthday would've meant to him.

Well. Yoongi will just have to make it up for him, somehow. He'll have to make sure Hoseok's birthday will be wonderful.

With that thought in mind, Yoongi gets to work the instant Hoseok

leaves the morning of his birthday. First, he rearranges their furniture somewhat in their room, making room to drag the mattress from their bedframe onto the floor between the couch and the television. With that done, he digs out all of their spare blankets and bedding from the closet, setting them aside. Finally, he does a ridiculous amount of research and planning into blanket forts, spending over two straight hours plotting the whole thing out and putting it together.

The end result is elegant, long swathes of draped fabric anchored to the curtain rod and slung over the back of the television, covering their entire bed and hiding it from view. just what he wanted. He sets up a nest of pillows and blankets on the mattress, aiming for optimal comfort and ease of snuggling.

For the final touches, he puts in orders for all of Hoseok's favourite foods. He goes out to purchase snacks from the convenience shop and a cake from the bakery nearby.

His last stop is Jimin and Taehyung's. "I need to borrow all the string lights you have," he says, the instant Taehyung lets him into the apartment.

Taehyung's eyes narrow. "Why?" he asks.

"Nothing in particular," Yoongi says, squirming a bit. "It's none of your business, I just need to borrow them for tonight. I'll bring them back tomorrow."

"Is it for a weird sex thing?" Taehyung asks.

Yoongi sputters. "No!"

"Then why won't you tell me what you need them for?" Taehyung asks, looking somewhat amused as he settles down on the couch. His demon cat jumps up into his lap, and Taehyung's smile brightens as he snuggles her close, dropping a kiss to the top of her head. Yoongi can hear her purring even from by the door. "You don't need to be embarrassed, hyung." Taehyung continues, "You can just tell me. I won't let you have them unless you tell me what you're gonna use them for."

"...Fine, it's for a weird sex thing, then," Yoongi intones, glowering at Taehyung.

"Now I *know* you're lying," Taehyung says with a laugh. "You'd never tell me about your sex life." He holds up a hand. "Which is good,

because we both know I've seen a lot more of that than I've ever wanted to see—"

Yoongi throws his hands up into the air with a disgusted sound. "It's for Hoseokie, okay?" he bursts out. "He was supposed to go home with his family for his birthday but he can't, now, so I'm trying to make it something special for him, alright? Can I borrow the damn lights or not?"

Taehyung's eyes get very big and sad. "Hyung! Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he asks, setting the demon cat aside on the cushion beside him. He gets to his feet, and his cat chirps. "Hold on, I'll go get them," he says as he leaves the room with his cat hot on his heels. "How many strands will you need?"

Yoongi blinks, staring after him. "Um..." he says, trying to think. "Maybe three?" he calls, raising his voice for Taehyung to hear over the sounds of distant rummaging deeper in the apartment. "I'm just going to pin them to one side of the blanket fort..."

"You made a *blanket fort?*" Taehyung demands, delight clear in his voice. "Hoseokie hyung is going to *love* that, hyung!"

Sighing, Yoongi fidgets, stuffing his hands into his pockets. "I hope so," he mutters. He looks up in surprise as Taehyung marches back into the room with three sets of battery-powered string lights in his hands.

"Two regular and one star," Taehyung says, passing them over with a smile. "Do you need anything else, hyung? Extra batteries? We might have some somewhere..."

Yoongi shakes his head, sticking the lights into the bag with the snacks. "I think this is everything," he says gratefully. "Thank you, Taehyung-ah. I should get back and finish up the last few details before he gets home."

"Have a good night, hyung," Taehyung replies, smiling as he opens the door and follows Yoongi out into the hall. "Take care of Hoseokie hyung," he says after a moment, his voice taking on a more earnest tone that feels especially weighty after all the teasing. "He's been working really hard lately."

Softening, Yoongi reaches out and squeezes Taehyung's shoulder. "I know," he says softly. "I will, don't worry. Thank you, Taehyung-ah. I'll return these tomorrow, probably. It'll depend if Hoseokie wants to keep the fort up all weekend or not."

Taehyung laughs, waving a hand. "You can keep 'em if you want. Think of it as a birthday present for Hoseokie hyung."

Yoongi falters in the hallway. "Taehyung..."

"Just go," Taehyung says, flapping his hand at Yoongi again. "It's fine. I hardly even use them. Put them up in your office, if you want. Light it up in there a bit. You shouldn't just spend all your time in that dark little closet, hyung."

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi turns and begins to walk away. "Thank you, Taehyung-ah. See you later." Taehyung's low, sweet laugh follows Yoongi down the hall. The corner of Yoongi's mouth twitches.

Back in his own apartment a few moments later, Yoongi paws through their closet for Hoseok's performance bag, digging out a small plastic bag of safety pins. He uses those to pin the lights at random across the inside of one of the black bedsheets, giving the illusion of a field of stars. After queueing up some of Hoseok's favourite movies (almost exclusively melodramas, the kinds Hoseok always tears up over while Yoongi rolls his eyes and holds the box of tissues), Yoongi settles in to wait.

He doesn't have to wait long. When Hoseok trudges through the door half an hour later, Yoongi gets up to greet him. "Hey," he says, helping Hoseok with his coat.

Hoseok smiles tiredly, kissing Yoongi's cheek in response. "Hi, hyung," he murmurs, voice a bit hoarse. "How was your day?"

"Good," Yoongi replies, herding Hoseok towards the bathroom. "Go wash up; dinner will be here any minute." He watches Hoseok step forward into the bathroom, stripping off his clothes as he goes. A smile turns up the corner of Yoongi's mouth. "How was your day?"

"Long," Hoseok sighs, stepping out of his work uniform and ducking down to turn on the shower. "I've got a really bad headache. What did you order for dinner?"

Yoongi's smile broadens. "All your favourites," he replies. "Only the best for my Hoseokie tonight." Hoseok flashes a tired smile over his shoulder at Yoongi as he steps into the tub. Yoongi leaves him to it. He slips back into their room to grab one of his ties and the pyjama pants and sweatshirt he'd laid out for Hoseok earlier, setting them on the counter in the bathroom for Hoseok to change into later.

He goes to answer the door when the buzzer rings, paying the delivery man and carrying the dishes into their room and into the fort for later. That done, he returns to stand beside the open bathroom door. "Tell me more about your day, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok sighs, audible even over the shower spray. "It was fine," he says. "Lots of customers. Some weren't very nice. It was lonely without Aeyoungie around to keep me company. Junghwa's been helping with waiting tables and he's doing alright, but the new kid we've got bussing... He just takes forever. We all had to help out clearing the tables. Youngsoo's doing well as a prep cook, though. He's a lot happier now that he's not just stuck washing all the dishes."

Yoongi smiles, tipping his head back against the wall. "Would you ever want to work in the kitchen, too?"

"Me?" Hoseok asks, snorting. "No, I don't think so. In another life, maybe. I'm not a very good cook, hyung."

"Hey, don't sell yourself short. You're not *terrible*," Yoongi says, waving a hand even though Hoseok can't see him. "Objectively, I mean. You'd have to train up a bit more, of course."

"Yeah, yeah," Hoseok replies, sounding amused. "No, I don't think I'd want to work in the kitchen. Management, maybe, if they ever asked me. I don't want to work there forever, though."

Yoongi blinks up at the ceiling, playing with the tie in his hands, folding the smooth fabric around his fingers. "Yeah," he says softly. "Yeah, I know." He startles when the water shuts off, and glances in through the doorway as Hoseok steps out of the shower, dripping wet. "Hey," he says, smiling.

Hoseok looks up and smiles back at Yoongi, reaching out for the towel and beginning to dry himself. "Hey," he says, faltering as he bends to dry his legs. "Are you just... waiting here for me?"

"Yeah," Yoongi says, his smile growing. "What, is that a problem?"

"...No," Hoseok says slowly, still eyeing Yoongi warily. "No, I guess not. Is everything okay?"

"Of course," Yoongi replies, slipping the tie back and forth between his fingers. "Nothing weird going on, I promise. I just want to spend more time with you, that's all. I missed you today."

Hoseok visibly softens, tension draining from his shoulders. He smiles at Yoongi, bending down to finish drying his legs. His eyes light on the clothes on the counter. "You even picked out an outfit for me?" he asks, his voice gone light and teasing.

Yoongi nods, still grinning. "Try and guess what we're going to do tonight."

"Eat dinner and then sleep?" Hoseok asks, his smile bright and sweet. "That sounds perfect, hyung. Will you play with my hair?" He begins to dress in the comfortable clothes Yoongi selected for him.

"Obviously," Yoongi says. "All night, if you want." Hoseok's eyes sparkle, and Yoongi's gut swoops. He double-checks the time. They're a bit behind schedule, but they'll still make it in time.

Hoseok finishes dressing, rubbing the towel across his hair a final time before hanging it up to dry. He walks towards Yoongi but halts when Yoongi holds up the tie. His head tips to the side. "What's that for?"

"I have a surprise for you," Yoongi replies softly. "Is it okay if I cover your eyes?" Hoseok starts to frown. Yoongi rushes to reassure him, touching his shoulder. "I just don't want you to see your birthday surprise until we're right up beside it. It'll just be for a second, I promise."

After a moment, Hoseok nods. "Okay, hyung. I trust you."

Yoongi's heart pounds against his ribs. Reaching up, he carefully ties the tie around Hoseok's head, covering his eyes. He lets his hands drop down to Hoseok's shoulders, following along his arms until he reaches Hoseok's hands and twines their fingers together. Hoseok's hands tremble in Yoongi's grasp. "Walk with me," Yoongi whispers.

Swallowing hard, Hoseok nods again. Yoongi leads him backward into their bedroom. When they come to a halt beside the entrance to the fort, he can't resist leaning in to kiss Hoseok once, soft, before he pulls the blindfold off. He tosses it aside.

Hoseok relaxes somewhat, smiling into the kiss. He blinks his eyes open and looks around. "Oh," he breathes. The lights twinkle softly through the bedsheet, giving it an otherworldly sort of glow. It's kind of magical, Yoongi thinks, swelling with pride. Hoseok beams, his fingers clenching around Yoongi's. "Oh, hyung. It's so beautiful. Did you do all this yourself?"

Nodding, Yoongi shrugs. "It was fun to make." He kisses Hoseok again. Hoseok lets go of Yoongi's hands to slide his arms around Yoongi's shoulders and pull him in even closer, humming into the kiss. Yoongi keeps it soft, cupping Hoseok's cheek in his palm. Hoseok's stomach rumbles, interrupting them, and Yoongi starts to laugh. He leans back just enough, resting their foreheads together. He can feel the warmth of Hoseok's blush radiating off his skin. "Let's go eat before the food gets too cold," he murmurs.

"Okay," Hoseok says with a sheepish grin.

Yoongi steps back, reaching out to hold open the door to the fort. "After you, your highness," he says, with a playful bow.

Hoseok swats at Yoongi's shoulder as he passes, snorting gracelessly. It's the best thing Yoongi's heard all day. "Oh, hyung," he sighs, as he settles on the mattress beside the food Yoongi laid out on the coffee table. "This is so wonderful. Thank you."

Yoongi crawls in after him, settling beside him and bumping their shoulders together. "I'm glad you like it," he says simply, beginning to pull the cellophane wrappings off the food dishes. He pushes a set of chopsticks towards Hoseok with a smile. Hoseok returns the smile, ducking his head. He makes the cutest sounds as he eats, wiggling on the spot. Yoongi's heart soars.

After they've finished, Yoongi gets up to set the empty bowls in the kitchen. On his way, he hears his phone start to ring. Hoseok calls after him,

"Hyung? Your phone... Wait, why are my parents calling you?"

Yoongi smiles. "Answer it and find out," he replies, setting the bowls down in the sink to deal with later. He pauses beside the fridge, grabbing a tub of ice cream and a pair of spoons from the drawer. Hoseok's in the middle of greeting his parents when Yoongi returns, faltering outside the door to the fort.

"Your sweet Yoongi planned all of this," he hears Hoseok's mother say. "He said he felt bad that you wouldn't be able to come to visit, so he decided to try to bring us to you. He's a good man. I like him."

Hoseok makes a wet sound, bordering on a sob. Panicked, Yoongi tugs back the sheet and peers inside. Hoseok looks up at Yoongi, tears on his cheeks. "Hyung, you did all this for me?"

Yoongi drops down to his knees, clambering inside. "Of course I did," he whispers, leaning in and swiping the tear from Hoseok's cheek with his thumb. "I'd do anything for you."

"Hyung..." Hoseok sniffles, scrubbing his cheeks dry with his sleeves. "Thank you."

Smiling, Yoongi sets the ice cream and spoons down on the table. He gestures towards the exit, squeezing Hoseok's hand before beginning to crawl away and give Hoseok some privacy. Hoseok catches hold of Yoongi, pulling him back. *Stay.* He squeezes Yoongi's hand tighter. *Stay with me.* Yoongi stays, settling beside Hoseok.

Hoseok begins to talk with his parents, filling them in on what he's been up to with work and school. It's nothing Yoongi hasn't already heard, but he smiles anyway, lacing his fingers between Hoseok's. His head tips to the side, coming to rest in the soft juncture of Hoseok's neck and shoulder. Hoseok goes on, telling his parents funny stories about the children he teaches to dance. Hoseok's parents laugh and ask questions, smiling at their son through the screen. Hoseok plays with Yoongi's fingers while he talks. It makes Yoongi smile.

After, they snuggle together to eat the ice cream before it melts and watch movies together. Yoongi's so *happy*. As he strokes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, Hoseok looks more relaxed than Yoongi's seen him in weeks, all of that earlier sadness and stress completely melted away like it had never been. That's all he could've hoped for.

"Hey," Hoseok says, nudging Yoongi's arm with his elbow. "Hyung, turn off the movie. I want you to kiss me."

Yoongi turns his head, smiling as he meets Hoseok's eyes. "Is that all?" he asks.

Hoseok wets his lips with a swipe of his tongue. "Why don't you find out?"

That's all the encouragement Yoongi needs. He switches off the television, plunging them into darkness but for the twinkling glow of the string lights overhead. Hoseok sighs, shifting across the mattress and curling his arm around Yoongi's shoulders. Yoongi presses their mouths together, sliding his hand back up into Hoseok's hair.

His tongue slips into Hoseok's mouth, and Hoseok lets out the softest, sweetest little noise, his fingernails digging into Yoongi's shoulder blades through his thin tshirt. Yoongi smiles, rubbing his tongue

alongside Hoseok's, and reveling in the shiver that rustles down Hoseok's spine. He's so cute.

Hoseok's hand slides around, cupping Yoongi's jaw in his palm as he tips Yoongi's head back and deepens the kiss. He sucks Yoongi's tongue deeper into his mouth. Yoongi lets out a soft sound, nuzzling in closer. Yoongi's hand slides from Hoseok's hair, dragging down his side to curl around his waist and pull his body in close. Hoseok makes a satisfied little hum, his fingertips trailing feather-light across Yoongi's skin.

"What do you need?" Yoongi whispers into Hoseok's mouth.

"Hyung," Hoseok breathes between kisses. Yoongi catches Hoseok's bottom lip with his teeth, tugging gently. Hoseok surges into the next kiss, bringing Yoongi in even closer. Yoongi gasps, shifting closer, his hand clenching in the back of Hoseok's shirt. Their lips smack as they part, loud in the stillness, their breathing growing harsher. "Just you, hyung."

Yoongi slips a knee between Hoseok's thighs, bringing their bodies even closer together. Hoseok presses down against Yoongi, biting at Yoongi's lip and soothing the sting with a swipe of his tongue. Yoongi laughs, rolling Hoseok over onto his back and sliding on top of him. He's about to lean in and kiss him, but he takes in Hoseok's wide eyes and hesitates. "Okay?" he breathes.

Hoseok nods, reaching out to cup Yoongi's face in both hands. He looks up into Yoongi's eyes for a moment, just breathing. "Yes," he murmurs, finally. "Yes."

Leaning in, Yoongi kisses him again. Hoseok makes a soft sound, almost needy, his hands curling around the nape of Yoongi's neck. His mouth opens when Yoongi traces his bottom lip with the tip of his tongue, another little whine in the back of his throat. Yoongi licks deeper into Hoseok's mouth, his hands sliding down Hoseok's sides to grip at his hips. He sucks at the tip of Hoseok's tongue.

With a gasp, Hoseok tips his head back, curling his legs around Yoongi's hips. Yoongi ducks down, peppering kisses down the side of Hoseok's throat. "That's good," Hoseok whispers.

"What do you want?" Yoongi asks, nipping at Hoseok's collarbone. "Whatever you want. I'm all yours."

Hoseok's legs tighten up around Yoongi's hips. "Maybe nothing

intense," he murmurs, playing with the ends of Yoongi's hair. "I've still got a headache... I'm so tired, hyung."

"Do you just want to make out a bit and then go to bed, then?" Yoongi asks, nuzzling the side of Hoseok's throat with the tip of his nose. He feels the vibrating buzz of Hoseok's laughter through Hoseok's skin, and smiles. "We still have cake, you know."

Hoseok hums, brushing his fingers through Yoongi's hair at his nape. "That sounds good, hyung," he says softly. "I'm sorry."

"Why?" Yoongi asks, lifting his head to look down at Hoseok. "Because you don't want to fool around? I don't care about that," he says, shaking his head and pressing a kiss to the tip of Hoseok's nose. Hoseok starts to laugh again, light and breathless, pure music as far as Yoongi's concerned. "We'll do whatever you want, Hoseok-ah. Do you want your present now or later?"

"Wait, all this wasn't it?" Hoseok asks, his eyes lifting to the fort overhead.

Yoongi shakes his head again, kissing Hoseok's cheeks. "No," he says. "Don't worry, it's nothing huge," he says, pushing up from Hoseok's lap to fumble under the coffee table behind them. His fingers close around the small wrapped package he stashed there, and he lifts it up with a triumphant little sound.

Hoseok snorts in fond amusement, pushing himself up on his elbows. "You didn't have to get me anything, hyung," he says. "You've already done so much."

"Shut up, I wanted to," Yoongi says, tossing the package at Hoseok's chest. it hits him with a soft *thud*. Hoseok flinches then starts to laugh. Yoongi smiles. "Open it."

Shaking his head, Hoseok sits up the rest of the way and rips open the wrapping paper. A small, palm-sized, round speaker rolls out into his hands, and he looks up at Yoongi with a quizzical expression.

"It's for in the shower," Yoongi explains. "So you can sing and dance in there without needing to have your phone blaring from the top of the toilet anymore." Hoseok snickers, staring down at the little speaker. The plastic casing surrounding the speaker is a soft lime green. "I'll handle any neighbour complaints, don't worry."

Hoseok's cheeks flush with unexpected colour. "...Our neighbours

would be much more likely to be upset over how loud I get when we're fucking, hyung," he mutters.

Yoongi beams. "Stay here," he says, crawling closer to press a kiss to Hoseok's cheek before continuing the rest of the way out of the fort. "I'll go get your cake. Do you want candles?"

"Of course I want candles," Hoseok says, looking almost offended.

Snorting, Yoongi keeps going. "Shouldn't have even asked," he says.

"No!" comes Hoseok's voice, trailing after him. "No, you should know better. I always want candles. *Always*."

Yoongi keeps smiling all the way into the kitchen. He tugs open the door to the fridge, pulling out Hoseok's birthday cake: A small, round vanilla cake with vanilla frosting, with fruit laid out in the shape of a crescent moon on top. Yoongi sets it down on the counter before digging through their junk drawer for the packet of birthday candles and a lighter. He grabs a few plates, knives and forks and bundles everything up in his hands.

That done, he heads back to the fort. "Close your eyes," he calls, nudging the door open with his elbow and sliding back onto the mattress beside Hoseok, who has both hands clapped over his eyes. Yoongi smiles, shaking his head as he slips past Hoseok, setting the cake down on the table to light the candles. "Okay," he says. "You can look now."

Hoseok's fingers part. "Oh," he says, hands lowering to his lap. "Hyung, it's so pretty." He smiles, shifting closer. "Will you... will you sing for me?" he asks, shooting Yoongi a hopeful look.

Oh, hell. Squaring his shoulders and feeling the tips of his ears beginning to heat, Yoongi ducks his chin and quietly begins to sing the birthday song. Hoseok moves closer, crawling across the mattress. Yoongi flinches when his voice cracks, but he keeps going, ending the song with a tolerable, if wobbly, finish.

Hoseok leans in and presses a kiss to Yoongi's cheek. "That was beautiful, hyung," he whispers, and Yoongi can feel his lips stretch into a sweet smile against his skin. "Thank you."

Yoongi flaps his hand. "Just blow out the candles already," he mutters.

Grin broadening, Hoseok leans forward, his eyes fluttering closed.

Blinking, he blows out the candles and kisses Yoongi's cheek again. "Thank you, hyung."

Yoongi turns his head and kisses Hoseok's mouth. "You're welcome, Hoseok-ah," he murmurs. "Happy birthday. I love you."

Hoseok's smile softens. "I love you too, hyung."

Chapter End Notes

> [gives ya the ol' razzle dazzle] hallo friendos, i hope you're doing good. i fly home tomorrow night, pls send good vibes that i'll make it thru the typhoon safely, thank u

first | timeline | mix

interlude (diminuendo)

Chapter Notes

> nothing to warn for. takes place in november, around the time of their anniversary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok shifts onto his side with a soft sigh, drawing Yoongi's gaze. He's still asleep, hair spilling across his forehead. Even though it's only half-past ten, he fell asleep soon after they'd had sex.

Yoongi doesn't mind. He knows how busy Hoseok's been. Between teaching, practice, and trying out for audition after audition, he's worn himself so thin he could collapse at any moment under the strain. It's good that he's asleep. Maybe he'll even sleep through the night for once. Yoongi watches Hoseok for a moment, listening to his slow, steady breaths. He's been working so hard, but he'd never let himself complain, not even for a second.

It's quiet in their bedroom, apart from the low hum of the radiator in the corner, muffled ambient street and traffic noise rising up to press against the windows shut against the night's chill. Yoongi watches Hoseok, taking in his soft noises as he dreams, eyes roving beneath his lids.

Chords begin to sound in Yoongi's mind to the time of Hoseok's dreaming, the outline of a motif beginning to take shape. His fingers twitch. He picks up his notebook and begins scribbling everything down: A vague sketch of the song's chords, the transitions between them; a melody light and lilting, joyous with a tinge of melancholy. It tells a story of a love lost and found renewed, strengthened, and all the more beautiful for its bittersweetness.

Yoongi's pen races across the paper, struggling to keep up with the tune he can almost hear, filling the pages with notes. His hand cramps and he lets out a muffled curse, dropping his pen in his lap.

As he massages his hand, he stares at his notebook. He'd filled eighteen pages, he realizes, a bit surprised. He looks over at the time. It's just after midnight. How did he lose track of time? Shaking his head, he picks up his pen once again and flips to a fresh page, eager to continue.

"...Yoongi," comes Hoseok's voice, a hoarse grumble.

Yoongi startles, pen skittering across the paper. He turns his head. Hoseok's half-lidded eyes glimmer through the fall of his hair, catching the lamplight. His fingers are clenched in the sheets between their bodies, knuckles almost grazing Yoongi's hip.

"Sorry," Yoongi murmurs, and the corners of Hoseok's lips twitch into a more pronounced pout. Yoongi hooks the cap of his pen on the top of the page to save his place and reaches out to brush his fingers through Hoseok's hair. "Did I wake you?" he whispers.

Hoseok shakes his head. Yoongi keeps brushing his fingers through Hoseok's hair, stroking across his cheek with his thumb. Hoseok's eyelashes flutter, that pout fading somewhat. Yoongi's heart thuds against his ribs.

"Want you to hold me," Hoseok sighs, tilting his head into Yoongi's hand when Yoongi stops petting him. "Please."

Oh. "Yeah," Yoongi says. "Whatever you want, babe." He sets his notebook aside at once, switching off the lamp and shifting closer. Hoseok rolls onto his other side and Yoongi moves up behind him, nestling against Hoseok's naked body. Fuck, he's *cold*. Yoongi tugs the blankets up higher to cover their shoulders at once, wrapping an arm around Hoseok and tangling their legs together.

He presses kisses along the slope of Hoseok's shoulder and Hoseok sighs, content, lacing his fingers between Yoongi's at his waist. He lifts their tangled hands, tipping his head to press his lips to Yoongi's wrist. With each passing second, he seems to relax even further against Yoongi's chest, whatever need that had awoken him seemingly satisfied. His hold on Yoongi's hand doesn't loosen, even as he drifts off to sleep once more. Yoongi kisses Hoseok's shoulder again and closes his eyes, strains of melodies running circles around his head.

This is something new. Something big. He can feel it.

Chapter End Notes

> hello hello. i'll try to have something a bit longer up tomorrow but i can't make any promises. i hope you're all doing well. if there's anything specific you want to see hmu (nothing angsty and nothing about family pls, i already have things planned! just be patient! thank u love u!)

and chill

Chapter Notes

for the prompt 'halloween party' from sarahiz
and costume idea: laziest last minute idea - hoseok wearing a netflix shirt and yoongi carrying around a little fan that he loses half through the night because he laid it down somewhere and forgot or dropped when hoseok kissed him because curling his fingers in hoseok's hair was more important than than fan anyway - "netflix and chill" from @cozyghosts on cc/twt

warnings for alcohol consumption, social anxiety (no panic attacks, but there is some intense anxious discomfort), seeeeex, spanking, hair-pulling, rimming, deepthroating, biting, marking, bruises YOU KNOW HOW I DO, PALS

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Seokjin hyung just invited us to a party tonight," comes Hoseok's voice from over on the couch.

Yoongi lifts his arm up just enough to peer over at Hoseok from his position sprawled out in their bed. He looks disinterested, holding his phone with one hand and the other curled across his chest to prop up the opposite elbow, tapping at the screen with his thumb. Yoongi drops his arm back down to cover his face with a low grunt. "So?"

"I want to go," Hoseok says, and Yoongi can *hear* the displeased pout in his voice without even having to look at him. "With you, specifically."

With another grunt, Yoongi lifts his arm up again. There the pout is, in all of its glory, the corners of his lips downturned dramatically. Already Yoongi can feel his resolve starting to crumble. Has he always been this easy? Sometimes he really resents the power his boyfriend's devastating pouts can wield. Yoongi heaves a sigh, rolling onto his back. "What kind of party," he asks dully. "Who's going to be there?"

"Seokjin hyung said he's inviting everyone, so everyone, maybe," Hoseok replies, his attention focused back on his phone screen when Yoongi looks over at him. "He sent the invite in the group chat. It's not his party, it's someone he knows through Haewonnie."

Yoongi's nose wrinkles. "Why do I have to go?" he asks, a hint of a

whine creeping into his voice. He doesn't hate Seokjin's girlfriend, or anything, not by a long shot. She's fine but in small doses.

"Because I want you to," Hoseok says, and when Yoongi turns his head to look over at him, that pout is starting to take shape on his face once again. Yoongi huffs, turning his face away. "It's a Halloween party, hyung. It could be fun to dress up. We've never done that before together."

Ugh. Seriously? "No *way*," Yoongi groans, rolling over onto his side, away from Hoseok and fortifying his resolve anew. "There is no fucking *way* I'm ever going to some stupid fucking Halloween party. You can go on your own."

"Come on," Hoseok wheedles. "If it's terrible we can leave early, and you can rub it in my face all you want, and I'll— I don't know, I'll suck your dick for the rest of the month."

That catches Yoongi's attention. some small, scaled part of Yoongi's brain that cares neither for social anxiety nor social graces shouts gleefully at him, '*BLOWJOBS!*' ... It's a lot more convincing than it has any right to be,

but something gives him pause. Yoongi rolls onto his back again, propping himself up onto his elbows to properly frown at his boyfriend. "...The month ends tonight," he says.

Hoseok shoots Yoongi a coy smile. "Better cash it in while you can then," he says and winks.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Yoongi groans, dropping back onto the bed and covering his face with his hands. fuck, maybe he can still worm his way out of this somehow. "...Where the fuck are we even going to get costumes this last minute?" he asks after a pause. "*Not* that I'm agreeing to go," he adds, scowling over at Hoseok from between his fingers.

"Well," Hoseok says, setting his phone aside on the couch beside him in favour of scooping up Yoongi's laptop. "Maybe we could brainstorm ideas together, hyung."

Oh, *god.*

Laughing, Hoseok gets up from the couch and walks over to drop down on the bed beside Yoongi. He wiggles, nudging a groaning Yoongi into rolling further across the mattress, and pulls up a Naver

search of costume ideas. Whenever Yoongi gets a bit handsy to try and distract him from this task, Hoseok just laughs and slaps away Yoongi's touch away from him without even looking away from the screen. Yoongi's scowl deepens.

Hoseok's suggestions for himself are silly and a bit cute, mostly animals or buff, foam superhero numbers. He also considers a skeleton onesie at one point, to Yoongi's amusement. That's about as scary as Hoseok gets. Hoseok points out the more frightful costumes, suggesting them for Yoongi. "Look at this creepy doll! It's face is melting, how did they even *do* that—?"

It's tempting, but Yoongi knows Hoseok would be too scared to come anywhere near him if he dressed up like that. If he has to go to some stupid party at all, where's the fun in being abandoned by his boyfriend the whole night? Yoongi shakes his head from where he rests his temple against Hoseok's hip. "Nah," he says. "Don't like dolls."

Yoongi's suggestions, in contrast, almost exclusively revolve around Hoseok dressed in the most revealing outfits. The fifth time Hoseok scowls at him for suggesting he dress up as a sexy fireman in booty shorts and a tight tank top with red suspenders, Yoongi heaves a sigh. "Alright, alright," he says, grinning up at Hoseok. "How about you wear your cute fox onesie?" Hoseok starts to look thoughtful, his gaze drifting over to their open closet on the other side of the room. Grin broadening, Yoongi continues, "We'll cut off the tail and— I guess we'd have to find a foxtail plug somewhere, but think of how hot that would be? Nobody would know but me—"

Hoseok's thoughtful expression fades into an offended frown. "First of all, no, I love my onesies as they are — intact — stay the fuck away from them. Second of all, *where* would we even find something like that so last-minute? *Third* of all, I didn't know you were a furry, hyung, but I guess I should've seen it coming with your weird Kumamon phase last year—"

Yoongi snorts. "Shut up, I'm not a furry, and Kumamon's adorable. No, I just thought it would be hot for you to be blatantly wearing a plug out in public like that. No one would even be able to tell it wasn't part of your costume." He rubs his cheek against Hoseok's thigh and sighs, playing with a stray thread come loose from the seam of Hoseok's sweatpants. He twists the strand around his fingertip, striping his skin pink and white. "What if we dress in couple costumes, then?"

"Oh?" Hoseok shifts, batting Yoongi's hand away when he starts to

creep his fingers up across Hoseok's thigh and between his legs. "Like what?"

Something embarrassing, embarrassing enough that Hoseok might change his mind about going at all. "Salt and pepper shaker," Yoongi suggests.

Hoseok grins. "Sure, if you admit your punk ass is saltier than the Dead Sea."

"Never going to happen," Yoongi says, laughing. "What about a plug and outlet? You'd be the outlet, obviously." He yelps, laughter going a bit breathless when Hoseok reaches out to pinch him right on the ass. "Hey! You are!"

"That's not what you said last night," Hoseok says, laughing too. "No, what else?"

Yoongi frowns, thinking. "How about Han Solo and Leia, then?" he asks. "You'd have to be Leia, of course. You'd look amazing in any of her outfits..." He grins up at Hoseok with a soft flutter in his stomach, more enticed by the idea than he expected, "We'd have to find you a proper wig for you, but we could make it work. You'd look *hot*, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok shoves on Yoongi's face, snickering. "Maybe for your birthday if you're good. Not tonight, though."

Sighing, Yoongi drops his head back down onto Hoseok's thigh. "Okay, then. You dress up as me and I'll dress up as you. We'll go as each other. Super meta, Namjoon would have a fit."

"...Hyung," Hoseok says after a pause, and when Yoongi looks up at him again, his shoulders have begun to sag, that pout creeping across his face once again. Hoseok turns his face away, hands fidgeting in his lap. "You're not even trying anymore. Don't you want to go out with me? Just this once?"

Yoongi's stomach sinks. "Okay... Goth, then. We just have to wear lots of black and silver accessories and like, heavy makeup. How about that? That's not too embarrassing, is it?"

Hoseok shifts a bit, shutting the laptop and setting it aside on the bed. "I guess not... Do we even have eyeliner?"

"Hm," Yoongi thinks about that, shaking his head. "No, but, hey! Or,"

he says, sitting up as he remembers that stupid handheld fan he had to buy for this past summer's heat-wave. "Listen— we put you in a black shirt, right? Print out the Netflix logo and pin it to the front of it, and I carry that shitty hand-fan around."

"Netflix and..." Hoseok's confused expression clears into a disbelieving but amused smile. "really?"

"You hate it don't you," Yoongi says, relishing it.

"I *do*," Hoseok says, laughing. He slings his arm around Yoongi's shoulders, pulling him in for a kiss. Yoongi lets himself be dragged forward, flopping gracelessly across Hoseok's lap and grinning as Hoseok curses under his breath. "It's *awful*," Hoseok murmurs between kisses, nuzzling his nose against Yoongi's, "and we're fucking doing it."

That night, anytime anyone asks Yoongi what he's supposed to be dressed up as (whether he's left to his own devices or with Hoseok), he just shrugs and holds up his fan. When he's alone, he slides on a pair of sunglasses from his hoodie pocket and leaves it at that.

When he's with Hoseok, though, he uses the fan to blow the hair back from Hoseok's forehead as if he's some sort of supermodel, or directs the flow into either of Hoseok's ears, or up the back of his shirt, or down the front of his pants. The possibilities are *endless*. Hoseok puts up with it for a few moments before he either gets ticklish or embarrassed or cold (on fun occasions, all three), and pushes the fan away with a little giggle.

Taehyung, Namjoon, and Jimin all groan when they realize what Hoseok and Yoongi dressed up as. In contrast, Seokjin and Jungkook are both *delighted*. "Netflix and Chill!" they cry in a frightening unison, identical grins spreading across their faces. Hoseok high fives them both. Yoongi flips everyone off.

"What are you all supposed to be?" Hoseok asks, smiling.

Namjoon smiles. The fake mustache he's wearing unsticks a bit from his face at the movement, and he reaches up to smooth it back down. He's dressed in an old-fashioned black suit, with a golden chain dangling between a buttonhole on his vest and his coat pocket, a high-collared white shirt and a black bowtie fastened at his throat. "Edgar Allen Poe," he says.

"I'm his Tell-Tale Heart!" Taehyung says, nudging Namjoon in the ribs with his elbow, a grin spreading across his face as Namjoon ducks his

head. Taehyung points at the gory, stylized heart painted on the front of his black t-shirt.

"Nice," Hoseok says, giving Taehyung a high-five and ruffling Namjoon's dark hair with his other hand. "You finally a couple then, or still working up to it?"

Taehyung beams. "Not quite there yet," he says, slinging his arm around Namjoon's neck and pressing a kiss to his temple. Namjoon groans and covers his face with his hands to hide an embarrassed smile. "Still working up to it. We'll get there."

Yoongi feels something, a weird pang in his chest as he watches them. He swallows hard as Hoseok and Taehyung gang up to tease Namjoon. That night, so many months ago, when he cornered Namjoon in the hall outside Seokjin's apartment to demand if Namjoon had feelings for his boyfriend. How Namjoon had laughed, and then looked as if he were on the verge of tears as he promised nothing would ever happen. That Hoseok would never know. He couldn't tell him. It would crush him.

Namjoon's laughing now. He looks *happy* as he fends off Taehyung's tickling hands. Their fingers tangle almost at once, lacing together. Namjoon leans over to kiss Taehyung's cheek, smiling over at him. Taehyung's eyes brighten, his hold tightening around Namjoon's fingers for a moment before letting go.

Hoseok bounces past them, slinging his arms around Jimin's and Jungkook's shoulders. His cheeks are pink, eyes dancing. "And what are you two supposed to be?"

Jimin gestures to his red onesie, eyebrows raised. "A devil," he says, flipping up his hood to show off the horns stitched into the fleece. "Duh."

"How fitting," Hoseok laughs, nuzzling Jimin's cheek with his nose. Jimin squirms, laughing and pushing at Hoseok's face with his hand. He tips his cup, spilling some dark liquor onto the floor, but neither he nor Hoseok seems to notice.

Jungkook tips his head back, puffing up his chest as he straightens up beneath the weight of Hoseok's arm. "The name's McCree," he says, pulling a plastic dart gun from a holster strapped about his hips. "And it's... high noon somewhere in the world." He spins the gun around in his hand before jamming it back into the holster.

Hoseok blinks, tilting his head to the side, eyes narrowed. "...Was that supposed to explain anything?"

"Overwatch," Taehyung supplies helpfully from where he rests his chin on Namjoon's shoulder, and Hoseok's expression clears. "He should've gone as Widowmaker, though, since that's his main."

"I have no idea what any of that means," Hoseok says, lifting his arm up just to clap Jungkook back on the shoulder and tug him closer. He presses a kiss to Jungkook's cheek and Jungkook groans, scrubbing at his skin on the red blanket draped around his shoulders. "But I'm happy if you're happy. You look hot, either way."

"Thanks, hyung," Jungkook says, grinning over at him. "You do, too."

Hoseok looks down at his outfit. "Well, I'm not wearing anything I don't normally wear, so that means I always look hot. Ah," he sighs, kissing Jungkook's cheek again. He releases Jimin as Jungkook's hands rise to push him away to further his attack, peppering Jungkook's face and neck with kisses until Jungkook's giggling and pink-cheeked, still struggling to push Hoseok away.

"I," Seokjin says loudly enough to drag everyone's attention over to him, holding up a plastic champagne flute, "would like to make a *toast*."

Yoongi blinks at him, taking in his outfit for the first time: Dressed in a black and white striped shirt with black pants and a red beret, Seokjin has a curly, thin mustache drawn on his upper lip in what looks like eyeliner. "French toast?" he guesses.

"To you, min Yoongi," Seokjin says, tipping his glass forward and clinking it against Yoongi's beer can with a plastic *tink*. "The first to figure out my costume without any heavier hints."

"We're all drunk already, hyung," Jimin complains, pouting. "You told us all to pregame in the chat."

Seokjin frowns. "Oh, right."

Hoseok laughs, releasing Jungkook at last. "I need to dance. Who's coming with me?"

Yoongi feels a spike of anxiety shoot through him at the words, rooting him to the spot. he tightens his grip around his beer can, staring hard at the floor.

"Us," Jungkook says, grabbing hold of Jimin and Taehyung's arms. "Namjoon hyung, do you want to come with us?"

"Yes," Namjoon says, laughing. "What the hell. teach me to dance, okay?" Taehyung, Jungkook and Jimin start to drag him out of the hall they'd all clustered in, towards the dance floor and the pounding bass shaking the entire apartment building. Seokjin murmurs something about his girlfriend and wanders off up the hall.

About to follow after their friends, Hoseok falters, turning to look back at Yoongi over his shoulder. "Hyung," he says, and Yoongi drags his gaze up from the floor with incredible difficulty. Hoseok tilts his head to the side, eyes catching the flickering lights. "You coming?"

Yoongi hesitates, throat working as he swallows past the sudden lump forming there. "No," he manages, a bit weak. "I need another drink. I'll catch you later, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok smiles, raising his hand in a wave. "Okay. See you soon, hyung."

Watching Hoseok go, Yoongi leans back against the wall with a sigh, tugging his phone free from his pocket. It's only half-past eight. Hoseok promised they'd leave before midnight, since it's a school night for Yoongi and Hoseok has a dance class in the morning. Three more hours of this at least. Three more hours. He can do that.

Yoongi makes a quick detour to the bathroom to piss and splash cool water on his face before making his way to the kitchen to pour himself another drink. Something stronger, this time, he decides, reaching for the whiskey and pouring himself two fingers' worth into a plastic cup. That done, he makes his way through to the living room, edging around the dancing bodies in the middle for an empty spot he sees on the couch.

"This is the best party *ever*," Taehyung slurs into Yoongi's collar bone some indeterminate amount of time later. His accent runs unchecked and vibrant, loud enough to hear even over the music. "I'm so glad you're here, hyung."

Yoongi feels a twinge of homesickness. He ruffles Taehyung's hair before hauling his lanky body closer on the couch. "I didn't want to come," Yoongi says, "but I'm glad I did." The vehemence in his voice surprises him.

After a moment, Taehyung pulls from the embrace and Yoongi lets his

arm fall back to his lap. Taehyung blinks slow, a grin spreading across his face. He just opens his mouth to say something, when Hoseok hooks an arm around his shoulders and tugs him up off the couch into a hug.

"You look so cute, Taehyungie," Hoseok coos, darting in quick to peck Taehyung's cheek. "I really love your costume. The heart is so creepy but it turned out so cool! I love the glitter paint you used, it's so cute."

Taehyung squirms, jerking back from Hoseok's kisses. "Thanks, hyung," he says, scrubbing at his cheek with a grin. He has red glitter speckled across his fingers and dried black and red paint caked underneath his fingernails. "Namjoonie hyung helped me paint it. It was supposed to be more realistic, but we, uh— we got a bit distracted."

Hoseok laughs, winding his arms around Taehyung's waist and swaying to the music. "I'm glad you're happy, Taehyungie. Looks good on you."

Sighing, Taehyung rests his temple against Hoseok's and tugs him closer. "Thank you, hyung." They hug each other for a few moments, rocking gently from side-to-side, completely off beat. Yoongi looks up at them from the couch, smiling.

All of a sudden, Taehyung straightens up. "There's Jiminnie, I'll catch you later, hyung—!" He wiggles out of Hoseok's hold and bounds across the living room, darting between dancing couples to all but tackle Jimin back into the kitchen.

Yoongi catches Hoseok's gaze and grins, accepting the beer Hoseok went to get for him. "Thanks," he says, and shifts toward the armrest so Hoseok can sit beside him in Taehyung's vacated spot.

Hoseok settles with a huff of breath, tipping over to rest his head against Yoongi's shoulder. "Ah, hyung," he sighs. "Will you dance with me? At least once?"

It takes all the will Yoongi possesses not to shake his head outright. He cracks open the can and takes a swig of the beer, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. "I'll think about it, alright?" he says, reaching out to trace his fingers across Hoseok's upper thigh. "Are you having fun?"

"Yeah," Hoseok says, catching hold of Yoongi's hand and drawing ticklish patterns across Yoongi's palm with his fingertips. "Yeah, I am.

are you?"

Is he? Yoongi shrugs, taking another swig of his beer. "Wish I was home," he admits. "Like being with you, though. Like seeing you happy."

Hoseok keeps moving his fingertips across Yoongi's palm, the same shapes over and over. It takes Yoongi's sluggish brain several moments of this to first realize Hoseok's writing words, and second that he's writing out, '*I love you*', over and over across Yoongi's skin.

Yoongi ducks his head away with a smile. He finishes off the beer and sets it aside on a table covered in empty cans and cups and bottles, squeezing Hoseok's thigh, bracing himself as he gets to his feet. He sways a bit, wobbly after sitting for too long and too much beer and whiskey in his system. Hoseok steadies him with an arm hooked around his waist. Yoongi combs his fingers through Hoseok's hair, smiling when Hoseok kisses his hipbone.

"Gotta piss," he says.

Hoseok looks up at him, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Right," he says slowly. "Fourth door in the hall on the left, right?"

Yoongi swipes his tongue across his bottom lip, grinning as Hoseok's eyes track the motion. "That's right," he says and starts to edge his way around the dance floor. At the entrance to the hall, he hesitates, glancing back over his shoulder; Hoseok's still watching him, his eyes dark and gleaming even from across the room.

A pleased little shiver rustles down Yoongi's spine. He rushes down the hall, dodging between laughing groups of friends and couples' PDA for the bathroom. He really does need to piss, and he'd rather get that out of the way before Hoseok tracks him down.

Someone knocks at the door while Yoongi's in the middle of washing his hands. "Just a second," he grunts, shutting off the faucet and wiping his hands dry on his jeans.

"Hyung," comes Hoseok's amused voice, "let me in."

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi pulls the door open. His fingers curl in the collar of Hoseok's shirt, and he has a moment to savour the surprise in Hoseok's eyes as he yanks him into the bathroom with him. He pushes the door shut, flipping the lock.

The momentum of Yoongi's pull was a bit too strong, and Hoseok stumbles several steps into the bathroom before he manages to come to a halt. He straightens out his shirt, shrugging his shoulders as he turns back around. Yoongi leans back against the vanity, legs splayed wide, tugging the handheld fan from his pocket and using it to keep himself cool.

Grinning, Hoseok approaches. He cups Yoongi's jaw in his hands, tipping his chin up and sealing their mouths together. Yoongi surges up into the kiss, sliding his arm around Hoseok's waist and tugging him closer. Hoseok sighs, tilting his head and licking deeper into Yoongi's mouth. Taking the opportunity, Yoongi sucks at the tip of Hoseok's tongue and revels in the sweet, soft, little moan that hitches in the back of Hoseok's throat.

The stupid fan slips from his grasp and clatters to the tile floor. Neither of them even flinch. It doesn't matter, anyway.

Yoongi would much rather have his hands tucked into the back pockets of Hoseok's jeans, gripping him by the ass and pulling him forward, up onto his thigh. Hoseok gasps into Yoongi's mouth, one hand sliding down to grip Yoongi's nape while the other threads through Yoongi's hair. He grinds down on Yoongi's thigh with a shuddering gasp when Yoongi mouths wetly across his cheek to suck his earlobe into his mouth.

Honestly, how the fuck could Yoongi possibly care about breaking some stupid fan he paid maybe twenty thousand won for when he has his beautiful boyfriend hot and squirming and whining in his lap. Honestly. Who the fuck *cares*.

He can admit, however grudgingly, that it does take *some* of the fun out of their costume, though.

Hoseok tips his head back, rocking his hips feverishly down onto Yoongi's thigh, all but riding him. He lets out a moan as Yoongi squeezes his ass again, pulling him forward and pushing him back by the grip he has on Hoseok's cheeks. "F-fuck," he gasps. "Hyung, baby, *please*—"

Something loud crashes into the door.

They both jump, clinging to each other as they stumble off the vanity counter. Hoseok yelps and buries his face in the crook of Yoongi's neck, his skin radiating heat. Cute.

"Can you hurry the fuck up in there?" someone yells, muffled through the door. "We've been waiting to fucking piss for the past twenty fucking minutes!"

Hoseok's trembling turns into a high, borderline-panicked giggle. "Uh oh," he murmurs. "I think we're in trouble."

"Big trouble," Yoongi laughs, hugging Hoseok closer as they edge closer to the locked door. "We'll have to split up. You go left. I'll go right. On three, alright?" Hoseok nods. "One... two... three!"

He unlocks the door, pulling it open in a rush. Hoseok ducks underneath the arm of the large, angry-looking man glaring in at them, his laugher trailing after him like music to Yoongi's ears. Yoongi smiles at the man, shrugging. "My baby's insatiable, we got a little carried away," he says, stepping out of the bathroom. The man backs up a step, hands clenched into fists at his sides. "Sorry. All yours now."

Yoongi bolts down the hall in the direction he saw Hoseok go. When he reaches the living room again, he can't... He can't find Hoseok. The lights, too bright and too dim at turns, make it difficult to see further than a few feet ahead of himself. The music is too loud, there are too many people crowded into too little space. It's hot. Yoongi can't find Hoseok.

Hoseok can handle himself. He doesn't *love* huge parties like this, Yoongi knows this, but he can handle it better than Yoongi can. He leans against the wall outside the living room to catch his breath, letting his eyes close. They'll find each other again eventually.

He makes his way back to the kitchen, pouring himself stronger and stronger drinks. A bit of whiskey, a bit of beer... a bit of both. Hoseok stumbles into the kitchen behind him. he watches Yoongi mix beer and whiskey together in his cup, and as Yoongi drinks it he *retches*. That's the last Yoongi sees of Hoseok for a while.

The bass thuds deep, rattling his brain around in his skull. He escapes out onto the balcony for a breather. It's cold out, the breath fogging in front of his face, but much quieter. He closes his eyes for a moment, letting the chill sink into his bones before stepping forward, leaning against the railing as his heartbeat begins to slow. Yoongi pushes his fingers through his hair, lifting the sweat-damp strands from his forehead and sighs, taking another swig of beer.

There's no one else out there. He hugs himself a little tighter, thankful he opted for a heavier hoodie to wear. He can still hear the music

behind him, the bass thudding through the closed balcony door. Someone's probably gonna get a noise complaint at some point. That's not Yoongi's problem, though. He finishes his beer and tosses the can on the balcony beside him with the other empty cups and cans already out there.

It's so quiet. He stares out over the city for a while. The party's in a neighbourhood he's not familiar with, more expensive than anywhere Yoongi's ever been before. He's not sure what he feels about it. Shaking his head, he pulls his phone out of his pocket. Quarter to eleven, now.

The balcony door slides open behind him, and Yoongi turns, surprised, to see Hoseok silhouetted in the doorway. He immediately hugs himself for warmth as he steps outside, rubbing his hands over his bare arms. "Hey," he says as he approaches, and Yoongi reaches out for him, lifting up his hoodie so he and Hoseok can share its warmth. Hoseok rests his cheek against Yoongi's shoulder. "I've been looking for you for like ten minutes."

"Sorry, babe," Yoongi says, curling his arms around Hoseok's waist and pulling him in even closer. "Needed to breathe for a bit. Were you worried?"

"Nah," Hoseok sighs, nuzzling Yoongi's neck with the cold tip of his nose. Yoongi huffs a laugh more breath than sound and smacks Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok snorts. "Nah, hyung. I know you can take care of yourself. You good? Wanna go?"

Yoongi stares out over the city again, taking a deep, deep breath of the cold October air that stings in his lungs. "I'm good," he says. "Maybe another half-hour and we head out, yeah? I owe you a dance."

Hoseok kisses Yoongi's neck and Yoongi can feel his lips curve into a sweet little smile against his skin. "Yeah," he says, sweet and soft. "Yeah, you do. Come dance with me, baby." He steps back and holds out a hand. Yoongi takes it.

They dance together and Yoongi's not *drunk* anymore, but he's more buzzed than he's been in a while. Everything's gone soft and fuzzy around the edges. He stumbles into Hoseok's arms with a laugh and lets Hoseok lead him through a simple dance, pressed up against each other. Hoseok murmurs jokes to Yoongi through that song, and the next, and the next after that, until Yoongi's almost crying with laughter.

During a slower song, Yoongi tucks his hands back into the pockets of Hoseok's jeans, resting his cheek on Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok holds him close, stroking his fingers through Yoongi's hair, nails trailing down the nape of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi sighs, letting his eyes close.

"Want to get out of here?" Yoongi asks.

"Yeah," Hoseok replies, just as soft. he kisses Yoongi's cheek and smiles. "Yeah, let's go home, hyung."

It takes them a while to get back home on the subway, pressed up against each other near the doors. Yoongi holds the bar and Hoseok curls his fingers around Yoongi's wrist, laughing when he realizes he can only *barely* touch his fingertips together around the width of it. Yoongi grins and wants to kiss him. He doesn't. He can wait.

Yoongi's not drunk at all anymore when they arrive home, but he's still loose and more prone to giggles. Hoseok lets Yoongi clean up first, so afterward Yoongi sprawls out on his back in their bed, staring up at the ceiling. He should change, but that requires moving, and Yoongi's not sure if he's up to the task just yet.

After a few minutes, Hoseok comes into the room, flipping off lights as he comes closer. He's wearing just a tshirt, and Yoongi squints at him suspiciously. He's pretty sure that's one of his shirts.

Hoseok climbs onto the bed with Yoongi, ducking down to kiss him.

Yoongi slides his hands up Hoseok's thighs to his ass, groaning into the kiss when he feels the handle of a warm silicone plug nestled up between his cheeks. Fuck. "Hey... were you wearing this all night?" he gasps between kisses.

"Yes," Hoseok answers, sliding his hands up underneath Yoongi's hoodie. "You're wearing too many clothes. Sit up, hyung."

"Were you going to tell me?" Yoongi sits up, letting Hoseok tug both the hoodie and the shirt he was wearing underneath up over his head.

The corner of Hoseok's mouth quirks, hands dropping to pluck at the fastenings of Yoongi's jeans. "Hyung, you had your hands all over my ass practically every second we were together," he says, shaking his head as he sits back on his heels. "I thought you *knew*."

"Clearly not," Yoongi says with a little laugh. He grabs Hoseok by the hips, tugging him close for another kiss and guiding him back into his

lap. Hoseok comes gladly, moaning into the kiss and grinning when Yoongi pulls back to catch his breath. "What do you want tonight?" he asks.

"Well, I did promise to suck you off," Hoseok murmurs, reaching down between them to slip his hand down the front of Yoongi's jeans, palming at his cock. Yoongi presses his hips up against Hoseok's fingers, sighing. Hoseok grins. "I'm a man of my word, of course—"

"Of *course*," Yoongi murmurs, tilting his head and kissing down the side of Hoseok's throat. "Very reputable."

Hoseok's breath hitches. "So probably that. I don't have any other plans, though."

"No?" Yoongi asks teasingly, his hands sliding up from Hoseok's hips, fingers walking across the swell of his ass to trace the handle of the plug. He nips at Hoseok's neck. "Don't want to get fucked?"

"I wouldn't say *no* if you wanted to," Hoseok says, squirming now. "I just— I want you to know I wasn't— I wasn't *expecting* for you to fuck me, when I put the plug in. I just did it for me, hyung."

Yoongi kisses Hoseok's shoulder where the collar of the shirt — and it *is* one of Yoongi's, he realizes now, a faded old concert shirt he picked up years ago — slid down to expose it, firm and lingering, his hands stilled on Hoseok's ass. He lifts his head, meeting Hoseok's eyes. "I know, baby," he says, tilting his head up.

Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his palm, leaning in to press their mouths back together. "What do *you* want, hyung?" he whispers, stroking across Yoongi's cheekbone with his thumb. "I'll do whatever you want."

Humming, Yoongi leans back in for another kiss while he ponders his options. "Let me eat you out?" he murmurs into the kiss. "You washed up, right?"

"Yeah," Hoseok sighs. "Yeah, while I was in the bathroom, I freshened up a bit—" He bites his lip, leaning back to meet Yoongi's eyes. "You want to?"

Yoongi nods, tightening his grip on Hoseok's ass and surging back up for another kiss. "Yeah, I want to." Hoseok laughs, startled, and Yoongi kisses him again, and again.

Hoseok melts into it, into Yoongi's hold, lets Yoongi maneuver him around on the bed until he's in the perfect position: On his knees with his hips propped up with their pillows, his back a perfect arch as he rests his head on the mattress. Hoseok sighs, curling his hands in the blankets.

At first, Yoongi just teases him: Spends several moments just kissing all over Hoseok's thighs; nips at the curve of his asscheeks before biting down *hard* until Hoseok yelps, leaving a deep imprint of his teeth behind; pulling the plug out slightly and pushing it back in. He starts fucking Hoseok with it and Hoseok squirms, gasping for breath. Yoongi smiles.

"Hyung," he murmurs, arching his back. "Hyung, it's not enough. C'mon... Hyung..."

Yoongi doesn't give in, though. Not yet. He doesn't stop teasing until Hoseok starts to whine, pushing his hips up. He eases the plug out, dropping it aside on the bed as he buries his face between Hoseok's cheeks, rubbing his tongue across him over and over again.

Hoseok gasps, pushing back again and Yoongi lets him. He follows Hoseok's lead, stiffening his tongue and sinking it inside Hoseok's body, letting Hoseok ride his face. It takes him a few moments to get used to the feeling, of letting Hoseok use him for his own pleasure. He likes it, though, and he can tell Hoseok does too, if his wanton, sweet moans are anything to go by. Hoseok's toes curl against the sides of Yoongi's knees. It kinda tickles.

Gasping for breath, Yoongi draws back for a moment. He rubs his thumbs across Hoseok's skin, so wet with saliva he's almost dripping. Hoseok sighs, rutting against the pillows. Before Hoseok can make another sound of complaint, Yoongi pushes back in. He spreads Hoseok's cheeks apart, licking into him again and again, unrelenting until Hoseok is a mess, pink-cheeked and gasping, scrabbling across the blanket and twisting the hem of it in his hands.

The next time Yoongi comes back up for air, he rubs his hands along the curve of Hoseok's back, eyes following the bumps of his spine all the way up. One of Hoseok's hands has migrated to his hair, brushing through the strands. Yoongi kisses Hoseok's back, letting his hand follow the path of his eyes to curl his fingers around Hoseok's, stilling him.

Hoseok looks back at Yoongi over his shoulder. "Will you pull my

hair?" he asks, a bit hoarse.

Yoongi's breath catches in the back of his throat. "Yeah," he whispers, tangling his fingers in Hoseok's hair at the back of his head as Hoseok's hand slips back to curl in the blanket. He tugs a bit, experimentally, and Hoseok moans.

"Harder," Hoseok gasps, squirming on the pillows enough to get a hand on himself. "Harder, hyung, I can take it."

Rubbing across Hoseok's hole with his fingertips, Yoongi pulls Hoseok's hair a bit harder, yanking sharply until Hoseok's head tips back. Hoseok's moans pitch a bit more hoarse and broken, his hands scrabbling across the sheets. Yoongi presses the tips of his fingers against Hoseok's hole, slipping inside, Hoseok's body opening for him — but it's too dry like this. He doesn't want to hurt him.

Hoseok bucks his hips back with a whining sound. "Hyung, please—" his head falls forward, and Yoongi doesn't loosen his grip in time. He feels the pop of a few strands of hair and winces, despite Hoseok's moans.

His pulls his fingers away from Hoseok's hole and spanks him. "No," he says. "Stay still." *I don't want to hurt you*. Hoseok whimpers and squirms. He goes quiet and still, biting at his lip to muffle his moans as Yoongi spanks him again.

"Don't move," he says, moving back from Hoseok to grab the lube from the bedside table. Slicking up his fingers as he moves in between Hoseok's thighs, he reaches up to curl his hand back into Hoseok's hair. His fingers slip into Hoseok's hole and he fucks him in deep, slow, deliberate strokes that match the intensity of his grip in Hoseok's hair.

Hoseok twitches, trembling all over in an effort to keep still, to keep quiet. He clenches down around Yoongi's fingers a few times, the muscles in his thighs and back tensing beneath his skin. He's close. Good.

"I said I want you to stay still," Yoongi breathes, with another sharp tug on Hoseok's hair. "I still want to hear you, Hoseok-ah."

At once, Hoseok lets out a low moan, spreading his thighs apart even further to try and get Yoongi's fingers deeper inside him somehow. "Hyung, I— fuck, *fuck*," he gasps as Yoongi twists his wrist and crooks his fingers, knuckles spreading him open even further. "Hyung, I want

you to spank me again."

Yoongi releases his hold on Hoseok's hair and Hoseok slumps forward on the bed, breathless and limp. He rubs both hands over Hoseok's ass, squeezing gently. Hoseok makes a weak sound, pressing back against Yoongi's palms. Yoongi bites his lip. If he's not careful, Hoseok's definitely going to bruise, like the last time. He doesn't want that.

"Hyung, baby," Hoseok pleads. "Baby, *please*—"

Oh, fuck it. Yoongi slaps both hands down on Hoseok's ass, gripping him by the hips and dragging him back. He grinds his clothed cock against Hoseok's bare ass and Hoseok lets out a high, sobbing moan. He pushes back against Yoongi, rubbing back and rolling his hips.

Yoongi spanks him again and again, picking a different spot each time. He alternates between fucking Hoseok with his fingers, tugging on his hair or spanking him. Hoseok's skin flushes a bright, searing pink and deepens to a mottled red over time, hot to the touch.

Hoseok comes unexpectedly, catching them both off guard. Hoseok chokes on a moan as he grinds his hips down on the pillows, all but riding them. "Fuck," he moans, "Yoongi—"

Yoongi stares at him, surprised, fingers still crooked deep in Hoseok's ass and the other buried in Hoseok's hair at the back of his head. he keeps fucking into Hoseok, hard even as Hoseok's hole clenches down around him. he ducks down, kissing Hoseok's cheek, across his thighs. he bites down on where his ass and his thighs meet and Hoseok yelps, clenching around Yoongi's fingers even harder, pushing back against him.

Finally, finally, when Hoseok seems to be coming down from it all, Yoongi lets his fingers slip out. He rubs his hands across Hoseok's thighs, kissing whatever skin he can reach, gentling him as he comes back down.

"How was that?" Yoongi breathes. "Are you alright?" He draws back from Hoseok for a moment, leaning back towards the head of the bed for the little tub of vitamin E lotion they keep on the headboard. Twisting off the cap, he moves back into place, scooping out a generous amount to smooth across Hoseok's skin. Hoseok's definitely going to bruise a bit. Yoongi's gut sinks.

"...Babe," he says, when he realizes Hoseok hasn't answered him. "Babe, are you okay? Hoseokie?"

Hoseok turns his head. tear tracks streak down his face, soaked into the blankets with snot and drool. "Yeah," he manages after a moment, shifting his weight on the pillows. He sits up with trembling arms, leaning back to rest against Yoongi's chest. "Fuck," he mutters. "Fuck, yeah, I'm okay, hyung."

He tilts his chin up for a kiss and Yoongi cups his cheek in his hand, keeping him close. "That was so fucking good, holy shit," he breathes, pulling away from Yoongi just long enough to turn and all but tackle Yoongi back onto the bed for more. Yoongi laughs breathlessly. "Fuck," Hoseok gasps between kisses. "I thought I was going to pass out for a second at the end there."

"Oh?" Yoongi asks, curling his arms around Hoseok's waist. He lets his hands slide down, gingerly massaging Hoseok's ass to get the blood flowing again and work the last of the vitamin E lotion back into his skin. "You liked it that much, huh?"

"Well, it was alright," Hoseok says, almost dismissive if not for the smirk quirking the corner of his mouth.

"You're such a brat," Yoongi murmurs, pulling Hoseok back down for another kiss. "You're alright, though?" he asks, cupping Hoseok's cheek in his hand and staring up into his eyes. Hoseok nuzzles into Yoongi's palm, smiling as he nods. "Good," Yoongi groans, tipping his head back as Hoseok ducks in to kiss Yoongi's jaw, down the side of his neck. "Suck me off while it's still Halloween," he says, tipping his hips up. "I hope I come right in your eye."

Hoseok's giggling intensifies as he keeps kissing down Yoongi's chest. Yoongi rises up on his elbows to watch as Hoseok's eyelashes flutter against his cheeks as he makes his way down. To Hoseok's credit, he doesn't drag it out. He seems just as eager as Yoongi is to finally give his cock some attention. He hooks his fingers around the waistbands of Yoongi's jeans and his boxers, slipping the clothes off his legs and tossing them aside.

Struck by a sudden thought, Yoongi sits up all the way as Hoseok starts to bed down. he pushes at Hoseok's shoulder. "Can we do it like this?" he asks, sliding off the bed to stand at the edge of the mattress.

"Okay," Hoseok murmurs, clambering to his hands and knees. He wets his pink, bitten, kiss-swollen lips before leaning in and sucking Yoongi's cock into his mouth.

All at once, Yoongi realizes he's not going to last very long, not like

this. Hoseok's lashes flutter as his eyes close, breathing in through his nose as he slowly sinks down on Yoongi's cock. His mouth is wet and hot and soft, his pretty pink lips stretched tight around the girth of him. Fuck. Yoongi thrusts forward a bit and Hoseok moans in the back of his throat, starting to bob his head.

Yoongi curls his hand in Hoseok's hair, pulling him down on his cock faster, and Hoseok moans even louder. The head of Yoongi's cock hits the back of Hoseok's throat. Hoseok pulls off to breathe and cough, gagging. He strokes Yoongi's cock, staring up at him with wet, dark eyes, mouth hanging open.

"Fuck," Yoongi moans, cupping Hoseok's cheek in his other hand. "My Hoseokie."

The corner of Hoseok's lips quirks as he leans back in, taking Yoongi's cock back into his mouth. He sucks him down, letting Yoongi's grip in his hair dictate the pace. He curls one hand around Yoongi's hip and slides the other between Yoongi's thighs, rubbing the heel of his palm over Yoongi's balls as his fingers stroke just behind them.

A white-hot flare of pleasure shoots through Yoongi at the touch and he bucks forward into Hoseok's mouth. Hoseok's throat opens up around him and he groans, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hair. Hoseok's throat vibrates as he moans, nails digging into Yoongi's hip, and Yoongi pulls back quickly so he can catch his breath again. Hoseok's cheat heaves and he looks back up at Yoongi, his mouth still open as he leans forward once again.

Yoongi thrusts into Hoseok's mouth and Hoseok moans again, sucking hard as Yoongi pulls back and rubbing his tongue along the underside of the shaft each time he pushes back in. Yoongi lets his hand slip from Hoseok's hair, stroking down the side of his face with his fingertips and cupping Hoseok's cheek and chin.

He doesn't mean to, but he does come a *bit* on Hoseok's face. Just a little bit. It was an accident. Really. He had no control over it. Hoseok collapses back on the bed, gasping. His mouth is wet and red and swollen and used, come splattered across his chin, cheek. There's even a bit on his *forehead*. Fuck. Yoongi's gut clenches. He's still so hard.

"Fuck," Hoseok rasps, his voice wrecked. He stares up at the ceiling and swipes the come and spit off his chin on the back of his hand. "That was hot. Come here. I need to kiss you like ten more times, at least."

Yoongi laughs, reaching out for the lube to slick himself back up. He slips back on the bed and on top of Hoseok, leaning in to kiss him as he ruts his cock between Hoseok's thighs. "Yeah?" he asks. "How about this?"

"Fuck," Hoseok repeats, spreading his thighs. "Yeah, baby, come here." his legs curl around Yoongi's hips and he throws his head back with a moan, "*Yessss*," as Yoongi fucks into him.

Chapter End Notes

ok so i technically finished this while it was still halloween in my timezone, but i took a break before editing and missed my window. oh well, you get it now. you're welcome

first | timeline | mix

tear

Chapter Notes

warnings for forced/accidental coming out, parental conflict, implied/referenced homophobia, implied/referenced emotional abuse, alcohol abuse, anxiety, mild emotional breakdown

this takes place after yoongi meets hoseok's sister for the first time, but before hoseok tells his parents about his and yoongi's relationship.

don't fucking move
cause everything you thought you had will go to shit
we've got a lot; don't you dare forget that
and i'm wasted, you can taste it
don't look at me that way
(broadripple is burning by margot & the nuclear so and so's)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The apartment is dark, quiet, and cold when Hoseok steps through the door. Yoongi's office door is open, he notices as he crosses the threshold; no light spills out from his monitors, no music muffled through his expensive headphones. Hoseok hesitates there for a moment, hand tightening around the doorknob. It's late, quarter to eleven. While it's not unusual for Yoongi to still be out, he's usually at least on his *way* home by now, even on his busiest days.

Hoseok doesn't remember Yoongi saying anything about having other plans... He steps all the way into the apartment and pushes the door closed behind him. A frown creeps across his face as he pulls his phone out of his bag to double-check their messages in case he missed something, but... As he'd thought, their last message exchanged was only that morning when Hoseok had wished Yoongi a good day. Yoongi returned the sentiment and asked for his favourites from the restaurant.

Well, Hoseok reasons, it's not like Yoongi *has* to tell him where he is, or whether or not he's going out somewhere. He toes out of his sneakers, setting them aside on the shoe rack, and hangs his jacket up in the closet. It's just disappointing to come home to an empty apartment, that's all. It's too quiet.

He glances down at the bag of leftovers he'd picked out especially for Yoongi and sighs, crossing to the fridge to drop them off. It's fine. The leftovers will keep for another few days at least. He leaves his bag in their bedroom to unpack later, heading towards the bathroom for a much-needed shower. As always after a shift, the restaurant has sunk deep into his pores, and he longs to scrub himself clean.

By the time he's finished with that, Yoongi's... still not home. Hoseok's shoulders slump and he continues rubbing a towel over his hair, leaning against the bathroom doorframe. His stomach flutters and he swallows hard, shaking his head.

It's fine. It's *fine*. He's not going to pry.

Instead of lunging for his phone to check if he's missed any messages from Yoongi in the ten minutes he was in the shower, Hoseok makes himself a cup of tea and walks back to the bedroom. He drags his bag across the floor to the couch and unpacks his books and laptop. Sighing, he settles in to do the reading for one of his classes and alternates between sipping hot tea and taking notes.

He taps his pen on his notebook page, off-beat with the steady thud of his heart in his ears. The pen twirls between his fingers as he reads over his notes, dancing across his narrow fingers. Every so often his eyes drift, unbidden, to his phone sitting on the coffee table, screen facing down. He clicks the pen a few times, on and off and on again, staring at his phone.

Oh, fuck it. Heart pounding in his throat, he scoops the device up into his hands to send messages to his friends. Maybe there's just something wrong with his phone or something... But a few moments later his phone lights up with responses:

[11:30:01] Hoseok: hyung, are you busy?
[11:30:20] Seokjin: Yes, drunk
[11:30:26] Seokjin: Jiminnie says hi
[11:30:30] Seokjin: He also says you have a nice butt
[11:30:33] Seokjin: He said nothing about my butt
[11:30:39] Seokjin: I am deeply offended

Despite the disappointment churning in Hoseok's gut, he can't help but smile. He replies to Seokjin, wishing him a good night and remind him

to get home safely, before turning to his other message:

[11:30:03] Hoseok: taehyungie i'm scared
[11:30:30] Taehyung: what happened?
[11:30:31] Taehyung: i'll be right over

Some of the tension trickles out of Hoseok's shoulders and he tugs the curtain aside to peer outside as his phone vibrates again in his hand. Taehyung stands in his window across the street with his cat draped across his shoulders like a scarf. Hoseok waves. Taehyung waves back with the hand holding his phone, the screen flashing bright. Smiling again, Hoseok turns his attention back to his phone.

[11:31:00] Taehyung: hyung?
[11:31:02] Hoseok: no, it's okay
[11:31:04] Hoseok: i'm fine
[11:31:10] Hoseok: yoongi's just not home yet and i'm getting a little nervous, being here alone
[11:31:11] Hoseok: it's too quiet, i don't like it
[11:31:15] Taehyung: oh
[11:31:16] Taehyung: are you sure you don't want me to come over? sleepover?
[11:31:24] Hoseok: i'm sure. i have a class at nine tomorrow.
[11:31:27] Hoseok: i'll be okay, i promise. thank you, taehyungie. i love you.
[11:31:38] Taehyung: i love you too, hyung. i'll be up for a while since jiminnie's out with seokjinnie, so if you get nervous again, text me. i'm just playing league anyway.
[11:31:44] Hoseok: i have no idea what that is, but have fun
[11:31:45] Hoseok: thank you, taehyungie. seriously.

Taehyung waves through the window again and Hoseok can only just make out the hint of a smile on his face from this distance. Heart somewhat lighter, Hoseok waves back. He watches as Taehyung disappears from the window, likely returning to whatever game he's playing.

Hoseok sighs, setting his phone aside on the couch beside him and

finishing off his cooling cup of tea. His heartbeat still echoes in his ears. Shaking his head, Hoseok scoops up his phone again. Maybe he just needs to distract himself with some music, he decides... Only to skip through twenty songs in a row before giving up and deciding that the silence is better.

When he can't put it off any longer, he gets up. Time for bed. He sends one quick message to Yoongi:

[12:44:59] Hoseok: hey, is everything alright? i'm going to bed. i'll keep the nightlight in the kitchen on for you

Simple, concerned, but not overly clingy. Good enough. He leaves his cup in the kitchen sink to wash in the morning and goes into the bathroom to get ready for bed.

Yoongi's still not home by the time he's finished. Frowning and trying desperately to ignore the low thrum of unease creeping up the back of his throat threatening to choke him, Hoseok switches the nightlight in the kitchen on and gets into bed. He curls up on his side under the blankets for warmth, cradling his phone in his hands in case Yoongi responds.

He doesn't sleep. It's half-past one in the morning when Hoseok hears the rattling scrape of a key in the lock. He sits up in bed, heart pounding a rapid tattoo against his ribcage. He tries to swallow past the lump in his throat and clenches his hand in the blanket and around his phone.

The door swings open. Yoongi stands in the doorway for a moment, slumped and leaning heavy against the frame, silhouetted by the motion-activated lights in the hallway. Seconds pass. Silence.

Hoseok sucks in slow, shaking breath. He hears Yoongi say something, but his voice is slurred, too distant to make out. Yoongi stumbles in through the door and bumps into the table beside it with a loud clatter. The feet of the table screech across the tile floor from the force of it.

"Fuck," Hoseok hears Yoongi say, followed by a breathless, roughened laugh as he lets the door swing shut behind him with a *bang*. "Oops."

He's drunk.

It takes Yoongi a few tries to lock the door again, cursing the air around him black and blue as he fumbles with the deadlock. He cheers to himself as he finally manages to twist it in the right direction, locking the door with a satisfying *click*. He then turns and walks directly into the bathroom door with a muffled *thud* and a yelp of pain, and he steps back, cupping his nose with his hand. Swearing again, Yoongi slaps at the handle until the door opens and he walks inside, flipping on the light.

Scratch that. He's *really* drunk.

Hoseok gets up out of bed. He creeps forward, peeking around the doorframe. Yoongi's sitting cross-legged on the bath mat, still in his boots and his leather jacket, humming to himself as he brushes his teeth. It's kind of endearing.

It's also the middle of the week, and Hoseok knows for a fact that Yoongi has an 8AM lecture in the morning. This isn't like him. He doesn't often drink himself stupid because of how high his alcohol tolerance is. Disappointment and worry war against each other inside him,

But worry wins out. Alarms start to ring in the back of Hoseok's mind, faint but shrill. Something's happened. Something *bad*, something he was trying to escape from. Hoseok's heart sinks. The air feels thicker, harder to draw enough breath into his lungs.

"Hyung?" Hoseok asks. His voice comes out small, almost scared, uncertain.

Yoongi looks up at Hoseok and he smiles around the toothbrush sticking out from between his lips. He doesn't say anything and finishes brushing his teeth. Once satisfied with his level of cleanliness, Yoongi rises to his feet from the floor, shuffling forward to bend over the sink and spit, rinsing his mouth and brush.

He scrubs a hand across his chin. His gaze seems to catch on his reflection and Yoongi braces his weight on the counter, studying his face intently, mouth set in a frown.

Hoseok's hand curls around the doorframe, gripping tight until his knuckles turn white. What is going on? What happened today?

"...Fucking thought you *corrupted* me," Yoongi mutters to his

reflection, and Hoseok flinches at the rough rasp of Yoongi's tone. He's still slurring heavily, and even from the doorway, he reeks so strongly of hard liquor that it almost makes Hoseok's stomach turn. "Fucking said it must be all your fault, that you tricked me into it..." He slaps his hand down, palm first on the counter, and Hoseok startles again, swallowing hard.

Yoongi's scowl deepens. "...Thought they could place all their blame on you and tie it all off with a neat little fucking bow. That's *just* fucking like them, the cowards."

"Who, hyung?" Hoseok asks, but he not sure he wants to hear the answer. The tips of his fingers tingle, and he swallows hard, watching Yoongi stare at himself in the mirror.

"Fucking *cowards*," Yoongi spits, glaring daggers at himself. "They don't even fucking *know* you, they've never even *met you*. All they've ever fucking cared about is their fucking reputation. what would their *friends* possibly think?" Venomous loathing drips from his every syllable, "How fucking *dare* they. How dare they? It has nothing to do with them."

Yoongi turns suddenly and Hoseok jumps back in surprise, stumbling away from the door. He slaps at the light switch and moves past Hoseok. Hoseok follows, unsure, reaching out in case Yoongi falls. He's never seen Yoongi this angry before. It scares him, a little bit.

He watches as Yoongi drops heavily on the end of their bed. Almost at once, he starts to wrench off his clothes with pent-up frustration and fury tensing the muscles of his neck, his shoulders, all the way down his back. Hoseok ducks down to help Yoongi untie his boots and pull him out of his skinny jeans with the ripped knees without ripping them any further.

"Fuck," Yoongi mutters when he's down to a t-shirt and his boxers, and he flops back on the bed. "Fuck them. *Fuck. Them.*"

"Sure," Hoseok replies absently, bundling up Yoongi's discarded clothes and tossing them towards the closet to deal with later, "fuck 'em." He hops to his feet, taking Yoongi's boots back to the rack by the door, and fetches Yoongi a couple glasses of water. At second thought, he stops to pinch a bottle of painkillers for the morning between his elbow and his side, because Yoongi's going to need them.

"—Fucking love you," Yoongi's saying as Hoseok returns, as if he hadn't even noticed that Hoseok had left the room. "I'm *in* love with

you, you're the best fucking thing that's ever happened to me."

Hoseok feels his cheeks warm. "Sit up for me, hyung," he urges, setting one of the glasses down on Yoongi's side of the bed. He returns to Yoongi, who's struggling to get himself upright again, and hands off the glass of water. As Yoongi starts to drink, Hoseok shakes out a couple pills from the bottle into his palm and presses them into Yoongi's hand.

Yoongi downs the glass of water and stares at up Hoseok, eyes glazed over and unfocused. "Hoseok-ah," he murmurs. "I love you."

"I love you too," Hoseok says, reaching out and brushing his fingers through Yoongi's hair. A full-body shudder rustles down Yoongi's spine at the touch. Frowning, Hoseok takes the glass, setting it aside on the coffee table for later. He climbs back into bed.

"Hoseok-ah," Yoongi repeats after a long pause. He hasn't moved an inch from where he'd slumped at the foot of the bed.

Hoseok hesitates. "Yes?" he asks.

"...Will you hold me?" His voice comes out very small, almost inaudible, like he expects Hoseok to tell him *no*.

Hoseok would never. "Of course," Hoseok replies, surprised, pushing at the covers on Yoongi's side of the bed. "Of course, I will. Come here, it's cold, hyung."

Yoongi clambers up onto the bed and crawls towards Hoseok. He slides under the covers and curls up on his side, tugging the blankets up and tucking them under his chin. Hoseok shifts over, sliding an arm around Yoongi's waist and pulling him close.

"I love you," Yoongi whispers again. "I love you more than anything. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, Hoseok-ah. Don't ever think that I— I—" His voice breaks.

Horrified, Hoseok tightens his hold around Yoongi, pulling him in until their bodies are pressed flush together. "Hyung," he whispers. "Hyung, please—"

Yoongi just shakes his head. "*Don't*—" he manages to choke out before turning underneath Hoseok's arm and burying his face in Hoseok's chest. He clings to Hoseok's back, his hands fisted in Hoseok's shirt, and he cries out as if his heart is physically splitting apart.

Hoseok doesn't know what to do. He doesn't know what to *do*, he's never seen Yoongi break down like this before. It's as if all of this pressure has built up inside of him, a storm raging at the shore until something must finally give. He trembles violently in Hoseok's arms, huge gulping sobs wracking his body, his tears soaking the front of Hoseok's shirt.

He doesn't know what to do, so he does whatever he can. Hoseok brushes his fingers through Yoongi's hair, finger-combing the soft strands. "Shh," he whispers. "Shh, it's okay, hyung. It's okay. Let it out, I'm here. I'm here, I'm not going anywhere." He holds Yoongi as close possible while still giving him space to breathe. "I'm here. It's okay. Shh, shh. I love you. I love you so much. Whatever happened, we'll figure it out. I love you. It's okay. Don't hold onto it, let it all out, hyung."

It takes hours for his weeping to slow to the occasional, hiccuped hitch, and then to stop entirely. Hoseok doesn't stop trying to comfort him the entire time, keeping up an endless litany of comfort and love until his voice goes hoarse. He hums, then, gently rocking Yoongi back and forth. A few tears slip down his cheeks and he bites his lip to keep his own cries quiet. He presses kisses to the top of Yoongi's head, holding him close and stroking up and down his back.

Yoongi, exhausted, finally drifts off late into the night. Sleep doesn't come for Hoseok as easily. He lies awake for another hour at least, cradling Yoongi to his chest and glaring at the wall. Who hurt him so badly? Who could *possibly* have wanted to hurt him, and why? Rage bubbles to life in Hoseok's gut, red hot and *furious*.

Hoseok makes a promise with himself to get to the bottom of this when Yoongi's less battered and raw, less of an exposed nerve. He drifts to sleep with his fingers tangled in Yoongi's hair, and Yoongi's hand still curled in his shirt. They both find rest, but an uneasy one.

In the morning, Hoseok wakes to an empty bed. The covers beside him are cold. He swallows, pushing himself up to sit and lean over to check the time; half-past six. Throughout the night Hoseok had stirred at the slightest sound, but Yoongi had still been in his arms. Comforted he was still *there*, Hoseok had fallen back to sleep.

Yoongi must have left for class, sneaking out while Hoseok had been finally fallen into a deeper sleep this morning. Fuck. Scowling, Hoseok scrubs a hand over his face. God, fuck— what was that about last night?

The key scrapes in the lock and Hoseok looks up in surprise as the door swings open. Yoongi walks back into the apartment with sunglasses covering his eyes. He has a bakery bag tucked under his arm and a pair of paper cups with travel lids in a drink tray in one of his hands.

Hoseok's heart lifts. "Morning," he calls.

Yoongi just grunts at him in response, which makes Hoseok duck his head to hide a smile. Cute. Yoongi kicks off his slides and takes off his sunglasses and wiggles out of his coat, leaving everything in a heap in front of the door.

He walks into their bedroom, making a beeline for Hoseok and handing over the drink tray. As soon as Hoseok has it securely in his hands, Yoongi climbs over Hoseok's lap. He drops down onto the bed beside him with a pained, old man groan, as if he'd aged fifty years overnight. Not surprising.

Hoseok drinks the coffee, humming as he realizes Yoongi got his order exactly right. Yoongi picks his way through the bakery bag, getting crumbs everywhere. It's gross, but Hoseok gives him a free pass for now. They've both had a rough night. The laundry can wait.

They're both quiet, a tense silence. Hoseok can feel the oppressive weight of all of his questions pressing down on his shoulders, heavy and ominous. He doesn't know which of them will crack first. It makes him feel almost sick.

He finishes off his coffee, leaning over to set the cup aside on his bedside table. He reaches out for Yoongi's hand. "Hyung, we should talk about—"

"Don't." Yoongi's voice comes sharp enough to sting as if whipping across Hoseok's outstretched hands, and Hoseok's mouth snaps shut. His hand drops and he curls his fingers in the blanket. Yoongi stares off into middle distance for an unsettling pause, his face devoid of any expression.

Hoseok watches him and for a wild moment, he almost wants to beg Yoongi not to say anything, knowing that it must be too terrible to bear. He hates himself for it the second the thought crosses his mind and he drops his gaze to his hands, twisting in the bedcovers. He needs to listen, and Yoongi needs to be heard. He can't hide from this.

"...I got a call from my parents yesterday," Yoongi says in a low

monotone, cold and unfeeling. Terrifyingly distant, as if Hoseok could never reach him. "Apparently one of their friends was visiting Seoul recently and they recognized me while you and I were out together," he continues, still in that horribly dead voice. "We'd been out drinking, I guess, and they thought we looked a little *too* friendly. Of course, they were concerned about me and rushed to tell my mom and dad."

A cold realization creeps across Hoseok's skin, prickling in his scalp as he recalls how staunchly Yoongi refused to tell his parents about their relationship, insisting that they wouldn't understand. Hoseok had accepted it, hadn't brought it up again after Yoongi told him no. He hasn't told his parents yet, either, after all. It would be hypocritical of him to push.

"Oh," he says bleakly. Oh, no.

"Needless to say, they aren't very happy with me," Yoongi says. He clears his throat, blinking and shaking his head. "The conversation with them didn't end well. There was a lot of yelling. I took most of it, whatever, I'm used to it, but when they started digging in on you... Using you as my scapegoat... I couldn't let them get away with that shit. I lost my temper."

The corner of Yoongi's mouth twitches downwards and he blinks rapidly again, turning his face away just as a tear slips down his cheek. He scrubs it away with the back of his hand.

Hoseok stares at him. he wants so badly to reach out, but he's frozen in place, too terrified to move. Even the idea of Yoongi facing that down on his own... A spike of genuine panic shoots through him. How will *his* parents react? Would they lash out at him, or worse at *Yoongi*, in the same way?

"I fought tooth and nail to defend you, Hoseok-ah, but it was like screaming at a brick wall for how much good it did." Yoongi swallows hard, his hands clenching into fists in his lap. "I told them I didn't want to hear from them again while they were being such bigoted assholes and hung up the phone."

Hoseok's heart aches in his chest that Yoongi had to bear the brunt of all of this on his own, that he suffered his parents' rejection in silence without saying a word to Hoseok. He went through the entire day carrying the weight of this and drinking himself into a stupor just to try and avoid the pain of it. Tears fill his eyes.

His gut twists. He hadn't been there to support him. He hadn't been there to stand up for him. Of course, Yoongi never would have let him if he'd known his parents would come calling, and that's what hurts the most. Even if he could have possibly known, Yoongi still would've protected Hoseok down to his last breath.

"Hyung," Hoseok whispers, shifting over on the mattress until he's facing Yoongi. He reaches out, taking Yoongi's hands in both of his and waits until Yoongi's fingers unclench and uncurl. ducking his head, Hoseok presses a kiss to the centre of Yoongi's palms, one and then the other. "Oh, hyung. I'm so sorry."

Yoongi's bottom lip wobbles. "I—"

"Shh," Hoseok's breath hitches. He tugs on Yoongi's hands. Yoongi lets himself fall forward, almost into Hoseok's lap, and he curls up there. He releases one of Hoseok's hands in favour of clinging to Hoseok's back, and Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheek in his free hand. "I love you. But if you—"

His hand trembles and he presses his fingers gently against the side of Yoongi's face until he looks up and meets Hoseok's eyes. He blinks, and hot tears roll down his chilled cheeks. "If you want to go," Hoseok sniffles, "if you think that would be better for you, I won't stop—"

"Don't finish that sentence," Yoongi says, stricken. his whole body trembles against Hoseok's chest. "Don't you *dare*, you fucking asshole. I chose you. I *choose* you, and I will *keep* choosing you, Hoseok-ah."

Hoseok buries his face in Yoongi's shoulder, letting go of him only to curl both arms around Yoongi's waist and haul him bodily closer. "I choose you, too," he whispers, his voice cracking around a sob. God, what if his parents tried to make him choose between his family or Yoongi? Fuck, but Yoongi *is* his family now, as much as they are. Any future without him is unthinkable.

"You're my family, hyung," Hoseok breathes, and Yoongi's breath shudders out of him. "You're my family." He clings to Yoongi as hard as Yoongi clings to him, tears spilling down his cheeks. He kisses Yoongi's shoulder. "I'll always choose you, you're all I need."

Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry. if this hit close to home for any of you (the way it did for me), please know that you are so, so loved. there is validity in found family, sometimes even more than blood family. you are

not alone. be safe. i love you.

first | timeline | mix

fireworks

Chapter Notes

> nothing to warn for. takes place a month after their fourth anniversary.
>
> thank you to amelia for the original idea. i hope you like the changes i made ;-;!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On New Year's Eve, Yoongi wakes to sunlight straining against the black-out curtain drawn across the windows and a cold, empty bed. Hoseok's gone. He's been gone for the past two days, for a work opportunity in Los Angeles. The tip of Yoongi's nose is cold. He snuggles deeper in his bed, staring up at the ceiling.

When he's awake enough to move, he rolls onto his side, reaching out for his phone still charging on the nightstand. It's late, three in the afternoon. He'd stayed up until sunrise that morning, chatting with Hoseok off and on between practices and video shoots. They'd kept up a steady stream of conversation from the time Hoseok got up in the morning around midnight Yoongi's time, until the sun rose in Seoul at quarter to eight, shining through the window and onto the bed. As soon as Hoseok realized what time it was, he shooed Yoongi to bed, scolding him for staying up.

I'd rather talk to you, Yoongi said.

That's sweet, Hoseok replied. *Go get some sleep, you dick.*

Yoongi laughed. *I miss your ass too much.*

Shut up. Hoseok sent back. A few moments passed, and Yoongi received a photo message: Hoseok turned away from a bathroom mirror with his clothes off, back arched to show off the curve of his ass and the camera held up over his shoulder. His head was turned just enough for Yoongi to make out the teasing smile on his face. *You're welcome. Now go to bed.*

Fuck you, you know how difficult that'll be for me after this.

Sleep well, hyung~

Groaning, Yoongi had beat off furiously until he fell asleep, curled up with Hoseok's pillow clutched to his chest.

Now, Yoongi sighs, scrubbing a hand across the come dried and flaking on his skin as his stomach grumbles. Phone clutched in hand, he levers himself up off the bed and makes his way to the kitchen to set out leftovers. He disappears into the bathroom to piss and wash up, and reheats his breakfast. With coffee brewing in the maker, he considers his phone for a moment. Hoseok's likely asleep by now, but Yoongi sends him a message anyway, wishing him a good day on set tomorrow. Hoseok doesn't seem to see the message or reply.

Yoongi passes time after eating and drinking his first cup of coffee for the day, losing himself in busy work. Hoseok will be back home in a few days, he might as well make the place look presentable. With that thought in mind, Yoongi straightens up the apartment, washes his dishes, folds and puts away his laundry. He even closes the dresser drawers for once, though he knows he'll probably forget and leave them wide open before Hoseok comes back to him.

That killed another hour, at least. He wanders into his office with his second cup of coffee in hand, settling in. He works on writing music for the rest of the day, taking occasional breaks to stretch his back and have another cup of coffee.

Yoongi and Hoseok had planned to go to a party together with their friends tonight. But earlier this week when Hoseok was contacted by a choreographer he'd met while in Los Angeles this past summer about an exciting new choreography series project, Hoseok had leaped at the chance. Yoongi's happy for him, and for this opportunity. The series will be uploaded to YouTube and grant him a lot more exposure in the entertainment industry, which is exactly what Hoseok needs to start landing more auditions, both at home and worldwide.

Honestly, Yoongi's glad of it... He hadn't really wanted to go to the party, anyway. He misses Hoseok, though.

Around eleven, he stops work to make himself some food. He still hasn't heard from Hoseok, but he's not surprised. If he remembers the time zone difference correctly, it's still early morning in LA. If he's not still in bed, Hoseok's on his way to work for the day and won't be available for at least an hour or two, anyway.

Yoongi sighs, carrying a plate into the bedroom. He settles in bed with his back up against the pillows and switches on the television. A

mindless drama fills the air with background noise, distracting him enough from his own lonely thoughts as he begins to eat.

At five to midnight, Yoongi startles as his phone rings, Ginuwine's *Pony* piping through the speakers. Hoseok. He scrambles to pick up his phone, answering the call. "Hey," he says, setting his empty plate aside on the bedside table and switching the channel to the news. the firework show is about to start. "You're up early."

Over the line, Yoongi can hear some ambient street noise. Hoseok sounds slightly out of breath as if he's hurrying or lugging something heavy behind him. "Hey," he replies, sweet and soft in a way that makes Yoongi feel warm and safe all over. "It's not too early," he continues after a moment. "I've had to be up for five and six AM call times all weekend."

"Disgusting," Yoongi replies. Hoseok laughs over the line, bright and happy. Yoongi's heart rate kicks up a bit at the sound, and he settles back into the pillows with a little smile. "God, I miss you, Hoseok-ah. Think you can come back early?"

Hoseok laughs again, even brighter, and the warmth in Yoongi's chest begins to spread with each beat of his heart like ripples in a pond. "Sure, I'll drop everything and catch the next flight." A car honks and Hoseok curses under his breath. "How was your day, hyung?"

"Oh, you know," Yoongi sighs. "I got some work done. Cleaned up the apartment a bit so I'm not living in squalor anymore. Slept a lot." *Missed you. Missed you like a phantom limb.* He bites down hard on his tongue. *Come back home, Hoseok-ah. Come home. I need you here with me.* He doesn't say that out loud, refuses to let the words spill past his lips. Hoseok had felt conflicted enough when he realized this project would take him away into the New Year. The last thing Yoongi wants to do is to make him feel guilty about chasing his dream.

"What are you up to today?" Yoongi makes himself ask instead. He watches the countdown tick on the television screen. Three minutes until the new year. "More filming today?"

Hoseok gives a non-committal hum. Yoongi closes his eyes, letting the sounds of the Los Angeles street Hoseok's walking along wash over him... Only to have his eyes pop open in surprise as the line suddenly goes quiet.

"Is everything okay?" Yoongi asks.

"Yes," Hoseok replies. "Yes, I've just gone inside, hyung. That's all. Don't worry."

"Oh," Yoongi says, feeling a slight pang of disappointment. "...I guess you'll have to go, then."

"Oh, no," Hoseok says, "no, I'll stay on the line until it's the new year, hyung. I promise. It's good to hear your voice, anyway."

Yoongi finds it harder to swallow all of a sudden, and he turns his face into one of the pillows. He hums, not trusting himself to speak yet. God, he misses Hoseok. He knows it's selfish, but he wishes Hoseok was *here*. He wishes Hoseok never left. It hurts so *much*.

"I love you," he whispers after getting himself together again, turning to look at the television screen once again. One minute left with Hoseok now, and his heart clenches painfully. *Slow down,* he silently urges the countdown timer. *Slow down, stop, please, just let me have him a little longer.*

"I love you too, hyung," Hoseok replies, just as soft. "What are you going to do tonight?"

Yoongi sniffs and wrinkles his nose, feeling the stinging pressure of tears building up behind his eyes. He clears his throat and shifts on the bed, playing with the hem of his shirt. It's one of Hoseok's. It smells more like their laundry detergent than it smells like Hoseok, but it comforts him all the same.

"Sleep, probably," he replies, his voice sounds a bit thicker, as if he developed a sudden head cold over the past few seconds. He swallows hard. "I've got the television on to watch the fireworks over at Coex, but I'll go to bed after they're done. What about you, do you have plans for tomorrow night?"

Again, another non-committal hum. "There's a wrap party tomorrow night, but I don't think I'll go," he replies after a few moments. Yoongi makes a soft, questioning noise, and Hoseok continues, "Ah, I just feel a bit... distant right now."

Thirty seconds left.

"Why?" Yoongi asks, sitting up straight on the bed. "Hey, did something happen? Are you alright? Who do I need to beat up? Just say the word, I'll make them wish they'd never been born—"

"Hyung," Hoseok interrupts with another sweet little laugh. "Hyung, calm down. Don't beat anyone up. Everything's fine, nothing happened. I'm fine. I just... don't think it's for me this time."

Hm. There's still more that Hoseok isn't telling him. Yoongi knows Hoseok doesn't particularly *love* parties, but he almost never turns down the chance to socialize and network with his colleagues.

"Alright," Yoongi murmurs, letting it slide. It's not worth a fight. Not right now.

There's a soft thunk in the background on Hoseok's end as if he's rushing upstairs. "Is there no elevator in the dance studio building?" Yoongi asks. "Are you late?"

"Hm?" Hoseok sounds a bit more out of breath. "Oh, no, there isn't an elevator. There're only four floors, anyway. It's not too bad. Reminds me of home."

"I see," Yoongi murmurs. "Ten seconds."

"Nine," Hoseok counts along with Yoongi, still out of breath but in unison. "Eight... Seven..."

"Six," Yoongi says, startled as he hears a knock at the door. "Five— hang on, there's someone at the door! Who the fuck— at this hour? I bet it's fucking Jimin and Taehyung coming to check on me again, I can't *believe* you gave them your keys before you left—" Hoseok laughs again, and his voice sounds... closer, somehow. Yoongi walks to the door. Behind him, Auld Lang Syne begins to play from the television speakers. He tugs the door open.

"Happy new year, hyung," Hoseok says, standing at the door, phone still pressed against his ear. Yoongi's phone slips from his hand, falling to the floor with a clatter. Hoseok hangs up and slips his phone back into his pocket, stepping forward. He looks exhausted after what must've been a redeye sixteen-hour flight, his hair mussed and dragging his ratty old suitcase behind him.

"Baby, what are you—" Yoongi begins, any other words he could possibly say swallowed up as Hoseok cups Yoongi's cheeks in his cold hands and kisses him. Yoongi gasps and Hoseok licks into his mouth, stepping closer until their bodies are pressed right up against each other. Yoongi backs up, pinned against the doorframe, and he makes a weak noise into the kiss, curling his hands in Hoseok's shirt.

"What are you doing here," Yoongi manages to gasp out between kisses. He hauls Hoseok closer even as the tears that threatened to spill throughout their entire conversation finally drip down his cheeks. "How— I— *what?*"

Hoseok huffs a laugh, pulling back from the kiss and reaching up to push his hair out of his eyes. "We wrapped ahead of schedule yesterday," he explains. "Today was supposed to be for pick-ups and reshoots, but boss saw how much I was moping around between takes that he and the other producers decided I should come home early to spend New Year's with you." He swipes his thumbs tenderly through the wetness on Yoongi's cheeks. "I jumped at the chance."

Yoongi stares at him, open-mouthed and awed and disbelieving. How? "God, you *ass*," he manages to say, laughing. "Fuck you, come inside." He reaches out, grasping the handle of Hoseok's suitcase in one hand and taking Hoseok's hand in the other, dragging both inside the apartment. "Change into something warm and come to bed with me."

Hoseok laughs again. "Sounds good, you dick," he says. "Sounds perfect."

Yoongi brushes his teeth while Hoseok stumbles off to change, and while Hoseok goes to brush his teeth, Yoongi unpacks Hoseok's suitcase. He dumps all of the clothes into the laundry, leaving the toiletries bag on the table to deal with later. They climb into bed together, meeting in the middle as they always do. Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair as Hoseok tucks his head under Yoongi's chin, their legs and arms tangled around each other.

"Happy new year, baby," Yoongi whispers, pressing a kiss to the top of Hoseok's head.

Hoseok hums, nuzzling closer with his nose face tucked into the side of Yoongi's throat. His breath tickles, and Yoongi squirms, tangling his fingers in Hoseok's hair. "Happy new year. God, I can't believe you closed the dresser drawers," he sighs.

Yoongi throws his head back and laughs.

Chapter End Notes

> happy new year, friends, i hope 2019 is kinder to us all. i love you. make good choices.

mend

Chapter Notes

warnings for coming out to parents and the overwhelming anxiety surrounding that

this takes place the afternoon after yoongi's parents find out about his and hoseok's relationship.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi reaches out and touches Hoseok's thigh. "You sure you want to do this now?" he asks.

Hoseok tilts his head to the side, his jaw set as he nods. "Yes," he says. His face is still swollen from crying that morning, pink cheeks striped with white tear tracks. "They're going to be here in two weeks. We need to just— just rip off the band-aid, hyung. You know?"

"...And you're sure you want to do this with me here?" Yoongi asks next, his voice faltering halfway through.

While he doesn't want to leave Hoseok to face this alone, the thought of being here, of having Hoseok's family reject him, too... It's terrifying. He swallows hard as Hoseok nods again. Hoseok's hand drops down to cover Yoongi's on his thigh, his fingertips curling under Yoongi's, holding on tight.

"I need you," Hoseok whispers.

"Okay," Yoongi says, taking a deep breath. He holds it a moment, exhales slowly. "Yeah, okay. Just— give me a minute, okay?"

He stands up. Hoseok doesn't immediately release his hand; to the contrary, he tightens his grip as Yoongi starts to move further away, but lets go as Yoongi keeps walking. Yoongi glances back over his shoulder at him. Hoseok shifts on the couch, staring down at his lap, white-knuckled grip around the cushion at either side of his knees.

Yoongi goes to the closet, taking out a plain white button-down shirt from off a hanger. He slips it on over his t-shirt, buttoning it up though he leaves the top button undone. That done, he digs through the closet in hopes of finding a pair of jeans that are both clean and unripped. When that proves fruitless, he selects the least destroyed of

his jeans, instead. Wiggling out of his sweatpants and leaving them in a puddle on the floor, he tugs the jeans up his legs and walks out of the room, still fumbling with the fastenings as he goes.

"Hyung—!"

He hears Hoseok scramble to come after him. Yoongi keeps going, moving into the bathroom. he picks up Hoseok's brush from the shelf that runs along the wall under the mirror and begins to sort out his hair. It's a mess.

Hoseok comes to stand in the doorway, watching him, his eyebrows raised. He doesn't say anything and Yoongi doesn't look over at him, struggling to get the part in his hair to stick. His hair keeps flopping forward in an annoying, shaggy mess across his forehead, and he curses under his breath.

"Hyung," Hoseok repeats, and he sounds like he's about to start crying again.

"*Don't*," Yoongi says firmly. "Let me do this, okay?"

"Okay," Hoseok says, and his voice cracks. Yoongi glances over at him. His eyes have filled with tears for the second time that day, globules of wet teetering on his bottom lashes. "Okay, hyung." He sniffles, dimples flashing at either side of his mouth, lips downturned at the corners.

Yoongi clears his throat, focusing hard on his reflection. He's only got one shot at this. He's not going to fuck it up. God, he's never met the parents of anyone he's ever dated before. What is he supposed to do? He leans closer to the mirror, inspecting himself from different angles even as he drags the brush across his hair. Should he put on some makeup? Fuck, do they even *have* makeup? Concealer, or something?

"Hyung, you look good," Hoseok whispers. One of the tears slips down his cheek at last and he swipes it away on the sleeve of his sweater. Yoongi sets the brush back down on the shelf, stepping away from the counter. "Come here. Please."

He holds out his hand. Yoongi takes it, letting Hoseok draw him forward. Reaching out, Yoongi cups Hoseok's cheek in his palm, leaning forward to brush their lips together. He swipes at another tear that rolls down Hoseok's cheek.

"Ready?" Yoongi asks.

Hoseok swallows. "Yeah," he says. "As ready as I'll ever be."

Yoongi leads the way back into their room, Hoseok trailing after him by their entwined hands. They sit down on the couch, and Yoongi glances at the time. It's close to the prearranged Skype call time with Hoseok's parents. Hoseok lets go of Yoongi's hand, leaning forward to push open his laptop. He spends a few seconds adjusting the angle of the screen. Even as he does, a soft ringing sound pipes through the speakers. His parents. Ahead of schedule, just like their son.

Hoseok sucks in a sharp breath, hand scrabbling desperately across the couch until his fingers curl between Yoongi's. He holds on tight. Yoongi shifts, he stares down at their hands tangled in his lap: his own pale, broad, squared off, his knobbly knuckles and bitten down nails; Hoseok's golden brown skin, nails trim and rounded, fingers and palms slim and delicate, hiding the strength of them.

"Okay?" Yoongi asks, lifting Hoseok's hand to his lips and brushing a kiss across his knuckles.

"*Fuck* no," Hoseok replies, staring back at Yoongi, wide-eyed and pale. "Let's just do it." Without looking away from Yoongi, he reaches out and accepts the call.

At once the screen fills with a smiling image of Hoseok's parents. Hoseok turns to face them, a smile spreading across his face. The video's slightly pixelated, jerking and buffering a few times before the connection stabilizes. Yoongi swallows, sitting up straight even though he's not in the frame.

"Hoseok-ah," coos Hoseok's mother. "You look so thin. Have you not been eating enough?"

"Hello, son," says Hoseok's father.

Hoseok tightens his grip on Yoongi's hand. "Hi, mom. Hi, dad," he says. He shifts on the couch, taking a deep breath. "How are you?"

He fidgets as his parents launch into their responses: His father's been struggling to balance grading papers with his gardening. His mother talks about work and the neighbourhood gossip. Yoongi tunes most of it out, staring down at their entwined hands. Hoseok's palm is trembling.

When it's his turn, Hoseok talks about school and dance, all bright eyes and charm. His voice is steady and calm, and if Yoongi weren't

within touching distance of Hoseok, if he hadn't been able to *feel* the frenetic, nervous energy vibrating beneath Hoseok's skin... He would never guess how terrified Hoseok truly is. He would never know what's lurking just under the surface.

"Anyway, so... The reason I wanted to talk with you isn't just to catch up," Hoseok begins finally, sitting up straight on the couch. "First, I want you to know how sorry I am that I couldn't come to tell you in person. I couldn't get any more time off work." Leaning forward, he turns his laptop slightly on the coffee table to include Yoongi in the frame. Yoongi swallows, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hand. "This is Min Yoongi," Hoseok continues. "I've been living with him for the past three months."

Hoseok's parents look surprised. Hoseok's father seems to recover first, bowing in his seat. "Hello, Yoongi-ssi," he greets, and Hoseok's mother echoes him. "It's good to meet you. Have you been taking care of our son?"

Yoongi bows his head. "Hello, father. Hello, mother. I'm happy to finally meet you, too." He stares down at his knees. "He's been taking good care of me, actually."

Hoseok's mother laughs. "That sounds like our Hoseokie," she says.

"That's..." Hoseok swallows. His palm trembles violently in Yoongi's white-knuckled grip. "That's not everything I have to say." He clears his throat, tipping his head to the side before looking straight into his parents' faces. "Yoongi hyung and I... have been dating for the past ten months."

Hoseok's mother's face falls. Hoseok's father's back stiffens visibly and he stares at the screen, his face carefully blank. Yoongi's gut sinks.

God, this is so much worse. Yoongi almost longs for the distance of talking on the phone, of having that separation. Seeing Hoseok's parents' reaction to the news is... horrible. This is horrible.

"...I wanted to make sure you knew before you before you came to visit for Chuseok," Hoseok finishes weakly. Yoongi squeezes Hoseok's hand, looking over at him. Hoseok closes his eyes, bowing his head.

Yoongi's heart, still damaged from talking with his own parents' reaction just the day before, begins to crack anew. He can't draw breath into his lungs. Hoseok doesn't look over at him. He doesn't *look*. Yoongi can't breathe.

Fuck.

Fuck, he shouldn't be here.

"I'm sorry," Hoseok says.

Yoongi's eyes go wide. Panicking, he starts to pull away from Hoseok, preparing to bolt, but Hoseok doesn't let him go. He squeezes Yoongi's hand, hard. '*Don't you dare let me go*,' he seems to say. '*Don't you fucking dare.*'

"I'm sorry, mother, father." Hoseok takes a deep breath, exhales. He blinks his eyes open, lifting his head to look at his parents. "I'm bisexual. This is who I am, this is who I've always been. I can't— I *won't*— change that. I'm in love with this man. I'm not letting him go." Yoongi's heart pounds against his ribs.

His mother starts to cry, covering her face with her hands. Hoseok's father places a hand on her shuddering shoulder, silent. His face is stern. The tremor in Hoseok's hand only intensifies, more and more by the second, his breath rapid as if he's only holding himself together by the slightest thread.

"...What about *grandchildren?*" Yoongi hears Hoseok's mother gasp out between sobs.

Yoongi swallows, ducking his head. Hoseok's palm is sweating, his fingertips cold as they dig into the back of Yoongi's hand. They've only just moved in together. God, who knows what's going to happen in the future? *Grandkids?* Is that all they can think about? Fuck, it's not like they told them that they want to get *married*.

Hoseok's father doesn't say anything, just sits beside Hoseok's mother, slowly rubbing up and down her back. He doesn't look at the camera. Hoseok's mother is slow to calm.

Hoseok's breath hitches. Yoongi tightens his grip, turning his head to press a kiss against Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok exhales again, slow and shaky.

"Are you safe?" Hoseok's father says after an unbearably long pause, looking up at the camera at last. His voice is gruff. "Are you happy? Does he make you happy, son?"

Turning his head, Hoseok finally looks over and meets Yoongi's gaze. Yoongi keeps watching Hoseok, a small, worried frown turning down

the corners of his mouth. The corners of Hoseok's mouth twitch despite the unshed tears glistening in his eyes. He nods.

"Yeah," he says hoarsely, not looking away from Yoongi's face. "Yeah, he does." His voice breaks and he turns to look back at his parents, blinking as the tears roll down his cheeks. He clears his throat. He tries to smile, but it wobbles and Yoongi's chest hurts. Lifting Hoseok's hand to his lips, Yoongi kisses his knuckles again, slow and lingering. Hoseok huffs, ducking his head with a wet little laugh. "Mom, dad—yeah. Yeah, I'm happy. I'm the happiest I've ever been. I love him. I don't want anyone else."

Yoongi's heart soars. He turns his head, presses his forehead to Hoseok's shoulder to hide the smile that spreads across his face. He breathes out, slow and shaky. "I love you, too," he whispers, just for Hoseok to hear. He can feel tears of his own beginning to brew, a lump forming in his throat.

"That's enough for me," Hoseok's father says. "I don't..." He exhales, shifting closer to the screen. "I'm happy for you, son. If you're happy, if you're *safe*... That's enough for me. That's all I need. Take care of each other."

"I love you, my Hoseokie," Hoseok's mother says, her voice still thick and trembling from the tears streaming down her face. "Thank you for telling us. I love you, son. Always, no matter what."

Hoseok's shoulders shake as he starts to cry. Yoongi hugs Hoseok tighter. His eyes fill with tears and drip down his cheeks. "Thank you."

Chapter End Notes

happy new year, everyone. i love you. ♥

first | timeline | mix

meetings

Chapter Notes

> thanks to amelia for her help with this chapter and for her encouragement overall! i love you, thank you for everything! ♥
>
> takes place a few weeks after hoseok told his parents about his relationship with yoongi.
>
> warnings for some anxiety and nervousness about meeting the parents, a bit of uncertainty, but it's pretty soft overall
>
> there is no crime in being kind
> not everyone is out to screw you over
> maybe, oh just maybe they just wanna get to know you
> (fear and loathing by marina and the diamonds)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi's knees ache a bit, but he willfully ignores it, leaning forward. The drum of the washing machine before him already glistens under his attention, but it's not enough. No, it needs to be *perfect* — just like everything else he's gone after so far today (including but not limited to: the heat vents; the top of the stove vent; the insides of every single cabinet; the remote and video game controllers; the switches and every light bulb; the shower mat; both his and Hoseok's phones; the bathroom exhaust fan; the door locks and knobs; and the dish rack). Hoseok had swept and washed the floors and scrubbed down the counters, but that wasn't enough.

Everything needs to be perfect.

"...What... What are you doing in there, hyung?" comes Hoseok's voice from behind him, oddly muffled with Yoongi's head and one of his shoulders inside the washing machine.

"I'm *cleaning*," Yoongi retorts, his monotone voice echoing all around him. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

If Yoongi looks down, he can see the Hoseok from the knees down. Hoseok's feet shift on the floor, his socked toes curling against the sparkling tiles. "Listen, I don't want to seem ungrateful here," Hoseok says, "but *why* are you cleaning the inside of the washing machine?"

Yoongi stares at his distorted reflection in the stainless steel. The citrusy fumes of the DIY cleanser he made are starting to give him a headache. "Your parents are coming," he replies. This should be obvious.

"I'm aware," Hoseok says. He sounds uncertain. "I'm just unsure about what that has to do with our washing machine."

"I don't want your mother to think we're *slobs*," Yoongi replies. *This should be obvious*.

"...But you *are* a slob, hyung," Hoseok says. Yoongi startles a bit when he feels Hoseok's hand on his thigh. "Come on, why would my mother look in our washing machine? Please, stop cleaning the washing machine. It's clean, i put it through a deep cleanse cycle every month. It doesn't need more than that. Hyung. *Hyung*. Get out here."

Heaving a sigh, Yoongi pushes himself back out of the washing machine. Hoseok's crouched down beside him now, a concerned expression on his face. Yoongi's gut churns and he stares down at the slightly damp cloth he twists in his hands.

"Hyung," Hoseok says softly. "Are you freaking out?"

When Yoongi woke up this morning, it hit him: Hoseok's parents are coming over to their apartment today. This is the first time he'll meet them in person, the first time they'll come to see the home he and Hoseok had begun to build over these past few months. The first time. He'll never get another.

That's when he began to notice things. Little, nit-picky details that Hoseok's mother and father might notice if they were anywhere near as particular as their son. Before Hoseok even rose from bed, Yoongi was already in the midst of his cleaning frenzy, scrubbing furiously until everything fucking *gleamed*.

He didn't understand it at first, because he never felt so strongly about cleaning, even when his own mother used to visit his first shitty apartment that he shared with Seokjin a few years ago. Of course, that moment was when it clicked, while he was teetering on top of the counters scrubbing furiously over the tops of the cabinets, that he wants to impress Hoseok's parents. He wants them to think he's worthy of their only son.

He bows his head now, avoiding Hoseok's gaze. "I'm fine," he mutters.

"Bullshit," Hoseok says, but not unkindly. His fingers brush through Yoongi's likely rumpled hair, tucking a wayward strand behind Yoongi's ear. "My parents are going to love you, hyung," he continues, after a thoughtful pause. Yoongi almost cringes. Is he that easy to read? Maybe for Hoseok. "*I'm* always going to love you, no matter what happens today."

"But—" *what if they hate me?* Yoongi swallows back the words, closing his eyes. His stomach churns again, uncomfortably.

"I love you," Hoseok says.

His hand slides down to cup Yoongi's cheek, thumb sliding across Yoongi's cheekbone. Back and forth, back and forth. Slowly, some of the tension begins to drain from Yoongi's shoulders and Yoongi exhales, blinking his eyes open to meet Hoseok's gaze. His eyes are soft, fond, a sweet smile turning up the corners of his lips. Yoongi can't help smiling back at him.

"Do you want me to cancel it?" Hoseok asks. "I can... I don't know, fake being sick or something. Put it off for another few days. They could come over after Chuseok instead before they go home."

Yoongi shakes his head. When Hoseok's hand starts to move away, Yoongi catches hold of his wrist, keeping him close. "No," he says. "We should... We should just do it."

Hoseok watches Yoongi for a moment. "Are you sure?" he asks softly.

"Yeah," Yoongi says, despite how sick his nerves are making him now, butterflies fluttering wildly in his gut. His fingers tremble until he presses the tips of them against Hoseok's wrist, feeling the beat of his heart. It calms him, somewhat. He takes a deep breath. "Yeah, I am," he says. "And look, I already made hotteok dough, anyway. We might as well get it over with."

"Did you really?" Hoseok asks, smiling. "Ah, hyung, my mom loves hotteok. She used to call me that when I was a kid."

"I didn't know that," Yoongi murmurs, looking up into Hoseok's eyes.

Hoseok's smile softens. "Yeah," he says. "Come on, hyung." He clambers to his feet, tugging Yoongi up with him. "Let's go get dressed, they'll be here soon."

Hoseok's parents arrive on time, laden down with grocery bags as they

march through the apartment door. Yoongi's stunned. Hoseok looks delighted. They'd planned on ordering in, because the last thing Hoseok's parents should be subjected to is either of their cooking, but it seems as if Hoseok's parents had other plans.

"What's all this?" Hoseok asks with a laugh, rushing forward to relieve them of their bags. Yoongi helps him set the bags down on the counter between the fridge and the stove. Hoseok turns, looking back at his parents, still smiling, his eyes wide and sparkling in the early afternoon sun shining through the kitchen window. It takes Yoongi's breath away, his nerves for the moment forgotten entirely.

"We're cooking, obviously," Hoseok's father says, drawing Yoongi's attention once again. "I thought we should make oritang together, son, like we used to." He takes off his coat and shoes, hanging the coat in the closet and setting his shoes on the rack. He takes Hoseok's mother's coat and shoes, as well, and passes over a set of the guest slippers that Hoseok left out for them.

He and Hoseok's mother step further into the room, taking in the apartment. Yoongi squirms, half-hidden behind Hoseok's shoulder as he watches Hoseok's mother's eyes light along the recently scrubbed countertops in the kitchen, as Hoseok's father peers through the opened doors of first the bathroom, and then Yoongi's office.

Hoseok half-turns towards Yoongi, quirking his eyebrows. *You okay?*

Yoongi can only shrug in reply, his heart pounding in his throat. Taking a deep, trembling breath, he moves forward and stops a few feet away from Hoseok's parents, offering them a deep, overly-polite bow. "Hello, mother, father," he says, his voice shaking. He feels Hoseok's warmth just behind him, a gentle hand at his waist giving him silent strength and support. "It's good to see you again. How—" He clears his throat, lifting his head. "How was the trip up?"

"Ah, Yoongi-ssi," Hoseok's father says. He steps closer, clapping a hand onto Yoongi's shoulder. He looks into Yoongi's eyes, his gaze welcoming, and smiles, small and soft. "It's so good to meet you in person. The drive was easy enough. We got lucky and missed most of the heavier traffic."

"That's great!" Hoseok chirps, holding his arms out for hugs. Hoseok's mother obliges him at once, pulling him in. She buries her face in Hoseok's shoulder, standing up on tip-toe to brush her fingers through Hoseok's hair. Yoongi can physically *see* Hoseok relax at her touch,

and bites back a smile. "I missed you, mama," Hoseok whispers.

"I missed you, too," Hoseok's mother replies, scratching at the nape of Hoseok's neck with gentle fingernails. She pulls back and gazes up at Hoseok for a moment, cupping his cheek in her palm. "My boy."

Yoongi lets out an embarrassing, startled squeak as he suddenly finds himself tugged forward by the hand Hoseok's father had kept on his shoulder. Strong and warm arms wrap around Yoongi's shoulders, pulling him in close for a hug. Yoongi relaxes slowly, hesitantly lifting his arms to return the embrace. Hoseok's father is smiling as he steps back, bright. He has Hoseok's smile. Yoongi smiles back at him, couldn't even stop it if he tried.

Hoseok's mother rounds on Yoongi next. "Hello, Yoongi-ssi," she greets, looking him over with a careful, almost hesitant expression on her face as if she's not sure what to make of him.

Gut sinking, Yoongi bows to her again. "Hello, mother," he says. The tag in the back of his shirt itches at the nape of his neck, but he refuses to scratch at it. "I— you look lovely this evening."

"Ah, yes," Hoseok says, still buried in his father's hug. "That's a beautiful dress, mom, is it new?"

"Yes," she replies, the corner of her mouth quirking. She has Hoseok's dimples. "Thank you for noticing, boys."

Yoongi swallows. "May I— um," he looks to Hoseok for encouragement. Hoseok nods, nudging him forward with his elbow. "May I show you around, then?"

"Yes," Hoseok's mother repeats. Yoongi holds out an arm for her, and this time she smiles at him fully, tucking her hand in the crook of his elbow. It's a beautiful smile. It reminds Yoongi of Dawon, a bit. Both of the Jung children are almost carbon copies of their father, all tall and lanky, but their mother's cheeks have a similar fullness as she smiles, and they both have her eyes.

Hoseok ducks forward, pecking Yoongi's cheek (for luck, it seems). He smiles at Yoongi and his mother. "I guess I'll see you both at dinner," he says with a little laugh. He squeezes Yoongi's shoulder before stepping back to join his father.

Yoongi straightens his shoulders. "Right," he says, and, smiling at Hoseok's mother, begins to tour the apartment with her. Every so

often the tag in his shirt itches, but he doesn't dare try to scratch at it despite how maddening it feels. He takes his time, focusing hard on showing her around their home. He shares occasional anecdotes with her, gaining confidence every time he makes Hoseok's mother laugh with a funny story about her son.

"Ah, Dawonnie wanted to come," Hoseok's mother says, as Yoongi leads her into the bed and living room. "She made plans with her boyfriend, Sungmin. Have you met her?"

Nodding, Yoongi smiles. "Just once so far. She took both Hoseokie and I out for lunch one afternoon a few weeks ago. It was wonderful. She made me feel like part of the family almost instantly. You have such incredibly kind, thoughtful children."

The smile on Hoseok's mother's face falters for a moment, but it comes back in a flash. Yoongi recognizes it as one of Hoseok's little coping tricks... Why does she feel guilty? "Thank you, Yoongi-ssi," she says, patting Yoongi's arm.

She startles suddenly as if struck by some new thought. "Ah!" Yoongi follows her gaze over to the coffee table. "Would you like to help me make songpyeon?" It's only then that Yoongi notices she has another bag slung over her opposite arm, a small cloth bag that neither he nor Hoseok noticed.

Yoongi nods, a bit dazed. "Of course," he stutters, dropping to his knees in front of the table and gazing up at her. "I haven't made songpyeon since I was a kid, I'm sorry in advance if I forget how to do it..."

Smiling, Hoseok's mother settles down beside him and begins to unpack the bag of its tupperware containers, filled with different ingredients. "You'll pick it up again," she tells him, patting his arm once more. "I don't think it's possible to forget how to make them."

As they work, Hoseok's mother seems to be trying to warm up to Yoongi, in little ways. "Have you ever had any of the Gwangju kimchi Hoseok brought home from when he comes to visit us?" she asks.

Yoongi frowns as he thinks. "Ah, maybe once," he replies. "I think the last time he was able to visit home was just after we started dating, at Christmas. I think he let me have a tiny bit when he came back, but he wanted most of it for himself." They both share a quiet laugh. "Did you bring some?" Yoongi asks.

"Oh, yes," Hoseok's mother replies. "We brought several side-dishes from home, the containers are in one of those grocery bags in the kitchen... You know, Gwangju kimchi uses more salt and fish than any other region. I know some people don't like seafood... Do you like seafood? What are some of your favourite foods from your hometown?"

"I love seafood," Yoongi answers, smiling. "I grew up in Daegu so we ate seafood a lot in my family. My brother even opened up his own seafood restaurant back home last year." His voice goes a little hollow at the mention of his family. The tag itches. He closes his eyes for a second and takes a deep breath, willing his hands to stop trembling. "...I miss home, sometimes. Anyway, I really like hwe moochim," he says, blinking open his eyes and looking over at Hoseok's mother with a smile. "But I'll try just about anything once, honestly."

Hoseok's mother smiles back at him, her eyes soft. "You'll go far in life," she tells him, just looking over at him. Yoongi's cheeks warm and he ducks his head, focusing on his rice cake. "Have you ever tried braised ribs?" Hoseok's mother asks, after a pause.

Yoongi nods eagerly, grinning. "Yes! Galbi's one of my favourites. The restaurant where Hoseokie works specializes in barbeque, so he brings home leftovers for us a lot."

They get so carried away talking about their favourite foods and the similarities and differences between their regional cuisines, that they don't realize how many dumplings they've made until they've filled more than half of the table with little, multi-coloured half-moon shaped rice cakes.

"Ah," Hoseok's mother, staring at the sheer number of dumplings with a shocked expression Yoongi's used to seeing on Hoseok's face. "Well!" She tips her head to the side for a second as she seems to think, then bursts out in a smile. "The more the merrier for Chuseok tomorrow, then, hm?"

Yoongi nods, his gut sinking. He stares hard at his lap, picking at a hangnail as he struggles to school his expression from one of disappointment to something more neutral. He won't be invited to the Jung family's Chuseok celebrations.

Hoseok tried to comfort Yoongi about this, even going so far as to say he wouldn't attend himself if Yoongi couldn't come, but Yoongi wouldn't let him. It's a family holiday. Hoseok should spend time with

his family, with the people he loves so much. It wouldn't be fair of Yoongi to keep him from his family. He'll be fine anyway, he'll eat leftovers and watch bad holiday television programming, and listen to Hoseok's stories when he comes back home in the evening. Everything will be fine.

Together, they gather up the dumplings, setting all of them aside in the original tupperware containers Hoseok's mother had pulled out of her bag. He excuses himself quietly, getting to his feet and going to gather some serving dishes, bowls, plates, and utensils.

Hoseok and his father are still cooking, talking together as they work. Yoongi smiles at them as he walks into the kitchen. Hoseok reaches out for Yoongi as soon as he's close enough, pulling him over to the counter. He kisses Yoongi's temple, and Yoongi ducks his head, leaning into the touch.

"We're almost finished in here," Hoseok's father says.

"Is mom okay?" Hoseok whispers to Yoongi. "Is she being nice to you, hyung?"

Yoongi nods, sliding his arm around Hoseok's waist and hugging him. "Yeah," he says. "Yeah, she's wonderful. I can see a lot of her in you, you know." Hoseok's cheeks flush pink. Yoongi smiles, pecking Hoseok's blush before drawing away.

Turning, he digs through cupboards and drawers until he finds all that he needs. He marches back into the living room, setting his burden down on the table. Hoseok's mother helps set the table while Yoongi scoots back into the kitchen to grab the bag filled with side-dishes that Hoseok's parents brought from home. As he and Hoseok's mother fill the small bowls with them, she urges Yoongi to try some of the kimchi.

The flavours burst over his tongue and he hums appreciatively. "That's delicious!"

She beams at him, her eyes sparkling. "Family recipe."

Soon, they all eat together, talking and laughing. It's *good*. The food is delicious and filling, and both he and Hoseok dive almost headfirst into it all, so grateful for a good, home-cooked meal after so many nights of leftovers, takeout, ramen, and other cheap, unhealthy foods. Hoseok's parents indulge them both, fond.

After their bowls are empty and the dishes are cleared, Yoongi gets to his feet as an alarm on his phone goes off. "I prepared some hotteok dough before you arrived," he says. "The dough's finished resting now, I just need to fill and fry them up for dessert. Would you like anything to drink while I'm in the kitchen? Coffee or tea?"

"Tea would be perfect," Hoseok's father says, and Hoseok's mother hums in agreement. "Do you have any peppermint?"

"Loads," Hoseok replies, grinning, helping stack dishes. "Here, hyung, let me help—"

Yoongi shakes his head, pressing down on Hoseok's shoulder as he attempts to rise. "No, it's okay, Hoseok-ah," he says. "I'll do it. Catch up with your parents. Three peppermint teas and some hotteok coming up." He squeezes Hoseok's nape and trails his fingers along the top of Hoseok's shoulder before ducking down to pick up the dishes Hoseok placed together.

He walks out of the room, listening as Hoseok scrambles up off the floor. Inside the kitchen, he sets the dishes in the sink to be washed and covers his face with his hands for a moment, taking a deep breath. It's going well so far, he thinks, even though his hands still tremble from the nerves.

Yoongi exhales. Reaching back, he finally scratches underneath the irritating tag and almost groans out loud with relief. That taken care of, he fills the kettle with water and sets about sprinkling the counter with flour and rolling out the hotteok dough. He divides it into eight separate pieces and fills each with brown sugar.

He didn't mean to when first he set up, but he finds himself at an angle that he only has to tilt a bit to the side to see through the open bedroom door. Hoseok's sitting in between his parents on the couch now, talking animatedly with them about school, his dance classes, and his job at the restaurant. Both his mother and father watch him with nearly identically fond expressions on their faces.

Yoongi's happy for him. He's happy that his parents still want to be in Hoseok's life, even though it makes his heart hurt. He shakes his head and clears his throat, sealing up each of the pancakes. It's fine. He sets a pan on the stove to begin to heat.

Hoseok keeps talking, moving on to tell his parents about Namjoon's studies. "Oh, yes," he hears Hoseok say after a few minutes, "Namjoonie and I are still good friends, don't worry, dad! I see him all

even more often now that we're not living together anymore." Ducking his head, Yoongi smiles as he sets the first pancake into the pan, noting the time.

Too soon, Hoseok moves on to an abridged, highly edited version of how he and Yoongi met and started dating. "Ah... We were introduced by mutual friends," Hoseok explains, smiling. "We didn't get along at first — I wasn't a very good first date, honestly," he laughs and Yoongi glances back through the open doorway to look over at him. He looks bashful. "Somehow he gave me another chance, and well... One thing led to another, and— I'm really lucky. I love him a lot."

Yoongi feels his cheeks heat. He focuses his attention on the cake frying in the pan. It's spread out into a flattened pancake, and at the one minute mark, he flips it over to cook the other side. He manages to cook all of the cakes in less than ten minutes. He stacks two each onto four plates and begins to take them out into the living room.

"Hyung!" Hoseok chirps as Yoongi comes out of the room. "Those smell delicious! Thank you for making them for us!"

Yoongi feels a surge of pride. He's the first to admit that not the best at cooking. He doesn't have the time *or* the drive... But if there are two things he's confident in making delicious, it's ramen and hotteok. He ducks his head with a smile. "Thank you, Hoseok-ah," he murmurs, setting plates and forks down on the table.

Hoseok trails after Yoongi as he goes back into the kitchen to finish making the tea. "How are you?" he whispers after filling three cups with boiled water, leaning against the counter beside Yoongi. "I haven't really gotten to check in with you much tonight..."

"I'm fine," Yoongi replies, setting a peppermint tea bag into each filled cup. Despite himself, he tips forward just enough to rest his forehead in the soft juncture of Hoseok's neck and shoulder. At once, Hoseok's arms come up around Yoongi, and he strokes down Yoongi's back. "Really, it's fine. I'm just... I'm still just sad and pissed off about my parents, I guess... I need your parents to like me... And there's this fucking tag in my shirt that keeps making me *itch* and I just—"

He exhales. Hoseok keeps stroking Yoongi's back, sweet and slow. It's incredible how such a simple gesture can be so comforting. Again, a lot of the lingering tension drains from Yoongi's muscles, and he relaxes even further against Hoseok's front. "I'm tired, Hoseok-ah."

"I know, hyung," Hoseok whispers, pulling Yoongi into a proper hug.

"It'll be over soon, okay? They probably won't stay much longer than an hour. After they're gone, how about I run a bath for you? I'll put bubbles in."

Yoongi's heart lifts. He snuggles closer, tangling his hands in the back of Hoseok's shirt. "That sounds perfect," he mumbles. "Thank you, Hoseok-ah."

"Of course, hyung," Hoseok replies, ducking his chin and pressing a kiss to the top of Yoongi's head. "Turn around, let me see this shirt tag that's been bothering you." He steps back, groping through one of the drawers until he finds a pair of scissors. Yoongi turns, flipping the collar of his button-up shirt for Hoseok to see the offending material.

He feels Hoseok step up behind him, the warmth of each steady breath as Hoseok straightens out the fabric. "Oh, hyung," Hoseok murmurs. "Your neck's all pink. Have you been scratching?" There's a moment of tautness, and then,

snip.

Hoseok smooths the collar of Yoongi's shirt back into place. Immediately Yoongi feels as if a weight has been lifted. "Ah, that's so much better," he sighs, turning towards Hoseok. Hoseok sets the scissors back into the drawer and smiles at Yoongi. "Thank you, Hoseok-ah." He clears his throat, staring down at the floor. "We should probably get back before your parents think we're fooling around in here."

"Hyung!" Hoseok yelps. He slaps Yoongi's shoulder and Yoongi cracks up laughing. He takes two of the cups and leads the way back into the bedroom, still chuckling to himself. Hoseok follows with the third cup in his hands, heaving a sigh.

The pancakes are still hot and delicious, the brown sugar inside melted into syrup. Hoseok's parents are both very complimentary of the dessert, and Yoongi smiles at them. Hoseok wiggles happily after almost every other bite, savouring the sweetness.

It all seems to be going well, right up until Hoseok's mother cuts into her second pancake. To Yoongi's horror, he sees a small sliver of the bright green plastic mix bag that had contained the hotteok mix on her plate. His heart stops.

Yoongi grabs Hoseok's knee, his fingers tightening reflexively. *Oh my god. Oh my* god. *She's going to make Hoseok move back home, she's never*

going to accept that I'm Hoseok's boyfriend, she's never going to approve of me, oh my god*, I've ruined everything—*

"I'm so sorry," he says, bowing low beside the table. He rises up again. god, he feels like he's about to be *sick*. "Oh my god, I'm *so* sorry, I can't even begin to express how truly sorry I—"

Hoseok claps a hand over Yoongi's mouth to silence him.

Hoseok's mother looks up at them with slightly narrowed eyes. Her gaze darts between the two of them, steely and appraising. Yoongi's going to be sick. He's going to die. He prays for the earth to crack right here, right now, to open up a hole for him to fall into and never return. But then,

Hoseok's mother starts to smile. "So you're as bad at cooking as our Hoseokie, huh?" she asks, her voice shaking as if only just resisting laughing out loud. "We'll make sure to split the easier tasks up between the two of you tomorrow at dinner."

"*What?*" Yoongi asks, muffled with Hoseok's hand still clapped over his mouth. He stares up at her. How is she not mad at him? Yoongi's own parents would've thrown him out on his ear for such a mistake. Wait... Did she say, *tomorrow?*

Hoseok's mother blinks. "Yoongi-yah, you... You couldn't possibly have thought that we'd make you spend Chuseok alone?" She taps her chin, looking thoughtful. "...And, you know, I think I'll send you both good food when I can so I know you're at least not going to *starve*—"

Hoseok's father cracks up laughing. He sounds just like Hoseok.

Yoongi relaxes as Hoseok's hand drops from Yoongi's mouth at last. He sags to the side, leaning heavily against Hoseok's chest, letting his eyes close as he breathes out. Hoseok curls his arm around Yoongi's shoulder, tugging him even closer across the floor and smacking a kiss to his temple. Yoongi squirms, his cheeks heating, but he doesn't pull away.

"I just... I thought Chuseok was for family," Yoongi says.

"It is," Hoseok's father replies, still chuckling to himself and shaking his head.

"...Oh," Yoongi replies, cheeks flaring even hotter. This seems almost too good to be true. Did Hoseok tell them about his own parents'

reaction? God, he better fucking not. The last thing he needs is their pity. He turns his head, burying his burning face in Hoseok's chest. Hoseok laughs out his own relief, dropping more kisses to the top of Yoongi's head. Yoongi groans, pushing him away after taking a few moments to compose himself. "You're embarrassing," he mutters.

"*You're* embarrassing," Hoseok parrots, still grinning.

As the last of the tension fades, Hoseok turns towards his mother. "Hey, remember when you used to call me 'hotteok'? Why was that, anyway?"

Hoseok's mother laughs. "Oh, I remember why. That time when you were four, you snuck out of bed in the middle of the night to eat all of the leftover hotteok in the fridge... I woke up when I heard giggling in the kitchen and discovered you sitting on the floor, covered in syrup... We had to cut your hair short because we couldn't get it all out, you smelled like sugar for *weeks*."

"Oh, is *that* why you're so sweet, Hoseokie?" Yoongi asks innocently.

Hoseok turns and stares between Yoongi and his mother, mouth slightly open. He smiles at them both then, small, tight, showing off his dimples, and drops his head, breathing out as he plays with his half-eaten hotteok. He sighs again, pushing the plate away in defeat.

Hoseok's father starts to laugh again, leaning across the table to pat his son's shoulder.

*

Later, after Hoseok's parents have left, Yoongi corners Hoseok in the kitchen, crowding him up against the windowsill. "Did you tell your parents about what happened with my parents?" he asks, frowning.

Hoseok squirms, looking uncomfortable as meets Yoongi's gaze. "Not a lot," he admits after a moment, hands still raised up between their bodies. "Just that you weren't on speaking terms with them right now. I... I didn't want you to have to spend Chuseok alone, hyung." He drops his head forward, looking down at the floor, his shoulders slumped. "...Are you mad at me?"

Yoongi swallows, his heart thundering in his ears. "No," he says at last, surprised that it doesn't *feel* like a lie in his mouth. "No, I don't think I am." He watches Hoseok again for a moment, as Hoseok hesitantly lifts his head to meet Yoongi's eyes again. The corner of Yoongi's

mouth twitches down, and he reaches out, pulling Hoseok into a hug. "I'm not mad. Thank you." He rubs his forehead against Hoseok's shoulder, and Hoseok tangles his hand in Yoongi's hair. "Come take a bath with me," he whispers.

"Okay, hyung," Hoseok replies, just as soft. "Yeah, okay. The dishes can wait."

Hoseok puts too much of the bubble bath into the water and Yoongi can't help snickering at the look of distress on Hoseok's face as the bubbles blossom and expand to life, filling the tub. "...Will there even be room enough for us?" Hoseok asks with a laugh.

"One way to find out," Yoongi replies, stripping down and stepping into the tub. Hoseok follows suit and Yoongi watches him, knees drawn up to his chest, head tipped over towards the wall.

It's quiet for a time, sharing the space of the tub and the warmth of the water. Hoseok plays with the bubbles. Yoongi smiles, watching through half-lidded eyes.

Over time, as some of the bubbles begin to melt away, Hoseok makes his way closer to Yoongi's end of the tub. He has bubbles caked all down the front of his neck. Yoongi lets him come close, reaching out solemnly to smooth a handful of bubbles around Hoseok's chin and mouth. Hoseok grins beneath the bubbles and reaches out to do the same for Yoongi. Yoongi laughs, piling even more bubbles onto himself. Somehow it becomes a contest of who can craft the most unique and magnificent beard. Yoongi doesn't mind.

Leaning forward, Yoongi kisses Hoseok on the mouth.

"Ew," Hoseok says, "hyung—"

Yoongi frowns. "What?" he demands, shoving another handful of bubbles into Hoseok's face. "You don't think I'm still sexy with a beard?"

"First of all," Hoseok says, blinking owlishly at Yoongi from within a mountain of bubbles, "don't put bubbles in my mouth—"

"I'm just trying to be sexy like Thor," Yoongi interrupts, unable to keep the grin off his face anymore. "I know you like him."

Hoseok tips his head to the side, swiping some of the bubbles off his face. "I do," he allows, reaching out to squeeze Yoongi's upper arms

and humming appreciatively as Yoongi flexes a bit. "I like you, too, though."

"But better like this, right?" Yoongi asks, leaning right forward into Hoseok's lap and leaning up to rub his bubbly cheek against Hoseok's. Hoseok squawks, losing his balance and falling back, spilling water and bubbles all over the floor as he flails. Yoongi catches Hoseok by the mouth again, cupping his cheeks in his hands and kissing him again and again, until they're both breathless and giggling.

"The bubbles really *do* taste awful," Yoongi replies, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Thank you for today," Hoseok whispers, nuzzling his nose against Yoongi's. "For being so good to my parents. It meant a lot to me, hyung."

Yoongi ducks his head, pressing his face into the crook of Hoseok's neck. "I know," he murmurs. "I know it did. It meant a lot to me, too." Hoseok shivers as the water begins to cool, and Yoongi wraps his arms tighter around Hoseok's back. "We should get out, start cleaning up."

"Yeah," Hoseok replies. "I'll wash the dishes if you dry?"

Smiling, Yoongi kisses Hoseok's cheek. "Okay."

Chapter End Notes

> and so we end the family arc for now. i might be taking a break from this fic for a few months. AGAIN, IT IS NOT DEAD OR ABANDONED, i'm just working on other projects for a while. i hope these past few new updates have been enjoyable, and if not, my cc is always open. anyway. i hope you're all doing well! see you again soon!
>
> first | timeline | chapter song | mix

your love's shaking me up

Chapter Notes

> cause you make my earth quake
> oh, you make my earth quake
> riding around, your love be shakin' me up
> (earfquake by tyler the creator)
>
> warnings for sexual content, biting/marking. nothing else really? it's not *tame* necessarily, but it's pretty standard for them in this au, lmao...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harsh breathing and the slow creak of the bedframe split the quiet night. Yoongi buries his face in the crook of Hoseok's neck, kissing a meandering line from shoulder to jawline and back again. Hickeys trail down Hoseok's shoulder and back, a crooked constellation of bruises and teeth marks.

His teeth graze Hoseok's shoulderblade now and Hoseok shudders. Yoongi lifts his head, sucking in a sharp breath as he grinds forward, his whole body trembling from the effort. From this angle he can see the way Hoseok's hand stretches out over the mattress, his hand clenching in the sheets until his knuckles go white. Yoongi smiles and rocks his hips forward a little faster, savouring Hoseok's hastily bitten-back moan.

The minutes slip past torturously slow. It's not often that Hoseok lets Yoongi take his time like this, lets him drag things out until it's almost unbearable. Yoongi luxuriates in it, in pushing Hoseok to the brink of what either of them can stand; in the low, soft sounds Hoseok makes, in the way his body opens up and tightens down around him in turns.

"Hyung," Hoseok's voice hitches. "Hyung, I *can't*—"

Yoongi hums, nosing at the nape of Hoseok's neck. He bites down and Hoseok gasps again, clenching hard around Yoongi's cock as he grinds against Hoseok's ass, staying deep and grazing his prostate. A full-body shudder rustles down Hoseok's spine and Yoongi kisses over the imprint his teeth left behind in Hoseok's skin. Hoseok makes another weak sound, stuttered tries to string a sentence together. Yoongi rubs a circle into Hoseok's hipbone with his thumb, waiting patiently.

"Let me up," Hoseok manages to get out after a few failed attempts, his hand twisting in the sheets. "Let me ride you. I've been—" his voice breaks again and he sucks in a breath. "It's almost been half an *hour*, hyung," he groans, "I can't do this anymore. I'm going to die if I don't come in the next two minutes, I swear to fuck—"

Laughing, Yoongi fucks into Hoseok a little harder, hips slapping against Hoseok's ass once, twice more, quick and deep. Hoseok moans, trembling, falling forward onto the bed as Yoongi rolls onto his back. Yoongi spreads out with a smile, stretching with a pleased groan at the pulse of heat in his muscles. "All yours for the taking," he says with a lazy wave of his hand towards his cock.

"I kind of hate you sometimes," Hoseok replies, muffled into the bedding. When Yoongi snorts, Hoseok lifts his head, the corner of his mouth twitching. He pushes himself up on trembling arms, rising up on his knees and making a swipe for the lube still sitting on their bedside table. He coats his palms, awkwardly walking over to Yoongi on his knees and Yoongi laughs up until Hoseok's hands curl around his cock, his grip slick and tight and hot. Yoongi makes a strangled sound, somewhere lost between a laugh and a moan.

Hoseok straddles Yoongi's lap and slides down onto him, then, and Yoongi tosses his head back on the bed, his eyes clenching shut. Hoseok moans as he takes all of Yoongi in one fell swoop, his thighs tense at either side of Yoongi's hips. He breathes out, rising up halfway and dropping back down onto Yoongi's cock with a trembling laugh. "Too much for you all at once, you dick?" he asks, bracing his hands on Yoongi's chest as he rests in Yoongi's lap for a moment. "Too bad."

Yoongi just groans in response, his trembling hands curling around Hoseok's hipbones for something to hold on to. Hoseok doesn't waste any time with teasing, nails digging into Yoongi's skin as he fucks himself back down at an almost brutal, punishing pace. There's nothing for Yoongi to do but lie there and let him take it, his hands sliding down from Hoseok's hips to those strong, powerful thighs flexing around his waist.

Hoseok tips his head back, alternating rocking his hips in Yoongi's lap before rising up just to slam back down, the slap of their bodies together and the slick of the lube obscene and ringing in the nighttime stillness. He catches his lip between his teeth, his eyelids fluttering shut as he focuses. The bed shakes beneath them from the force of it, from the power of Hoseok's thrusts, almost as if the frame might slide

away from the wall and jitter across the floor.

Too quick, Hoseok comes with a sharp cry, rolling back against Yoongi and rising up just enough for Yoongi to fuck up into him and chase his own orgasm to completion. Hoseok sags forward against Yoongi's chest, his breath stuttering as he clenches weakly around Yoongi's cock as it starts to slip out. Yoongi wraps his arms around Hoseok, pulling him in close and kissing the top of his head.

When Yoongi gets up to go get a cloth to clean them both up with, he hesitates in the doorway to the bathroom. The spare roll of tissue paper, a box of bandaids, a few bottles, and Hoseok's hairbrush litter the floor. *What the fuck?* he wonders, ducking down to pick each item back up and set them back on the shelf over the toilet. *What happened?*

Shaking his head, Yoongi wets a cloth with warm water and makes his way back to their room. "Hey, Hoseok-ah," he begins, as he walks through the door, a grin spreading across his face in anticipation of Hoseok's reaction, "I think we're haunted,"

but Hoseok's already fast asleep, his arms curled around Yoongi's pillow with a soft smile on his face. Yoongi stops there, just watching him for a moment, his heart warm. Leaning over the edge of the mattress, he reaches out to carefully clean the mess of lube and come from Hoseok's skin. Every so often Hoseok squirms, whining, but he doesn't wake.

Yoongi climbs back into the bed, replacing the pillow in Hoseok's arms with himself, instead. Hoseok snuggles up against him without further prompting, sighing as he settles with his face pressed against the side of Yoongi's throat. Yoongi brushes his fingers through Hoseok's hair, down his neck, and across his shoulders before making his way back up as he slowly drifts off to sleep.

*

Namjoon sprawls back into his chair with a groan, covering his face with his hands. "I mean, I guess I could just leave it—"

"No, that's stupid," Yoongi says, waving a hand as he leans towards Namjoon's laptop. He nudges Namjoon in the ribs, reaching for the mouse to select a section of bass for the song Namjoon has been struggling with, clipping it, and moving it aside for later. "See, if we just take *this* line out, it might be better." He hits the space bar and closes his eyes as he listens. It's not *perfect*, but it is an improvement. "Then maybe you just have to rework that section of bass, instead of

leaving it or redoing everything."

"Or just leave it out entirely, it might help with the drop later—" Namjoon begins, halting when Hoseok jumps up on the couch in the corner, his phone in hand with an exclamation of startled surprise. Yoongi pauses the music.

"There was an earthquake last night?" Hoseok demands, waving his phone towards Namjoon and Yoongi. "What the fuck?"

"Yeah there was, didn't you feel it?" Namjoon asks. "It wasn't too big or anything, but my whole building shook—"

"When was it?" Yoongi asks, squinting as he tries to remember what time they went to bed. "Might've just slept through it—"

Hoseok waves his phone, "No, this says it started at eleven, so we were still up, hyung." He frowns, staring at his phone. "What were we doing at... Oh, that was when we were—! *Uh*." He clears his throat, looking embarrassed as he glances quickly over at Namjoon before meeting Yoongi's voice and lowering his voice, "When we were... you know, busy."

Yoongi smirks. "Ah," he says to Namjoon, "we didn't notice because "I was too busy rocking Hoseokie's world."

"You were not!" Hoseok yelps, embarrassment flushing his cheeks a pretty pink. "If anything I was busy rocking my own world because you weren't doing it right—"

"—God, please don't just say shit like that," Namjoon complains, rocking back in his chair so hard he almost topples over. His hands shoot out to catch himself on the edge of the desk, and he stares over at Hoseok, aghast. "I'm sitting *right* here, I don't need to know about your sex life—"

Hoseok sat back suddenly, setting his phone down on the table, taking a deep breath. "...But thinking back on it, yes, I guess the bed was shaking, but we were... busy, so... I didn't even really notice."

"Isn't it great?" Yoongi asks, grinning. "You couldn't even freak out about it because you were coming so hard." He reaches out a hand and Hoseok high-fives him after a moment, still frowning. Yoongi throws his head back and laughs, scrubbing a hand across his eyes. "Well, that explains all the shit that fell off the shelves, anyway. God, I can't believe we fucked through an earthquake. Only us, huh?"

Namjoon groans, covering his face with his hands.

Chapter End Notes

hey, friends! happy ficaversary! i can't believe it's been five years?? it's been five years!! what the heck!! thank you so much to old and new readers alike - i probably wouldn't have kept going this long without your continued support and enthusiasm! thank you for everything, seriously ♥

first | timeline | mix

timeline

Chapter Notes

> NOT AN ACTUAL CHAPTER, SORRY but here's the timeline. i'll update it from now on with each new chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

pre-boyfriends (9 months between first meeting → dating)
chapter 44
chapter 19
chapter 16, interlude
chapter 30
chapter 33
chapter 50
chapter 56
chapter 17
chapter 7

boyfriends (0)
chapter 4
chapter 6
chapter 32
chapter 18
chapter 28
chapter 47
chapter 48

moving in together (±3-6 months in)
chapter 49
chapter 20
chapter 38
chapter 19
chapter 31
chapter 22
chapter 23

curtains/first i love yous (+7 months in)
chapter 2
chapter 3, interlude
chapter 14
chapter 8
chapter 10

chapter 11
chapter 15

meeting the family (+10 months in)
chapter 39
chapter 62
chapter 64
chapter 65

(±1 year in)
chapter 43
chapter 45
chapter 34
chapter 35
chapter 12
chapter 24
chapter 25
chapter 26
chapter 58
chapter 59
chapter 52
chapter 57
chapter 21

(±2 years in)
chapter 5, interlude
chapter 1
chapter 9
chapter 27
chapter 13
chapter 40
chapter 51
chapter 53
chapter 54
chapter 66

(±3 years in)
chapter 29
chapter 41
chapter 42
chapter 55
chapter 36
chapter 37
chapter 61
chapter 60

chapter 63
chapter 46

Chapter End Notes

first | mix

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